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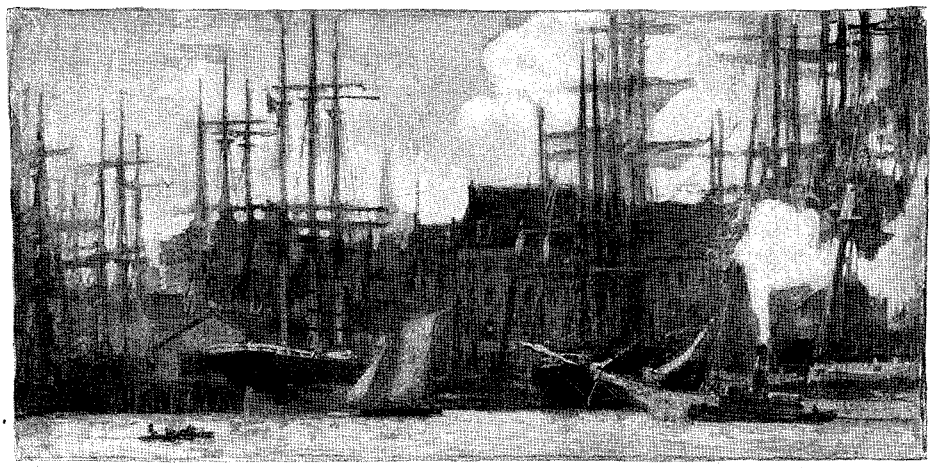

THE CLIPPER-SHIP AND HER SEAMEN*

By W. J. Aylward

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE few decades that have elapsed make it seem so recent that it is difficult to believe that it ever was; yet a short half-century ago the Yankee clipper queened it on the seas as no other class of ships ever did or ever will again, for she was the result of conditions that can never again obtain. And with those conditions the fast sailing ship has entirely vanished from the sea. She blossomed into full flower with the rapidity of her own swift flight from horizon to horizon, and disappeared almost as suddenly. But to her and to the men who created her is due what was easily the golden age of the American merchant marine.

All that is left of the long, lean vessels with their rakish masts, yachtlike lines, and clouds of snowy canvas lies scattered over the bottom of the seven seas, on coral reefs of far-away islands, on the granite ledges of Cape Horn; or they may be found here and there in remote harbors rotting away their last days as coal-hulks, or serving other lowly purposes far from the scenes of their glory. But, in passing, the clipper left a record of which we may well be proud, for, though made in the trackless waters of the great deep, it will ever live in the hearts of men whose heritage is the sea.

Should some kind spirit appear some day and say, "Which would you rather see, the building of the pyramids or South Street of the fifties?" I should probably

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toss for it and hope to throw the toss for the latter. New York at that time was the clipper capital and her home was in South Street, the most fascinating place in the world. Never, since sea-borne commerce began was it so enthroned as here. It is difficult to believe that many of the grimy windows in attic-story lofts that stare so blankly over the East River at smoky steamers saw it all—lofts that once were rich with the stuffs of the Indies and now shelter what-not. As for the proud ships that once poked their bowsprits inquisitively across the street, almost into these very windows, like Rachel's children they are not.

It is most interesting to look back at that decade between eighteen fifty and sixty, when, after a score of centuries of development by the slow process of elimination and selection, the wooden ship fairly reached perfection. How this came about on our own shores is easily the most remarkable phase of the sadly neglected history of our merchant marine.

Let us imagine ourselves back among the handsome ships—to pick our way among the many cargoes, inbound and out, strewn about the open wharves and overflowing into the cobbles of the crowded street. All but lost in the confusion of traffic are the calls of the lofty riggers to the decks of the well-groomed ships, where with coarse banter and rough shouts the stevedores are working cargo and sing out in chorus to Patrick on the wharf, who whacks his "baste" at their "H-o-i-s-t a-w-a-y!" The falls in the block add their hoarse chuckle or merry creak to the whistling of tugs on the river, the ferry-boats' bell, and the noisy trucks with their noisier drivers. But above all the noise and confusion of the busy street, against the soft blue of an easterly sky rises the haze of great ships' spars which gives the whole the unmistakable vibrant, tangy flavor of the burly sea.

Even the shops share this, for the windows display chronometers and compasses for the navigator, the walks are choked with bales of cordage and chain cables for the ships, and the sign-boards announce sea-boots and oilskins for the outward-bound seaman and fine tall hats and go-ashore togs for the recently arrived.

There are galleries where you can have your picture "took" or your ship's portrait painted, and great banners cut to represent topgallant sails hang out above the yawning merchandise doors of lofts to announce that here the best sails are to be had. And riggers and block-makers and ship carvers and gilders—all are there; till it seems the whole street has been turned into a vast boatswain's locker for the fleet, where a ship can call for a suit of new sails, a spare anchor and cable, and be as readily supplied as the lady of the cutwater, who here may buy a new gown of green and gold or have the bloom of youth restored by a touch of rouge on her sea-stained cheek.

Let us get in out of the traffic, forget the profane teamsters, and in the shelter of a huge coil of manila marked for delivery to the good ship *Gamecock*, watch the crowd go by; for the passing throng is quite as much of the sea as the ships.

Along comes Jack, steering a bit wildly in this tempestuous sea of humans, fresh from Cherry Street where he has no doubt been cleaned out of pocket. Alone and in his condition he is pretty certain to find himself outward bound on the morrow in a strange ship, bound he knows not whither. Essentially a man of the sea, he is a mere child in the hands of the harpies that prey upon his kind ashore. Contrasting with him are three blue-eyed and fair-haired Norsemen, sturdy, bronzed fellows; secure aloft in a blow, but ill at ease on the city pavement, they pause and gaze into the windows of the shops and discuss in their native tongue the wonders of a strange land. Each cleanly barbered, smoking a big cigar and carrying a paper bundle or two, it scarce needs the squeaky boots to mark the careful provider.

Then a tall young man with lighter tread heaves in sight. His color marks him a seaman, too, and his erect bearing betokens the man of authority. On his broadcloth sleeve a sweet little woman rests a tiny hand. They are fresh from a visit to his new command, and if you wish to know the name of the greatest ship and the greatest captain in the world you have but to ask her. She is such a pretty little thing in her green bonnet and voluminous skirts that you could not disagree with her even if you wanted to do so ungallant a thing.

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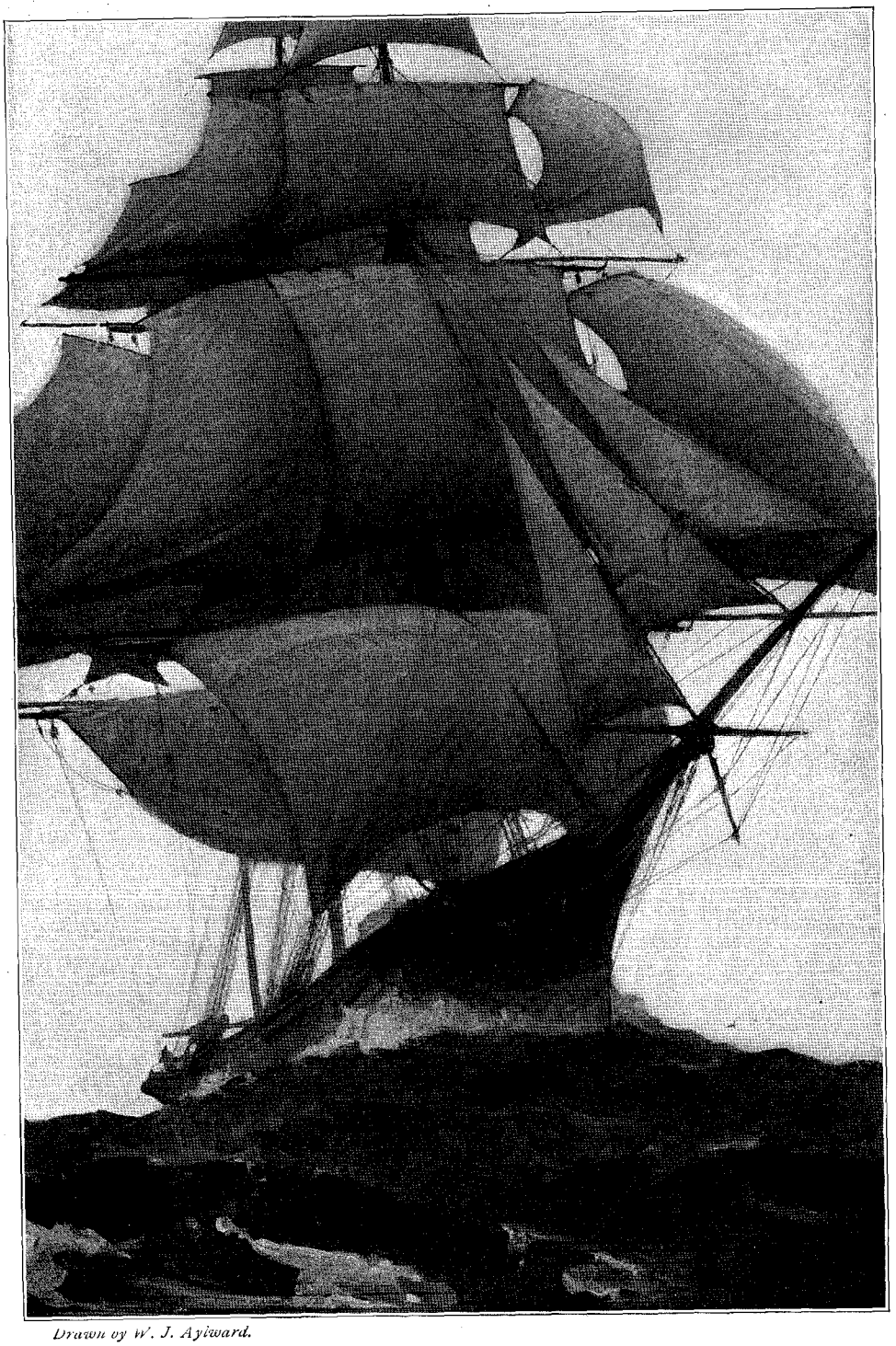

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The Yankee Clipper.

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Next come two shipowners, members of a solid firm well known in Hongkong and Melbourne. Their portly figures draped in rather pronounced checks, they tap their canes importantly as they pass and nod and shake their tall, white beaver hats while they discuss in guttural voices, reminiscent of sherry and many a good dinner, bottomry bonds and bonanza freights to God-knows-whither. And then Dennis relating to Larry what "Liverpool Mike sez to Waterman" and "what Waterman sez to him" in the row aboard the *Challenge*, or *did* to him, rather— But the end of this enticing tale is cut off by the sudden blast of a tug in a long pent-up scream of steam, and the truck flying the blue peter a few slips up river begins to move slowly out from among the many house-flags that surround it—which, by the way, reminds us that high water must be nigh, and if we are going to see the ships off the Battery get under way we had better be going.

Long before we get there stray scraps of a sea-chanty reach us now and then, and we know that the crews are getting the anchors. Just as fifty men, to the charms of that lady sung in a nasal treble, swear eternal devotion to "Sal-ly-Brown-of-New-York-City," the nearer one comes into view—the yards are swung to a full and the ship's head pays off. The other quickly follows suit and dips the bright ensign at her lofty monkey-gaff thrice, to the cheers of well-wishers in the tree-shaded walks of fashionable Bowling Green. There are tears and waving handkerchiefs as the sleek vessels with the grace of well-handled yachts now pick their way down the bay. Off on a thirteen-thousand-mile race to San Francisco, perhaps three months hence they may still be side and side as they enter the Golden Gate; or possibly led a day or so by our able-looking friend of the blue peter shaking out her petticoats as she follows after them behind a tug.

It was a rare combination of circumstances that sent those beautiful high-strung ships,—the finest that money could buy and that skill could produce,—that day so long ago and yet so near that men are alive to-day and in active business life who watched them go,—men who as young officers passed the word that brought the anchor to the cat-head and sent aloft the yards; who, when the ship was in full flight and staggering like a madly driven race-horse, gave the quick command and jumped to the wheel themselves to help keep her from broaching-to and being overwhelmed in the wild seas that threatened to engulf her off the Cape.

It was by no fluke of fortune that the wonderful records and fast passages of that day were made. It was not by any one man's achievement, and in a sense it was not due entirely to the group of men who designed, built, sparred, canvassed, manned, and navigated them. We have to go back a bit farther.

Early in the last century the United States was in somewhat the position of Norway and Sweden to-day, that is, with an undeveloped interior and a population stretched along its seacoast naturally looking to the sea for a livelihood and a road to market. Fishing had been an important industry from the first, as well as whaling; and, owing to the vast forests of splendid ship timber, yards for the construction of vessels soon sprang up. As the population grew, the surplus products were sent abroad, the trader and merchant grew in importance, and our foreign commerce was born.

To the northeastern section of the country must be given the distinction of being the only part of the world ever producing a breed of men who could apparently with equal skill fell timber, build, spar, and canvas a ship, load her with their own produce and sail her to any part of the world, returning, too, with another cargo and gold enough in the master's cabin to represent a substantial balance of trade. This training in time developed a type of seaman new to the merchant service, and the profession of shipmaster became an enviable one, eagerly looked forward to by the most promising youngsters, who went to sea in shoals as a sure road to wealth and position in the business world. This was not true of any other country.

During this development and, indeed, long after, a merchant ship was considered literally a "ship of burden." She was built to carry big cargoes and buffet the seas as she might. It was soon discovered, however, that a short passage meant

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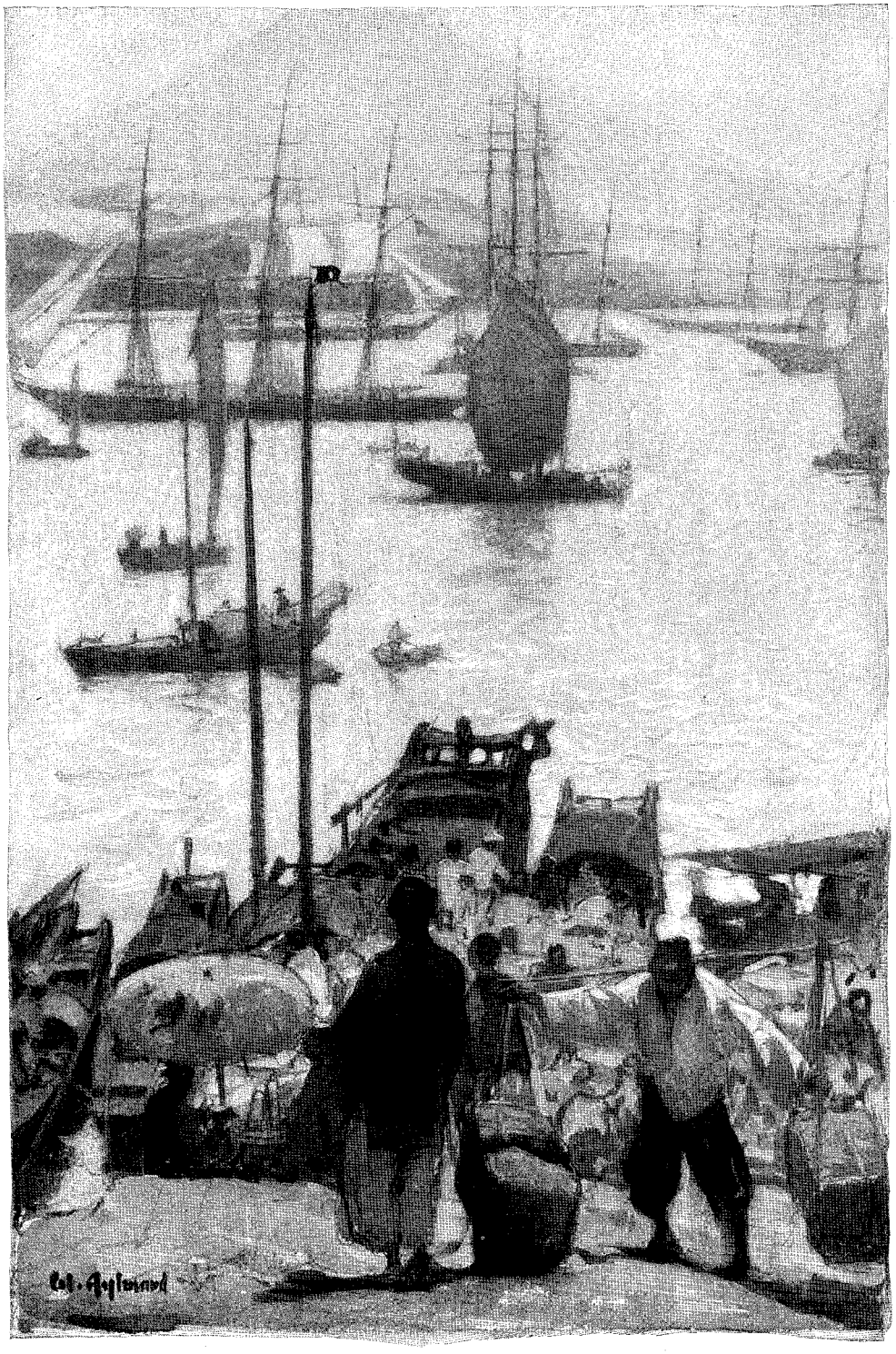

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Pagoda Anchorage, Fuchau.

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a higher price for tea-cargoes, and some attention was given to refining the lines of the bluff Canton packets.

During the War of 1812 a type of small vessel called the "Baltimore clipper" was very popular as a privateer and later as a slaver, opium-trader, or fruiter; and it was from this vessel that the later "clipper" developed. The first large vessel to be built on her lines was the *Ann McKim*, the immortal heroine of the long-winded whaler's yarn in "Two Years Before the Mast."

Though the *Ann McKim* was a fine, successful ship, she had no immediate imitators, but was looked upon generally as a fad of a wealthy owner. In the course of her career, however, she fell into the hands of a New York concern quick to see her advantages. They ordered a ship laid down even more extremely sharp; and to the *Rainbow* must be given the credit of being the first out-and-out "clipper," the first of a long line soon to follow.

She set at naught all the forebodings of disaster by the old school by proving a wonderfully fast and safe craft. So speedy was she that her commander, at the end of her first voyage, declared that she was the fastest ship afloat. Not getting any rise to this he declared that no ship would ever be built to beat her; and in this he was not so far wrong, as her records stood for a long time.

Then came the discovery of gold in California and the historic exodus thither. Floating property became immensely valuable and speed was above all things at a premium. With flour selling at forty-five dollars per barrel and boots as much per pair, the matter of freight was scarcely worth considering, but time was most important. There were not half enough ships afloat to supply the inflated demand, and soon every shipyard from Baltimore to Eastport was crowded with fine vessels in every stage of forwardness, all being eagerly rushed toward the day when they should be put overboard, to bring fame perhaps to their builders and fortune to their lucky owners.

In due time they sailed away one after another. And if in the darkness of a driving storm down Patagonia way, before the watch on deck of a wallowing foreigner hove to under a scant show of canvas, there flashed a vision of a fleeing ship showing everything she could spread to the gale, the lesson was not lost, though the mate might cynically remark to the "Old Man," when he came on deck in the morning, that "another crazy Yankee had gone by in the night!" Worse still, British ships lying idly at anchor in Hongkong had to view with chagrin Yankee after Yankee blow in through Lyee Moon Pass, discharge cargo smartly and load at twice the rate at which they vainly sought charter. The repeal of the British Navigation Acts suddenly left the shipbuilders of Great Britain, long lulled to indifference by centuries of special privilege, to face the fierce competition to the westward.

But it was many a day and a long race before the prize of supremacy finally went back to the other side. In the meantime J. Bull, Esq., came over with a bag of gold and went back with a ship, and came again, not once but often. While ships were built of wood the odds were heavily in our favor and, clothed in the cotton of the South woven into splendid duck and fashioned by the best sailmakers in the world, the American ship became at once the envy and the despair of the foreigner.

While they were superb specimens of marine architecture, the fame of American "clippers" is largely due to the manner in which they were sailed. They were great seamen, those clipper-ship commanders, undoubtedly the greatest merchant seamen that ever lived. Their fast passages were not due to luck or favorable winds, but were at times made under extremely unfavorable circumstances. They were due rather to the rare combination of skill, courage, and strong character of the master mind on the quarter-deck.

Captain Creesy, of *Flying Cloud* memory, was a fine example of the type of shipmaster of those days, and during the Civil War he served with great credit as commander in the Federal navy as well. His two famous passages from Sandy Hook to San Francisco in eighty-nine days still stand as records. It is unfortunate that with him on those voyages there was no Conrad or Connolly to give us the history of these famous runs. From the bald statements of the ship's log we can gather

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that it was anything but smooth sailing. When only three days out of New York the *Flying Cloud* was partly dismasted by a heavy gale, but while spars were being made and refitted, and new sails bent, the ship went flying on. Here and there is further mention of sprung masts, split sails, lost spars, and splicing, last on the ragged horizon the rugged Farallones sharply cut the sky and the *Flying Cloud* rushes through the Golden Gate, famous forever for having cut down the best previous voyage by thirty days and establishing a record which stands today!

During the trip she passed another ves-

"Running the Easting down."

sel bound to the same port from Liverpool, which was already one hundred and eighty days out on a voyage considerably shorter! What speed those wonderful vessels made may be judged by a comparison with the highest type of sailing-craft built entirely with that point in view, the yachts built to defend the America's cup. With every blockstrap filed down to the last ounce; with the immense advantages of aluminum, steel, and bronze construction in hull, spars, and rigging; sails of lightest possible weave on a model sharp as a needle; with all this and without so much as living accommodations for a cat, and almost a hundred tons of lead to hold the craft on her legs, and a trained racing crew and skipper to boot, the best mile sailed by a yacht during the cup races was

fishing, and rerigging, to keep things standing somehow; but always the wonderful figures that told that the day's run had not been seriously interfered with.

Then the heart-breaking doldrums, when the ship lay for days slatting idly on a breathless sea, trying to fan herself across the line—an entry or so about men in irons and the mate suspended from duty tells us that Captain Creesy had more than the elements to contend with. "Heavy seas running, ship very wet fore and aft" is all the space the struggle with Cape Horn in winter gets; and soon the ship is flying northward like a mad thing, with solid seas slow to part roaring over the cat-heads while the spume soars to the lower tops, and drive, drive, drive, till at

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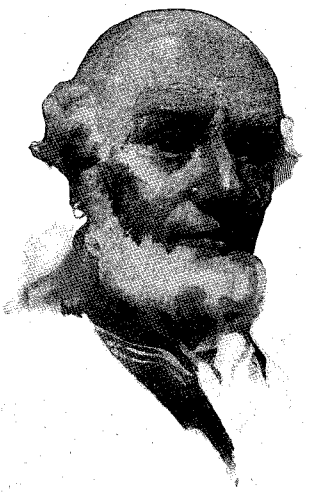
at the rate of thirteen knots. Yet a clipper-ship—the *Lightning*—averaged eighteen and one-half knots in a day's run; and as there must have been lulls and puffs in the gale during the twenty-four hours when she did this, she must have burst occasionally into a spurt of twenty knots and over! And this in a vessel built not for summer racing but to combat the wintry gales off Cape Horn, to fan across the equatorial calms, and of course to transport a thousand or so tons of merchandise, which she had to deliver dry and in otherwise first-class condition on her arrival.



A "Shellback."

Much has been written of the ill-treatment of the seamen aboard these fast ships. "They made fast passages, but used men up in doing it," we are told. There may be truth in this, but undoubtedly much exaggeration is due to the seamen's imagination. There is no question about it, a clipper-ship of that period was a poor place in which to start trouble. Any one unwise enough to do so usually got enough in one dose to last him the rest of the voyage. But the idea that they were commanded by a Caliban, who destroyed men with fiendish relish for the pleasure it afforded him, is an emanation from the brains of a class of "string-piece sailors" turned authors, and to these is due the creation of the familiar "blood ship" of sea fiction. This sort of thing has been done so often and the abuse of the sailor so insistently played up that it is not surprising that the shore-going public has in time come to believe it, and think of the seaman as a simple-minded, open-hearted saint tyrannized over by a blustering bully.

Captain Arthur H. Clark, however, gives us the other side and in his admirable history, "The Clipper-Ship Era," tells some illuminating facts on the subject, supplying besides what would otherwise be a lost page in the annals of our merchant marine. Captain Clark clearly points out that most of the trouble in American ships of that day was due to the tough element that shipped in them as a means of getting to the gold-fields of California. A great proportion of these were not seamen at all or were the offscourings of European ports.

"A Yankee ship and Yankee crew,
A Yankee mate and skipper, too,"

were long things of the past and only possible, if at all, in the days of Salem's glory. But the manly, decent sailor of whatever nationality who knew his work and did his duty was never in trouble and was always highly prized. As a single instance, to show what the shipmaster had to contend with, that of Captain Waterman's voyage in the *Challenge* may suffice. She was a new ship from a famous yard, "Bob" Waterman a seaman of brilliant reputation, and great things were expected of both on what was to be the vessel's maiden voyage.

The usual rough element in a crew had no terrors for him, but when Waterman found, on clearing Sandy Hook, that he had on board the choicest collection of criminals that ever escaped the hangman, he was tempted to return for a new crew. As this would have meant a heavy loss to the owners, however, he decided to proceed.

As was customary, the men were mustered aft to be chosen in watches, when the captain usually took occasion to address them. This time, however, he gave them something different from the usual harangue of: "Now, m'lads, we're off on a long voyage together. You've a good ship under your heels and a man on the quarter-deck to drive her. Obey orders, show respect to your officers, jump on the word, keep a civil tongue in your head, and

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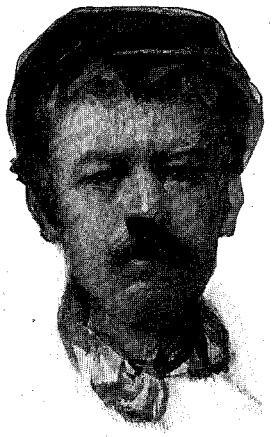
you'll find life aboard this vessel pleasant enough and me a jolly fellow. If you don't you'll find her hell afloat and the devil in command! Go for'ard!"

But Waterman gave them more. He flattered them by telling them what likely looking sailors they were (some of them had never been to sea before) and hoped they would not only be good boys aboard but that their conduct ashore had been above reproach, with a lot more time-consuming trash of the same nature. In the meantime the mates, carpenter, sailmaker, and boatswain were busy in the forecastle, breaking open chests and literally filling bag after bag with revolvers, knives, blackjacks, and knuckle-dusters. These they hove overboard with bottles of "Jersey Lightning" by the score. The men were then invited to step up to the main-hatch and one by one have the points of their sheath-knives broken off an inch from the end by the carpenter. After this the afterguard breathed easier, but for a long time no officer appeared on deck without a loaded revolver in his pocket.



The Mate.

In time this vigilance was relaxed, until one morning as the captain was working up a sight, a scream from the deck brought him from his cabin on the run. What he saw caused him to grab an iron pin from the rail and jump to the main deck, where three men were murderously attacking the mate with their knives. There was no time for parley, and one after the other the wretches crumpled to the deck with a single blow from the heavy weapon in the hands of the captain. Two never rose again, but were sewn up and hove over the side in canvas bags. Thus encouraged, the rest of the miscreants gave no further trouble till they reached San Francisco.

Once safe ashore, however, their courage returned, and their tales of the villainy of Waterman grew to such proportions that a mass-meeting was called and among the sand-hills a red-shirted mob formed themselves into a "vigilance committee" and decided to "execute" Captain Waterman and burn his ship. With this object in view they marched to where the *Challenge* lay. Not finding either the captain or his mates aboard they were on the point of hanging the venerable ship-keeper for "vengeance," a man who had never seen the ship before she entered San Francisco Bay. At this point, however, a new factor entered; there was no mistaking that fact. It was the well-known signal of the fire-bell and it was calling the real Vigilance Committee to arms!

They responded promptly, but before the riot act could be read through the mob of several thousand had dispersed, their thirst for spilling other men's blood somewhat abated by a careful regard for their own. According to the pseudo-sailors, Captain Waterman had tortured and starved them, had shot men off the yards, apparently with the object of short-handing his ship, and when he had killed his victims he had them buried without religious ceremony!

There was an investigation looking into the captain's conduct on the voyage, and on the testimony of the real sailors in his crew he was not only exonerated but the inquisitorial eye turned searchingly upon the plaintiffs. Justice was deliciously swift in those mining-camp days, but not swifter than these lads when they saw this turn of affairs. They suddenly decided that the air of the hills was what their health demanded, and decamped.

Strange as it may seem, the very people who sought to prevent abuse of the sailor were in truth responsible for most of his troubles. This they did by taking the lawful means of punishing culprits from the master. Flogging was a dreadful thing and was rarely inflicted in the merchant service. Even Dana, in making out a strong case against a brutal skipper,

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points that fact out very clearly in depicting the shocked surprise of the sailors in other ships who declared that the "spread eagle" was a rare bird indeed. But as long as it was in the captain's power to flog, it had the deterrent effect of the strap in the wood-shed. The situation was one which few lawmakers could understand. A captain and his mates representing authority—and the owner—were responsible for perhaps a million dollars' worth of property and the lives of all on board. Under them were from fifty to seventy-five men of every nationality, over whom they had somehow to maintain discipline and enforce prompt and unquestioning obedience.

It is folly to think that moral suasion could accomplish this. What, for instance, was Captain Waterman to do in the case just cited? Fine each man a shilling, as the British law provides, and be laughed at? In the meantime what would become of the mate? These questions the officers settled for themselves in the only possible way, and it is a fact that while "belaying-pin soup" and knuckle-dusters were unheard of before, they soon made their appearance in American ships when the cat was abolished.

The good folk ashore who sought to manage the internal affairs of a ship at sea did a further injustice to the seaman when they took a part of his daily ration from him by inducing the shipowners to stop serving out rum. Not that it was not a good thing to do, as the less rum consumed aboard ship the better for all hands, but they saved money for the owner without adequate return to the sailor, instead of doing as the navy ditty says of Commodore Preble:

> "He raised our pay, ten cents a day,
> And stopped our grog forever!"

They might have done that or stipulated a pan of hot coffee in its stead. But as these good folk never had to shin out on an icy yard amid the bergs of a Cape Horn winter's night, and fight inch by inch, with bleeding fingers, a sail stiff as sheet iron, they had the satisfaction of sleeping comfortably in the knowledge that if the seaman did so he was not tempted by the demon rum when he came down half-frozen to his damp bunk. Maybe he had a captain humane enough to stir up the cook to heat some coffee for him or even pipe all hands to "splice the main brace."

There is no doubt about it, the American clipper-ship captain has been a much-maligned man. As we have seen, he came of very much better stock than his compeers in other countries. He was a distinguished citizen, banquets were given in his honor by important institutions when, as not infrequently happened, he made an unusually fine achievement, or by sheer determination and great seamanship saved a ship apparently doomed to destruction.

This distinction meant nothing to the man forward, if indeed it was not considered by him a matter of grave suspicion, a phenomenon not rare in this day. We are told that some captains dared not come to the dock with their ships; that they joined their vessels from the pilot-boat offshore and left her the same way; and other seemingly incriminating tales. This in some cases was true, but like most truths half told is misleading. It was done when done at all to escape blackmailing by a species of shark lawyer who made a fat living on the so-called wrongs of the sailor.

"Did the mate speak cross to him and call him names?" Or did the innocent victim get a well-merited crack on the head? Very good—on busy sailing-day this disgrace to an honorable profession would appear with his infernal summons. Time was precious and the law slow to act, so he had either to be bought off or kicked off the gangway with a suit for further "damages" awaiting the captain on his return. But, right or wrong, successful in his suit or not, nary a cent was the aggrieved sailor likely to see. They accuse them of being hypocrites and say again that the sea tyrant was a lamb on land, and of Captain Creesy that when outward bound the first thing he did on dropping the pilot was to call for a bucket of sea water, to "wash his shore face off!" If this be true, it proves that this prime seaman, besides having a fine appreciation of dramatic effect, had a vein of humor as well.

Now let us see how the sailor fared ashore. Owing to his thriftless habits, he was preyed upon unmercifully by crimps and boarding-house masters, by whom,

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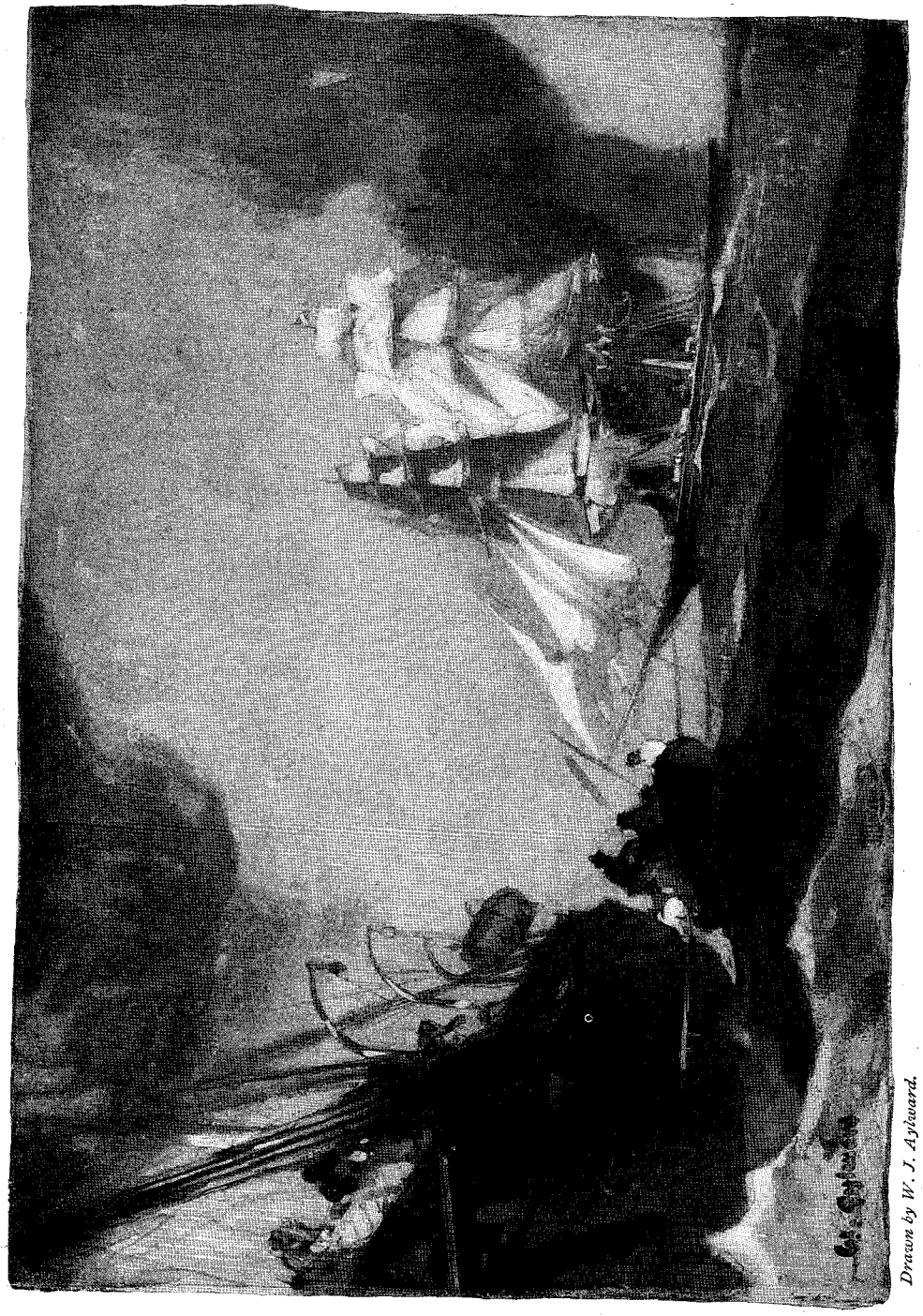

During the Civil War hundreds went up in smoke.

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

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after he had been robbed of the proceeds of his voyage or had squandered it, he was miserably housed and fed till he shipped. For this service he obligingly turned over his three months' advance. That this phase of the sailor's character is deep-rooted we know from Sir Richard Hawkins, for in 1593 we hear him speak thus: "Some would be ever taking their leave and never depart; some drink themselves so drunk that except they were carried aboard they of themselves could not go one step; others to be indebted to their hosts and forced me to ransome—one his chest, another his sword, another his shirt, and still another his card and instruments for the sea!" And bitterly did he complain of it.

Bad enough in the days of the discoveries, this sort of thing was impossible when time meant money as never before. The natural result was the shipping-master, who generally kept a sailors' boarding-house, and from this source the captain would draw as many men as he needed to fill out a crew of men he had already shipped. These fellows were handed up over the rail stupefied with liquor or drugs, checked off one by one by the mate and stowed away in their bunks like so many pieces of freight. A large percentage were diseased, and practically all unprovided for a Cape Horn voyage after an extended debauch ashore.

So we cannot believe that the captain was an enemy of the sailor, especially when we see the same men on their return to port clear-eyed and alert, with the healthy tan of the sea upon their cheeks, cleanly, and with a respectful bearing lending an added charm to their erect figures. They had to work hard, it is true, but they were better fed, better housed, and better clothed than in any similar position ashore, better paid and cared for generally than in a ship of any other nationality in the world. And that, as the song hath it, "nobody can deny!"

To the unobservant the loss of our prestige on the seas is mainly due to the ravages of the Confederate privateers during the Civil War. This is not so. Vessels like the *Alabama* created great havoc, it is true, but combined they destroyed in all less than two hundred and fifty vessels, and of these a large proportion were whalers and fishermen, the loss of which had little effect on sea-borne trade. The cause, indeed, was far more insidious, and the decline had already set in several years before the Civil War opened, as a glance at the statistics will show. The greater economy, reliability, and regularity of the iron-screw steamer was what drove the American sailing-vessel, first to ruinous competition and then out of foreign trade. Since ships have been built of iron and steel the advantage has been with the foreigner, as the cost of operating has always been. Unfavorable legislation at home, the real cause of decline, has terribly hampered the shipowner under these conditions, and sooner or later an antiquated policy will have to give way to a more enlightened one.

When once given a chance the United States merchant marine will again come into its own and the nation become the maritime power for which its position between two great oceans so naturally adapts it. Then will be gathered in a national museum all available records and models and portraits of ships and men that laid the foundations of a great overseas commerce, and high on the roll of fame will be written the names of such ships as *Flying Cloud*, *Challenge*, *Comet*, *Winged Racer*, and *Neptune's Car*, with those of their builders, Donald McKay, William H. Webb, Samuel Hall, and Jacob Westervelt. And such master mariners as Palmer, Creesy, Waterman, and Dumaresq; for if "peace hath her victories" these men deserve laurels quite as well as the warrior.

In such a group of men, eminent at a time when eminence meant sterling worth and achievement, Donald McKay should have a central niche. For ship against ship, captain against captain, and both against the fleet, his name was usually linked with that of the champion. Such winners as *Flying Cloud*, *Stag Hound*, *Lightning*, and *Westward Ho!* were his creations and with them as a group the product of no other builder can compare. Hailing from Nova Scotia, as a boy he came to New York to learn his trade with Isaac Webb, a man who turned out almost as many master builders as splendid ships. He was a bright, cheery, and industrious lad, eager to learn and one who, asleep

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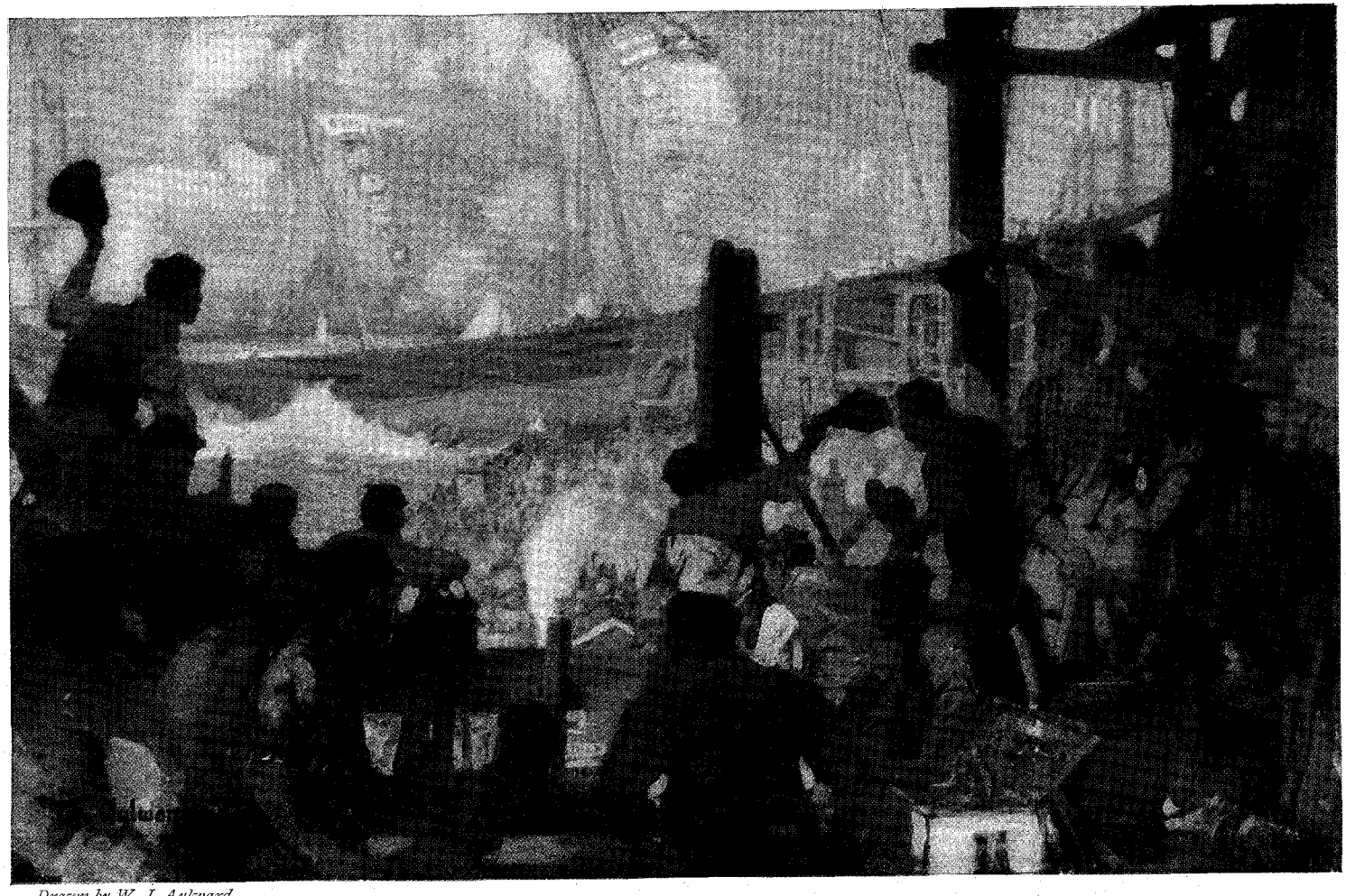

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"There she goes!"—Page 401.

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and awake, dreamed ships. His rise was rapid and soon he was at the top of his profession, an acknowledged master of the "art and mystery" of ship-building.

It was by a rare combination of gifts that he was enabled to do this, for they were a group of geniuses, those builders of clippers. He had the eye of an artist, the soul of a dreamer, and the clear-headed practicality of the canny Scot. He did not know this, and it would undoubtedly have surprised him to have heard he was an artist. He did not "create" in a studio, it is true, but those beautiful half-models, carved out of a block in the upper floor of the dingy office-building at the gate of his yard, were exquisite bits of sculpture. And under his eye, a few feet away, they grew into big ships that fought gales and carried precious cargoes around the world as no other ships had ever done before.

At a time when most men would have been satisfied to rest on laurels already won he resolved to outdo all past performances and to build the largest, most beautiful, and swiftest sailing-ship that the world had ever seen. From boyhood this had been his constant dream and he lived to see it realized. Not to many is given this great joy, an all-wise Providence sees to that. But the *Great Republic* was a dream eminently worth while, and it was a great day for Boston when the dream-ship stood there massively against the sky awaiting launching. This was always a gala affair, but the *Great Republic's* début was a public holiday. Schools were closed, business suspended, and people came from as far as Duxbury on one hand and Portsmouth on the other in shoals to witness the great event. There must have been fifty thousand people in that vast crowd, among them the most distinguished citizens of Massachusetts.

One can easily fancy the scene in the shipyard—the crowds swarming through the gate among the staging, and over the piles of heavy timbers, twisted knees, and rough planking that would some day form part of a fabric as complete as the great ship that towered over all. Smooth as an egg and shiny black above her polished copper, her lines were so gracefully fine that her builder himself could scarcely pick out a spot and say: "Here bow ends and stern begins." But above all there was in every curve a promise of inherent power and great strength.

As the hands of the clock in Old North Church crept toward twelve the crowd became even more dense and the suppressed excitement visibly grew. Somewhere a bell began its measured toll, and instantly the wild strokes of a hundred ringing top-mauls broke out in a great locustlike chorus and announced that the *Great Republic's* birth was at hand. Faster and faster went the furious blows, and then suddenly slackened and stopped.

"There she goes!" burst from ten thousand tense throats, and with a motion so slight as to be scarcely perceptible the big vessel began to move. Faster and faster she gathered way till, with her flags aflutter and amid the wild huzzahs of the great throng, she rushed with express speed into the blue waters of the bay, that leaped in a great embracing sea and tossed a great veil of white and gold almost over her entire length. As her bow left the ways it was in a pretty courtesy, as if in acknowledgment of the cheers and admiration of the vast swarm of admirers.

And what of the emigrant boy who watched all this and saw his dream come true? How did he feel amid the broadside salvos of men-of-war, the exultant peals of church-bells and mad tooting of every steam-whistle for miles around—a din that drowned out the hard-working bands and the school-children's chorus—when dignified citizens lost their hats in a mad rush to wring his hand in enthusiastic congratulations? Perhaps his breath quickened a trifle, and maybe deep in that broad chest there may have been tucked a grain or two of satisfaction, but, being an artist, once he saw his ship safely afloat he was no doubt already figuring on how he could improve her!

In good time she was given her spars—masts with the girth of a hogshead—four of them—and lower yards thick as a barrel. Thirty-five thousand yards of especially woven duck went into her sails, with enough hemp to reach San Francisco, and she was to carry one hundred men before the mast! Then she was towed to New York to load for Liverpool, and so aston-

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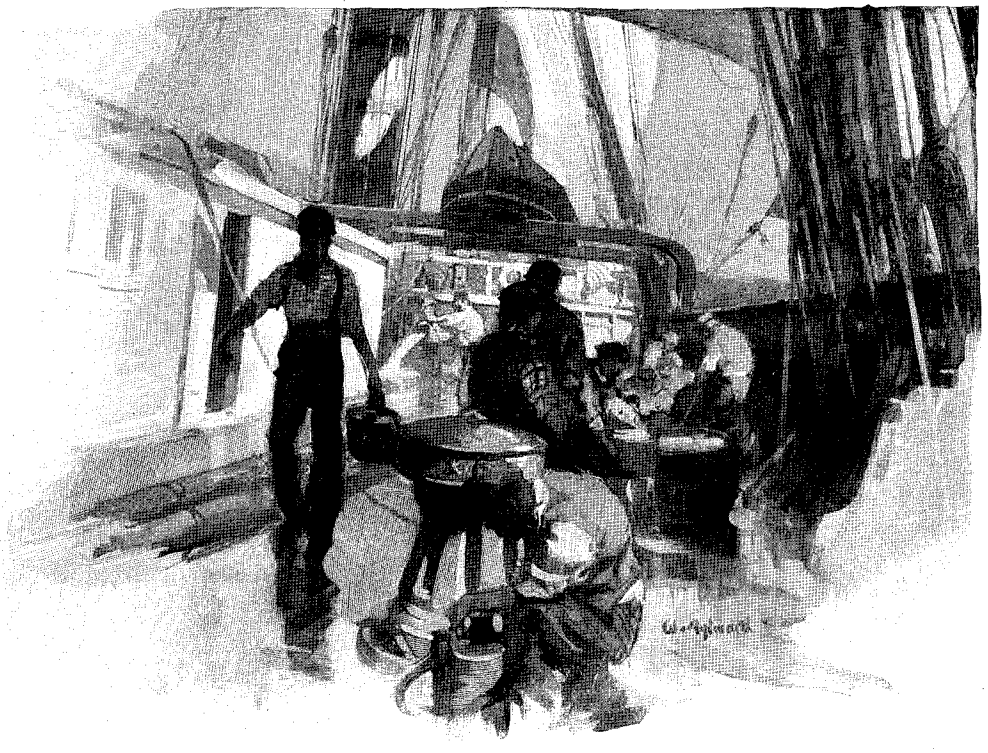

Washing down the decks.

ished the natives there with her beauty and majestic proportions that men who knew ships said that McKay had even outdone himself and that his latest ship was the last word in clippers.

She was all but loaded and ready for sea when one night a fire broke out in Front Street some distance away but *almost* dead to windward. At 2 A. M. the watchman called the mate, who at once turned the hands to. They fought the sparks that went flying through the rigging, and men stationed in the tops eagerly hauled up buckets of water, but all in vain! Soon the foresail burst into flames, followed one after another by the rest. Gleefully the fire ran from mast to mast and out on the yards along newly tarred stuff, till the great ship was gloriously etched in gold against the night sky. There was a hurried consultation on the wharf and it was decided to sacrifice the rig to save the ship. It was soon done. A few men with sharp axes who slashed at the lanyards did the trick, and with a hissing roar and pyrotechnical display of falling gear and streaming flame, the great mass of masts, yards, sails, and rigging crashed into the dock. The firemen could now work free from the danger of falling spars, and when gray dawn broke it displayed a dismal scene. The ship lay, an embattled monster, a smashed and blackened wreck tangled up in a mass of fouled, singed rigging that completely covered her. But the fire was out, thank God! and the firemen departed with their hand-engines. The hull was saved at any rate, and soon would be a fine ship again. With spars, sails, and deck-houses replaced and new decks, boats, and rails, once more she would be the *Great Republic*, the Nestor of the seas.

Rush orders for materials were ready to be wired, calculations were already made for the repairs, when somebody told the mate that *smoke was coming up the main hatch!* The rest is soon told. How the jaded firemen at once recalled began their

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weary pumping; how deep in the lower hold, where a falling spar by piercing three decks had carried a spark, the fire was impossible to get at; how they scuttled the ship and poured tons of water into her and still the fire burned; how she settled to the bottom, but her great depth refused to let her be saved; how for three days they fought for her till the fire reached the water's edge and, the torrent causing her cargo of grain to swell, she burst open and was abandoned, a hopeless wreck, to the underwriters. She was rebuilt later by other hands, but considerably reduced in hull and rig, and was never the same *Great Republic*.

Donald McKay never recovered from the blow. Not that he gave up—he was not that kind—but though he continued to build ships something was lacking, and that something was a great deal, for after a few years of indifferent fortune he retired to a farm a broken man and died there.

In the upper floor of the Louvre in Paris there is a far-famed Musée de "Marine." In it and under the same roof that shelters for all time the work of Phidias, Velasquez, Titian, Da Vinci—of all the great masters of achievement in all ages—there is a beautiful rigged model of the *Great Republic*. And under it a card inscribed with the ship's name, her dimensions, the name of her builder, where built, and the date of construction. Then follows a brief description of the "Clipper Americain" as the highest type of wooden merchant ship under sail, a glowing account of some of her exploits, and a final note stating that the model was made from the ship's drawings in the "Atelier of the Museum" as the greatest of them all!

VANISHED

By John Hall Wheelock

He is not here, your most belovèd one:
With everlasting gesture he has cast
His garments from him, and in splendor passed
Out of the sign and circle of the sun.
He is not with us, he has dared and done
The great adventure,—and this frame at last
Lies like a shell outworn here on the vast
Margin and shore of all oblivion.

There is not any motion in the breast
Where the quick wave of being came and went,
The bosom thrills not now to be caressed,
Nor will the cold lips deign to give consent.
See—he is vanished,—and the careless guest
Has left his mansion to the element!

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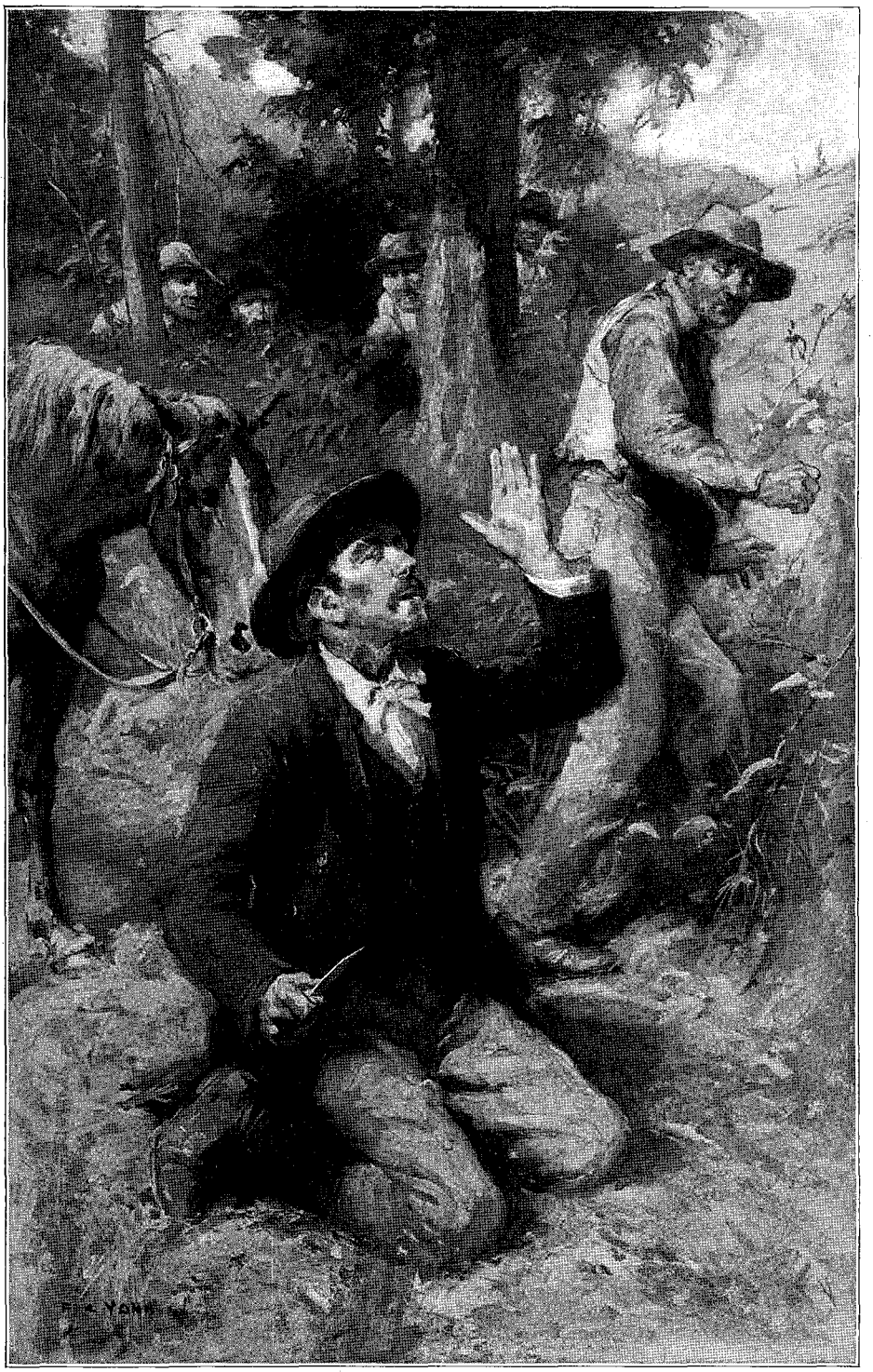

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"O Lawd . . . hyeh's another who meddles with thy servant and profanes thy day."—Page 406.

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THE BATTLE-PRAYER OF PARSON SMALL

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

PARSON SMALL rose. From the tail-pocket of his long broadcloth coat he pulled a red bandanna handkerchief and blew his nose. He put the big blunt forefinger of his right hand on the text of the open Bible before him.

"Suffer—" he said. He glanced over his flock—the blacksmith, his wife and her child, the old miller and Aunt Betsey, the mission teacher and some of her brood, past Pleasant Trouble with his crutch across his half a lap, and to the heavy-set middle-aged figure just slipping to a seat in the rear with a slouched hat in his hand. The parson's glance grew stern and he closed the Great Book. Jeb Mullins, the newcomer, was—moonshiner and undesirable citizen in many ways. He had meant, said the parson, to preach straight from the word of God, but he would take up the matter in hand, and he glared with doubtful benevolence at Jeb's moon face, grayish whiskers, and mild blue eyes. Many turned to follow his glance, and Jeb moved in his seat and his eyes began to roll, for all knew that the matter in hand was Jeb.

Straightway the parson turned his batteries on the very throne of King Alcohol and made it totter. Men "disguised by liquer" were not themselves. Whiskey made the fights and the feuds. It broke up meetings. It made men lie around in the woods and neglect their families. It stole brains and weakened bodies. It made women unhappy and debauched children. It turned Holy Christmas into a drunken orgy. And "right thar in their very midst," he thundered, was a satellite of the Devil-King, "who was a-doin' all these very things," and that limb of Satan must give up his still, come to the mourner's bench, and "wrassle with the Sperit or else be druv from the county and go down to burnin' damnation forevermore." And that was not all: this man, he had heard, was "a-detainin' a female," an' the little judge of Happy Valley would soon be hot on his trail. The parson mentioned no name in the indictment, but the stern faces of the women, the threatening looks of the men were too much for Jeb. He rose and bolted, and the parson halted.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth!" he cried, and he raised hands for the benediction.

"Thar's been so much talk about drinkin'," muttered Aunt Sis Shell as she swayed out, "that hit's made me plum' thirsty. I'd like to have a dram right now." Pleasant Trouble heard her and one eye in his solemn face gave her a covert wink.

The women folks had long clamored that their men should break up Jeb's still; and the men had stood the nagging and remained inactive through the hanging-together selfishness of the sex, for with Jeb gone where then would they drink their drams and play Old Sledge? But now Jeb was "a-detainin' of a female," and that was going too far. For a full week Jeb was seen no more, for three reasons: he was arranging an important matter with Pleasant Trouble; he was brooding over the public humiliation that the parson had visited on him; and he knew that he might be waited upon any day by a committee of his fellow citizens and customers headed by a particular enemy of his. And indeed such a committee, so headed, was formed, and as chance would

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have it, they set forth the following Sunday morning just when Jeb himself set forth to halt the parson on his way to church. The committee caught sight of Jeb turning from the roadside into the bushes and the leader motioned them too into the rhododendron, whispering:

"Wait an' we'll ketch him in some mo' devilment." In the bushes they waited. Soon the parson hove in view on a slowly pacing nag, with his hands folded on the pommel of his saddle and deep in meditation. Jeb stepped out into the road and the hidden men craned their necks from the bushes with eyes and ears alert.

"Good mornin', Parson Small!" The old nag stopped and the parson's head snapped up from his revery.

"Good mornin', Jeb Mullins." The parson's greeting was stern and somewhat uneasy, for he did not like the look on old Jeb's face.

"Parson Small," said Jeb unctuously, "las' Sunday was *yo'* day." The men in the bushes thrust themselves farther out —they could hear every word—"an' this Sunday is *mine*."

"Every Sunday is the Lawd's, Jeb Mullins—profane it not."

"Well, mebbe He'll loan me this un, parson. You lambasted me afore all Happy Valley last Sunday an' now I'm a-goin' to lick you fer it." The parson's eye gleamed faintly and subsided.

"I'm on my way to preach the word of God, Jeb Mullins."

"You'll git thar in time, parson. Git off yo' hoss!"

"I've got my broadcloth on, Jeb Mullins, an' I don't want to muss it up—wait till I come back."

"You can take it off, parson, or brush off the dust atterwards—climb off yo' hoss." Again the parson's eye gleamed and this time did not subside.

"I reckon you'll give me time to say a prayer, Jeb Mullins!"

"Shore—you'll need it afore I git through with ye."

With a sigh the parson swung offside from Jeb, dexterously pulling a jack-knife from his trousers-pocket, opening it, and thrusting it in the high top of his right boot. Then he kneeled in the road with uplifted face and eyes closed:

"O Lawd," he called sonorously, "thou knowest that I visit my fellow man with violence only with thy favor and in thy name. Thou knowest that when I laid Jim Thompson an' Si Marcum in thar graves it was by thy aid. Thou knowest how I disembowelled with my trusty knife the miserable sinner Hank Smith." Here the parson drew out his knife and began honing it on the leg of his boot. "An' hyeh's another who meddles with thy servant and profanes thy day. I know this hyeh Jeb Mullins is offensive in thy sight an' fergive me, oh Lawd, but I'm a-goin' to cut his gizzard plum' out, an' O Lawd—" Here Parson Small opened one eye and Jeb Mullins did not stand on the order of his going. As he went swiftly up the hill the committee sprang from the bushes with haw-haws and taunting yells. At the top of the hill Jeb turned:

"I was a-goin' anyhow," he shouted, and with his thumb at his nose he wriggled his fingers at them.

"He'll never come back now—he'll be ashamed."

"Friends," called the parson, "the Lawd is with me—peace be unto you." And the committee said:

"Amen!"

The Japanese say: be not surprised if the surprising does not surprise. When Jeb walked into meeting the following Sunday no citizen of Happy Valley had the subtlety to note that of them all Pleasant Trouble alone, sitting far in the rear, showed no surprise. Pleasant's face was solemn but in his eyes was an expectant smile. Women and men glared, and the parson stopped his exhortation to glare, but Jeb had timed his entrance to the parson's call for sinners to come to the mourner's bench. It was the only safe place for him and there he went and there he sat. The parson still glared, but he had to go on exhorting—he had to exhort even Jeb. And Jeb responded. He not only "wrassled with the Sperit" valiantly but he "came through"—that is, he burst from the gloom of evil and disbelief into the light of high purpose and the glory of salvation. He rose to confess and he confessed a great deal; but, as many knew, not all—who does? He had driven the woman like Hagar into the wilderness; he

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would go out right now and the folks of Happy Valley should see him break up his own still with his own hands.

"Praise the Lawd," said the amazed and convinced parson; "lead the way, Brother Mullins." *Brother* Mullins! The smile in Pleasant's eyes almost leaped in a laugh from his open mouth. The congregation rose and, led by Jeb and the parson, started down the road and up a ravine. The parson raised a hymn—"Climbing up Zion's hill." At his shack Jeb caught up an axe which he had left on purpose apparently at his gate, and on they went to see Jeb bruise the head of the serpent and prove his right to enter the fold. With a shout of glory Jeb plunged ahead on a run, disappeared down a thicketed bank, and as they pushed their way, singing, through the bushes they could hear him below crashing right and left with his axe, and when they got to him it was nearly all over. Many wondered how he could create such havoc in so short a time, but the boiler was gashed with holes, the worms chopped into bits, and the mash-tub was in splinters.

Happy Valley dispersed to dinner. Lum Chapman took the parson and his new-born father-in-law home with him, his wife following with her apron at her eyes, wiping away grateful tears. At sunset Pleasant Trouble swung lightly up Wolf Run on his crutch and called Jeb down to the gate:

"You got a good home now, Jeb."

"I shore have." Jeb's religious ecstasy had died down but he looked content.

The parson was mounting his nag and Pleasant opened the gate for him.

"Hit's sort o' curious, parson," said Jeb, "but when you prayed that prayer jes afore I was about to battle with ye I begun to see the errer o' my ways."

"The Lawd, Brother Mullins," said the parson, dryly but sincerely, "moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." The two watched him ride away.

"The new still will be hyeh next week," said Pleasant out of one corner of his mouth. One solemn wink they exchanged and Pleasant Trouble swung lightly off into the woods.

JEANNE D'ARC RETURNS

1914–1916

By Henry van Dyke

WHAT hast thou done, O womanhood of France,
  Mother and daughter, sister, sweetheart, wife,
  What hast thou done, amid this fateful strife,
To prove the pride of thine inheritance
In this fair land of freedom and romance?
  I hear thy voice with tears and courage rife,—
  Smiling against the swords that seek thy life,—
Make answer in a noble utterance:
"I give France all I have, and all she asks.
  Would it were more! Ah, let her ask and take:
My hands to nurse her wounded, do her tasks,—
  My feet to run her errands through the dark,—
My heart to bleed in triumph for her sake,—
  And all my soul to follow thee, Jeanne d'Arc!"

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THE BASIS FOR NATIONAL MILITARY TRAINING

BY HENRY L. STIMSON
Former Secretary of War of the United States

THIS country is again confronted with the problem of its military defense against invasion. The militia system relied upon in the National Defense Act of last June has been shown to have substantially broken down under the test of the Mexican mobilization. More than thirty months after the outbreak of the European War, with all its terrible lessons, we have still to lay the statutory foundations of a proper system of land-defense. The situation is now further complicated by the rupture with Germany. Pressure undoubtedly will be brought to bear upon the administration in favor of half-way measures on the plea that the emergency will not admit of anything better. There is particularly the danger that such improvisation may take the form of patching up our discredited militia system, with its division of control between the central and local governments which has been our undoing throughout our history. Such an attitude is, in my opinion, fundamentally wrong. It is only at a time like this, when the attention of the people is concentrated upon the question of national defense, that proper military policy can be effected. It is a historical fact that in times of peace our citizens have habitually paid no attention to even the most self-evident necessities of military policy. At the present time, as a result of interest in the European War, now brought to a focus by the issue with Germany, a revolutionary change in public opinion has taken place toward this entire subject. The proposal to introduce universal obligatory military training, which three years ago would have met with scant consideration, has been now for many months discussed by responsible organs of public opinion throughout the country and, wherever an opportunity has been given through straw votes, conducted by chambers of commerce, newspapers, or otherwise, for an expression of opinion upon it, the result has been uniformly and overwhelmingly in its favor. If such training is ever to be introduced as a part of our permanent national system, now is the time to do it. The present moment offers perhaps the only occasion when the resolution of this nation can be aroused by anything short of a bloody and humiliating disaster to undertake the burden of establishing this insurance of America's safety. I shall try to enumerate briefly some of the grounds upon which the proposal rests and to indicate why I believe it to be the only permanent solution of the problem of our land-defense which is both adequate from a military standpoint and consistent with our social and democratic ideals.

From the standpoint of our military history there is no more clearly established fact than the failure of the volunteer system. The United States have not yet warred with a first-class Power free to devote its entire attention to them. Nevertheless, in our wars the system has regularly broken down. The leading States of Massachusetts and Virginia were forced to resort to the draft by 1777, or only two years after the opening of the Revolution. During the course of that war, in spite of such sporadic efforts by different States, the patriot armies shrunk in number from 89,000 in 1776 to 29,000 in 1781, and our cause was only saved from failure by the timely intervention of the French fleet and army. In 1812 the volunteer system broke down in so many and varied ways as to make that war the most conspicuous example in our history of how not to carry on military operations. During the Civil War both sides were forced to use the draft—the South within a year and the North short-

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ly thereafter. Even in our little war with Spain the full quota of volunteers called for by the President was never obtained. The failure last summer of recruits to appear when called for by the President to meet a national emergency, although over a million citizens were parading and shouting themselves hoarse for preparedness, is merely the latest incident of what has been a practically unbroken record in our history.

Simultaneously with these events at home war abroad has developed along lines which make the volunteer system more impossible than ever before. Prior to the development of modern democracies campaigns were carried on by professional armies of limited size. The monarch called to his standard men with a natural taste for adventure and they fought as the selected champions of a nation whose remaining citizens were otherwise engaged. The modern army has gradually grown to include the entire nation. Every citizen is either in the fighting line or at work directly supporting the military operations. In this fact lies one of the most vital changes in world development which has come with modern ideals and modern times. It represents not a recession into militarism but an advance in nationalism and democracy. It has been simultaneous with the growth of interest which the entire people take in the affairs of government. The work of the army is no longer regarded as the work of a sovereign but as the work of a nation and one citizen feels aggrieved if he is asked to do a national duty which his fellow citizen escapes. Thus the adoption of universal military training and service has not been confined to nations with aggressive ambitions or dangerous neighbors. It has occurred simultaneously in free republics, like Switzerland, France, Argentina, and Chili, and in constitutional monarchies, like Norway and Sweden. It represents the steady growth of an ideal in justice and fair play, namely, that he who has a voice in the selection of his own government is bound in honor to defend that government. It also indicates a recognition of the fact that there is a great difference between compulsion to serve a sovereign and compulsion to serve a commonwealth, and that in the latter case such action represents the deliberate voluntary choice of the people themselves. The slowness with which this democratic ideal has been realized by the English-speaking countries is due at once to their conservatism of character and the fact that both England and America have hitherto developed their institutions in comparative isolation and freedom from national danger. It is now nearly nine centuries since England has suffered from a successful foreign invasion; the military views and policies embodied in the Bill of Rights date back to a time when standing armies were composed of professionals and when England's geographical isolation was very different from to-day. Several years ago the great English-speaking commonwealth of Australia, in the face of assumed danger from the Orient, adopted universal obligatory training,* and, now that the changed world conditions have been brought home to her population by the war, Great Britain has at last abandoned the volunteer system and adopted conscription.

There can be no more curious inversion of fact than the fear that universal military training makes nations more likely to go to war. Such training has, on the contrary, been the very means by which the professional soldier—the man who spends his life in planning and thinking about war—is reduced to the lowest possible number in the community. Under the old system such professionals constituted the entire army, and their presence in the nation constituted a disturbing element whose aims and ambitions were at variance with those of their fellow citizens. Under the new system their place is taken by men who learn the art of national defense as part of their regular education and then, after the period of training is over, at once become merged in the general citizenship of the nation. These men thereafter have no special leaning toward war. Their subsequent ties, habits, and ambitions lead in the same peaceful direction as those of their fellow citizens. It is just as much of a personal

* Universal obligatory training and service for the purpose of Australian home defense has been in force in that commonwealth since 1911. The conscription bill which was defeated in the autumn of 1916 went farther and provided that Australians might be drafted to serve in Europe.

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wrench for them to pull themselves loose and go to war as for men who have not been trained, and the effect of their training is to make more vivid to them the dangers and discomforts of warfare. Under the new system the only body of professional soldiers left in the nation is the comparatively small group of officers and non-commissioned officers who perform the function of instructors to the others. Whether such a nucleus can become a source of militarism in a nation or not depends far more upon the attitude of the nation toward that nucleus than on any other consideration. If they are treated as a privileged and ruling caste, as in Germany, the danger may become real; if, on the contrary, they live constantly under the Anglo-Saxon tradition that the military authority is ever subject to the civil, as here, the danger, in my opinion, is wholly imaginary. Certainly there is no class of our present citizenship of my acquaintance which maintains more consistently and intelligently, in thought and behavior, the traditions of our free institutions than the officers of our regular army.

As a matter of fact, there are, in the case of the American Republic, special and peculiar reasons for the institution of universal military training which do not exist in other democracies. In the first place, there has been pouring in upon us, during the past half-century of our national life, a great stream of immigration, composed of men who have never had the lesson in loyalty to American institutions which was instilled into our fathers by the wars, the privations, and the common experiences of our national growth. Many of these have come here not to assume but to escape national duty; many of them have come with a very imperfect appreciation of any responsibility toward the state, let alone the duty of sleepless vigilance required for the preservation of liberty. Of late we have had ugly revelations of the imperfect way in which our existing institutions have performed the duty of assimilating these immigrants. No better way could be found to bring home to these men and their children the fact that free government has responsibilities as well as privileges, or to amalgamate them into our present population, than to have them learn, shoulder to shoulder with our native-born youth, the duty of defense of the flag.

Nor would the lesson come amiss to the native-born. Under whatever test, we are a lawless nation. The murder rate of New York is double that of Paris, triple that of Berlin, and more than seven times that of London. Most other large American cities have a far higher murder rate than New York. Memphis multiplies it by nine. Crime in general is seven times more prevalent to-day in this country in proportion to the population than it was sixty years ago.* What a lurid light these figures cast upon the fear sometimes expressed lest a little military training would destroy the freedom or the initiative of the American! Practice for six months in the rapidly decaying art of obedience would teach our undisciplined youth more that was useful toward the self-control which is essential to leadership among men than almost any other education.

Again, in the United States our present militia system has begotten peculiar difficulties in the field of capital and labor. The fact that our States have had constantly at hand an unpaid militia has tempted them to use it in labor troubles as a substitute for a paid police. This has been an unmitigated evil. It has resulted in every petty riot being treated as an insurrection. Upon a force of citizens, with deadly weapons in their hands, has been thrown a duty which could be much more effectively and humanely performed by a policeman with a club. As a result, we have not only failed to maintain law and order, but we have engendered among our working classes the feeling that citizen soldiers represent capital and are being maintained for the purpose of being used against labor. We have thus alienated from this first great duty of citizenship the very men of the nation who have most to suffer in case of foreign invasion and who should be the backbone of the military defense of this country. Universal training would at one stroke wipe out this evil and would do more toward restoring democratic relations between capital and labor, between rich and poor,

* "Causes and Cures of Crime," by Thos. Speed Mosley, St. Louis, 1913, p. 3; "Universal Military Training," by Lucian Howe, p. 103, authorities cited.

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than most of the industrial reforms which are now being agitated. It would restore labor to its proper relation to patriotic duty and, at the same time, would bring the youth of both classes of the community into a relation which could not fail to produce a more sympathetic understanding between them.

Finally, there is the consideration of health and sturdiness of character. During the past century the environment and habits of life of our American people have been revolutionized. From a nation of vigorous and hardy frontiersmen, over ninety per cent of whom lived on a farm or in the forest, we have become rapidly transformed into a nation of city-dwellers. The majority of our people now live the sedentary indoor life of the city. The effect of such a transformation cannot but have an insidious effect upon the fibre of body and resolution alike. The preponderance of modern city life is a new phenomenon upon our planet, the effect of which upon our race is yet to be appreciated. We only know that its influence is enormously against those hardy outdoor virtues of mind and body under which the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race were crystallized. We have all noticed the natural reaction from this indoor life which sends our leisure class every year to the forests and the mountains in an attempt to get back to nature. But alas, what a pitiful minority they represent of the great mass of young men shut up in brick and mortar with no opportunity to develop those outdoor hardy virtues which are the secret ideal of every right-thinking boy! The Encylopædia Britannica gives the sanction of its authority to figures which indicate that the German boy gains through his military training five years in expectation of life over the less fortunate members of his class who do not receive it. Whether accurate or not such figures represent but a single phase of the moral and physical good which would be derived by the youth of this land from a life of hard, disciplined training out of doors for a period of six months or more.

In support of our belief in these benefits we fortunately now have the results of the experiment conducted during the past two years at Plattsburg. We do not have to depend altogether upon the experience of other nations, cogent and persuasive as that experience has been. I have yet to meet a man who has been through the course at Plattsburg, or the father or mother of such a man, who has not become a convert to the benefits of field military training intelligently applied to the American youth. The enthusiasm of these converts, the fine spirit with which they have uniformly gone through the rather severe and crowded course of physical and mental labor which is crowded into the four weeks at Plattsburg, and the regular physical and moral improvement which can be noticed on their return is worth more than any *a priori* reasoning on the subject of universal training. No one who has experienced a Plattsburg day, with all its duties and vicissitudes, and who finally at retreat in the evening light has watched the steady ranks standing at attention while the call to the colors sounds, could wish to have any element of our manhood escape its influence.

Most of the objections which I have heard made to the introduction of universal training have been based upon some misapprehension of the proposal. In the first place, this military training should not take place in the schools. School education is under the control of the States—national defense under that of the federal government. For the federal government to attempt to make its soldiers in our schools would not only involve either a clash or a division between State and federal authority, either of which would be fatal to efficiency, but it would destroy at once the great aim of getting our youth out of doors and training them intensively in the field. The State should be encouraged to give preliminary physical training in the schools as a means of leading up to the later military field training administered by the federal government, but such State cooperation should be merely a preliminary to and not a substitute for the work of the central government. Again, if the training covers an unbroken period of six months, it can take place during the open season of the year and the need of expensive barracks is eliminated. The fact that it is in a single period permits the

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soldier to finish it with only one interruption of his employment. If it takes place, as suggested, in his nineteenth year, he has not yet become an economic factor of great importance in the State.

There is undoubtedly much difference of opinion in respect to the length of time necessary to make a soldier. Undoubtedly a man can be better trained in one year than in six months. But our General Staff, in 1912, after careful study of the subject, laid it down in its report on the "Organization of the Land Forces of the United States" that, assuming competent instructors and a proper staff organization, such a period would be sufficient to form a respectable army. Since that date the experience at Plattsburg, so far as it has gone, has served powerfully to confirm the views then enunciated by the General Staff and to prove the great superiority of such intensive training over all other kinds in shortening what had previously been considered the minimum time required to make a soldier. At all events, the recruit in six months would receive over one thousand two hundred hours of training as against the one hundred and ninety-two hours per year now required of the militia by our new National Defense Act, and would therefore have more than six times as much training as is received per year by the cornerstone of our citizen defense.

Again, it is often assumed that the expense would be prohibitory. Such an assumption fails to consider the immense saving to be derived by transferring the military policy of this country from a basis of pay to a basis of duty and patriotism. The item of pay for the regular army has hitherto constituted about half of our hundred-million-dollar army budget. Under the militia system of our present law we pay the National Guardsman at the same rate as the regular for field services, besides the pay which we give him for armory drills. Under the system of universal training, as carried on in other countries, this item is practically wiped out. It cost us, for the six months ending January 1, 1917, over one hundred and ninety millions of dollars to mobilize the National Guard upon the Mexican border. Figures laid before the Senate Military Committee by Major General Leonard Wood were to the effect that the current expense of training for six months the estimated five hundred thousand youth of this nation who reach the age of training each year and who are physically fit, would be in the neighborhood of ninety millions of dollars, excluding from such figures the cost of permanent equipment which lasts from year to year but taking into consideration maintenance, replacements, and current expenses. Certainly such a system would eliminate the grave danger inherent in our present militia law of creating, by the use of federal pay, a new political machine in the various States which might influence or control our government.

In short, I can see no valid objection to the establishment of the system in this country. It would be a vast undertaking; it would be, in some respects, revolutionary to habits of thought into which we have drifted since our clear-sighted forefathers passed the Universal Service Act of 1792. But the consensus of thoughtful men at present is that we need such a revolution of thought, not only in respect to our methods of defense but in respect to the measure of individual duty which we owe in general to our institutions and the republic. I know of no specific reform which would so generally stimulate that sense of duty. As we face the grave and uncertain future which now lies before us in the war, when our national forces must be built up from the very foundation, let us institute that reform now and begin to train in the right way the right men, upon whose shoulders may rest the responsibility of preserving our civilization against the dangers with which it is confronted.

February, 1917.

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"ON YOUR OWN HEADS"

BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Assistant Secretary of the Navy

"Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your leaden seas,
Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at ease;
Till ye said of Strife, 'What is it?' of the Sword, 'It is far from our ken';
Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your armed men.

"Ye stopped your ears to the warning—ye would neither look nor heed—
Ye set your leisure before their toil and your lusts above their need.

* * *

"Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from the street.
And what did ye look they should compass? Warcraft learned in a breath,
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of Death?"

* * *

"Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye let the months go by
Waiting some easy wonder: hoping some saving sign—
Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the forespent Line.

* * *

"But ye say, 'It will mar our comfort.' Ye say, 'It will minish our trade.'
Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn how a gun is laid?
For the low, red glare to southward when the raided coast-towns burn?
(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn.)

* * *

"No doubt but ye are the People—absolute, strong, and wise;
Whatever your heart has desired ye have not withheld from your eyes.
On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and the saving lies!"

—From "The Islanders," Rudyard Kipling. *Copyright, 1907, by Rudyard Kipling.*

"CONGRESS ought to provide us with an adequate army and navy; with all the wealth and resources of the country there is no reason why we cannot be assured of national safety, and I am perfectly willing to bear my share of the taxes."

It was the small-business man in an up-state New York town speaking, and it was the same expression heard on a hundred lips, western, southern, New England, seaboard, prairie, and mountain. He, I found, like most of the others, had a vague idea that our country is but little prepared against a great war, and that we ought to "legislate" some improvement; but, like the others, he had absolutely no comprehension of the scope of modern war, of what such a war would mean in the life of the individual American citizen. He was patriotic according to his lights, but seemed somewhat offended when I told him that even if he volunteered the day war broke out he would be of no practical help to his country inside of a year and would in fact make it necessary for some trained person to stay at home in order to educate him to a new business.

I have been trying of late to put my finger on causes, the causes of the Great Inertia. Is it individualism applied to national questions? Is it lack of knowledge of and interest in peoples and events beyond our own borders? Is it national snobbishness? Is it blinding prosperity? Is it a Utopian idealism?

Let me illustrate: A bank president in a Middle West city thought Hayti and Santo Domingo were in Central America, and this at a time when several thousand American marines were restoring peace and order in those two countries.

A man of national reputation said in June, 1914: "There can never be a great European war, because civilization and humanity will prevent it." In December, 1916, he said: "The Allies will accept the German suggestion of peace, because humanity demands it." I venture to predict that this same gentleman will, when peace does come, proclaim that the world will never see another war.

A manufacturer insisted, with tears in

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his eyes, that we should avenge the wrongs of Belgium, and five minutes later hoped that under no circumstances would the President allow us to get into war, because it would hurt him financially.

We are probably all familiar with the Congressman who suggested that in case of invasion the people on the coasts could withdraw to safety behind the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, and we know also the citizen who looks with smug satisfaction on the "impregnable" expanse of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Then too there is the amateur type of strategist, ranging from the man who thinks he could produce a new weapon to revolutionize warfare and make us safe to the politician who would create commissions and boards to make comprehensive studies and enumerations and *do* nothing.

From all of this it can be seen that the causes that underlie this failure to understand our national problems of defense are many and complex. Primarily it is an inability to visualize our position in the world. It is true that as a nation we have high ideals. It is true that we do not want to subjugate foreign nations against their will, that we do not want to grab territory, that we want to live on friendly terms with our neighbors, to live and let live to the mutual advantage. We seek to develop a growing foreign trade, to build up a merchant marine, to take a very leading place in the general affairs of the world.

If the boy stays at home he may never have a fight: we know that every boy who goes to school is bound sooner or later, no matter how peaceful his nature, to come to blows with some schoolmate. A great people, a hundred million strong, has gone to school; and history teaches that the occasions for quarrel are many, that most can be prevented from coming to actual contest, but that almost inevitably, under modern conditions of international relations, the clash of interests, or the magnified insult, or the bully, or the "only thing left to do," will bring on the crisis. Should the peaceful boy know how to use his fists in such a crisis? What do you think as the father of your son? What do you think as the citizen of your country?

Nobody who has been in Washington during the past four years—or ten years, or fifty years—can say that we are or will be free from the danger of possible war. It may be a war against a little nation or war against a powerful nation, or it may be a war against a combination of nations. It may come from one direction. It may come from several directions at the same time.

If all this be true, and its truth cannot be denied by any person who is willing to look facts squarely in the face, what does it mean to the policy of the nation? Clearly one of three possibilities: we can do nothing, and publish to the world that we are in the military sense defenseless; we can adopt a half-and-half policy, maintaining enough of a permanent army and navy to give us fancied and not actual security; or we can carry out the policy advocated by the two dominant political parties, the establishment of an "adequate" defense. This adequate defense does not now exist, and only in the naval branch of it has any earnest been given that we are on the road to obtain it.

What, then, is the "adequate defense," this "preparedness," that we read about? Two items enter into it, the one useless without the other. They are materials and trained men, and the important point about them both is that under modern conditions of armed conflict between nations neither one of them can be improvised on the spur of the moment after war has commenced. A navy is useless without ships, guns, ammunition, equipment, yards, bases, fuel. An army is useless without artillery, rifles, commissary, shoes, transportation. It is obvious that enough of the material element must be provided beforehand to withstand the initial stage of war until the factories can replenish and increase the supply. And it is obvious that the existence of these factories, their workers, their output, their organization also must be prepared beforehand.

So far all is fairly plain sailing. The expenditure of many millions for munitions, for ships, and the organization of the great industrial and transportation companies can be done by legislation and capable administration. My patriotic business friend ought to feel satisfied, so satisfied probably that he would as-

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sume that everything necessary had been done. He would have seen Congress apparently active in the business of voting money for preparedness and he might very possibly have contributed willing taxes to the payment. But still he would be no nearer to the readiness of himself as the individual citizen to play his part in the national defense.

One of the most astounding of untenable theories still held by Americans is that mere men, mere weight of numbers, can succeed in war. It is strange that after reading of England's training problem in the present war leading men in public life can still talk of the willing millions ready overnight or after a few weeks of training. Quite aside from the important little item that the necessary trainers do not exist, it is known as a fact proved by the experience of modern war that a year of work of preparing the average citizen is necessary before he can be sent to the front as an effective unit. It is not merely a question of drill, of the manual of arms, of the parade-ground. Do we realize that not one American in a hundred knows how to take care of his own physical body under service conditions? Do we understand how very few of us can march twenty miles or dig a trench? Do we think we can all hit a five-foot square target at six hundred yards (leaving out all question of the bull's-eye)? Is there any reason to believe that Americans are as a whole physically better than the Germans or Russians or French? Of course, if some seer could assure us that in case of a great war we should have a year or so to prepare for it, we could continue on our happy-go-lucky course. That has not been the history of the way wars commence.

To-day we see armies of millions, we see great military operations carried on thousands of miles away from the home country. Witness the British at Salonica, the Canadians in France, the Australians in Egypt. We can no longer hold a mere ocean a barrier to that power which controls its waters. In other words, we must admit that a great campaign in the Western Hemisphere, a campaign into which millions of men could be thrown, is a military possibility to any nation or combination of nations able to drive our fleet off the seas. In such a case we must be able to meet trained men with trained men—and overmatch them at their own game.

All this seems on the face of it to relate to the problem of the soldier more than the sailor, but it has become of naval importance also. England, prior to the war, employed about 125,000 men in her navy. To-day well over 500,000 are doing naval service. If that is so in the case of England we could expect the necessity of using at least an equal number. Apart from the main fleet we should in all probability find it necessary to maintain a complete patrol of the length of our two main coasts and keep open the lines of communications with the Panama Canal, with Cuba and Porto Rico, and on the other side with Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines. We have to-day in round numbers 100,000 trained men in the navy, marine corps, naval militia, and reserve, counting in those availables who have formerly had naval training. Where are the additional 400,000 to come from?

A member of the naval committee of the House of Representatives asked me this winter why the officers and sailors in our merchant marine, our fishermen, our yachtsmen, our motor-boat men could not be considered as adequate reserves. I told him that they could and should be considered the best of raw material, but that months of training would be required to make them fit for naval duty. Last year the navy held a training-cruise for 2,000 civilians. Many of these men were practical yachtsmen, could navigate, pilot, and understand seamanship. At the end of a month the most common impression of these civilians was that it would take them months more of practice before they could be counted on as a real asset to the navy. This system of training for *volunteers* is to be extended this summer, but a careful estimate makes it seem doubtful if more than 10,000 civilians will take advantage of the opportunity. Ten thousand men a year—and the navy alone needs a trained reserve of 400,000!

Approach the question of national defense from any angle, examine the definition of war as it exists in 1917, enumerate world resources, count noses at home and abroad—whether looked at from the constitutional, from the democratic, or from the economic point of view there can be

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only one way of meeting attack with assured success, and that way lies in the training of every individual for the service of the nation in its need. The very word "training" presupposes work done now but to be applied to a future contingency. We do not educate engineers by asking them at once to build us an important bridge—that is, if we ever hope to cross that bridge ourselves. We send our boy to a school of engineering that his future work may safely endure. So, too, if the work is to be well done there must be true co-operation by every person employed on it. In Europe to-day every individual in the warring countries is taking part in the war: the conflict is not confined to the trenches or to the men: it reaches back to the railways, to the factories, to the homes, to the old men—to the women, yes, and to many of the children. We are not ready for a national co-operation of that kind. We lack the self-discipline, we lack in fact the remotest idea of what this national service would mean to us as individuals. We do not know where we would "fit in."

Certain professional peace theorists have with crafty cunning laid emphasis on the military feature of universal training. They have called up pictures of the omnipresent uniform, of the Cossack whip of olden days, of the military dictator. They forget that in a true republic service which is universal is of necessity voluntary—it is, in other words, the desire of the majority of the people themselves. If there be shirkers, if there be any who would still place the liberty of the individual—their own little right to go their own gait—above the liberty and the need and the safety of the community and of the nation, then in their case alone can universal training be called compulsory. Few of us honestly fear that this nation will ever become militaristic—the trend of our civilization is all the other way. Switzerland and Australia are examples of progressive democracy successfully armed against attack. And yet many of our prominent men have argued with me that our great size would preclude us from following these systems. They can understand training a hundred thousand men a year; they balk at half a million. They are the kind of people who would organize a well or two to supply a city block but who would be appalled at the thought of a municipal water system.

The primary object of universal training is, it is true, to create an organization which would be used as a whole body for national protection in time of war. The country needs for army and navy alone a trained reserve of at least 2,000,000 men. This is not merely my personal conviction, but is corroborated by the investigations and reports of men who would in a crisis be responsible for our safety. There is in addition the aspect of the benefits this training would give in time of peace. If every boy of eighteen years of age were to give a year of his life to his nation, the advantage would be at least as much with him as with the country.

One has but to look at our army and navy men to know that their physical average is far above that of the community. Service means better bodies, clearer heads. And, too, it is time to consider the existence among us of differences between sections of the country and differences between elements in the same section. If the universal training of young men can be so conducted that they will meet comrades from other States and from other walks of life, much progress will have been made in strengthening the unity, the democracy, of the people of the United States. It will be a good thing for my citizenship if I, as a New Yorker, can live for a while in the same tent with the man from Tennessee, let us say; or if I, brought up on an inland farm, swing in a hammock between decks next to the son of a New York banker.

During the past year I have taken every opportunity to try to discover the real attitude of the majority of people in the country toward a form of universal service. I am thankful to say that I have found little real opposition. The enthusiasm for it, the realization of its importance, far outweigh this opposition; but there is apathy, the kind of apathy that yields to argument, to an exposition of the facts. What is needed is a greater expression of approval. The average statesman, the average representative, has his ear pretty close to the ground. He will act if you give the word.

"In your own hands . . . the sin and the saving lies."

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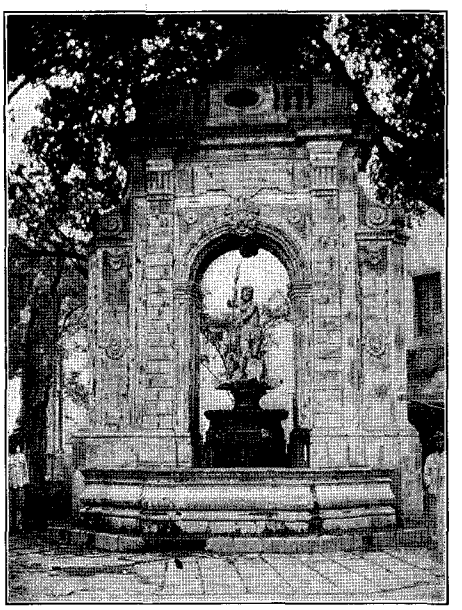
OLD MEXICO AND NEW IN QUERÉTARO

By John R. Silliman
United States Consul



Fountain of Neptune, Santa Clara Plaza.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE

IT is a January night in Old Querétaro. Soft moonlight and the resplendent radiance of Southern stars lend an added charm to picturesque old houses, tiled towers, and lofty domes. One might imagine it was summer time. Roses are in full bloom. Other fragrant flowers perfume the night. The brilliant poinsettia and the magenta-hued Bougainvillea only await the coming of the dawn to reveal their riotous growth and their gorgeous glory. The pretty Zenea plaza, with its profusion of trees, its ornamental pavilion, and its artistic fountain, is ablaze with light. It is thronged with Constitutionalist soldiers, their admirers, and their followers, for Querétaro is now, for them, the provisional capital. Military chiefs from all over the country are here. Heads of departments from the city of Mexico are here. Newspaper reporters and magazine writers are here. Scantily clad, dark-featured, stolid-looking Indians from the neighboring villages and mountain hamlets are here. Venders of soft, highly colored drinks, fruits, dulces, and sugar-cane are doing a thriving business, and newsboys are crying the evening papers. It is plainly a parade of the people. Those who wear purple and fine linen and who link Querétaro to the old régime are conspicuous by their absence. They are behind the closed doors and windows of their fine old homes, or they are in exile far away. Obregon's military band of fifty pieces, lately arrived from the north, is playing. They have just finished the "Sextette" from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."

As I look from my hotel window directly out upon the motley multitude and the khaki-clad soldiers diverting them-

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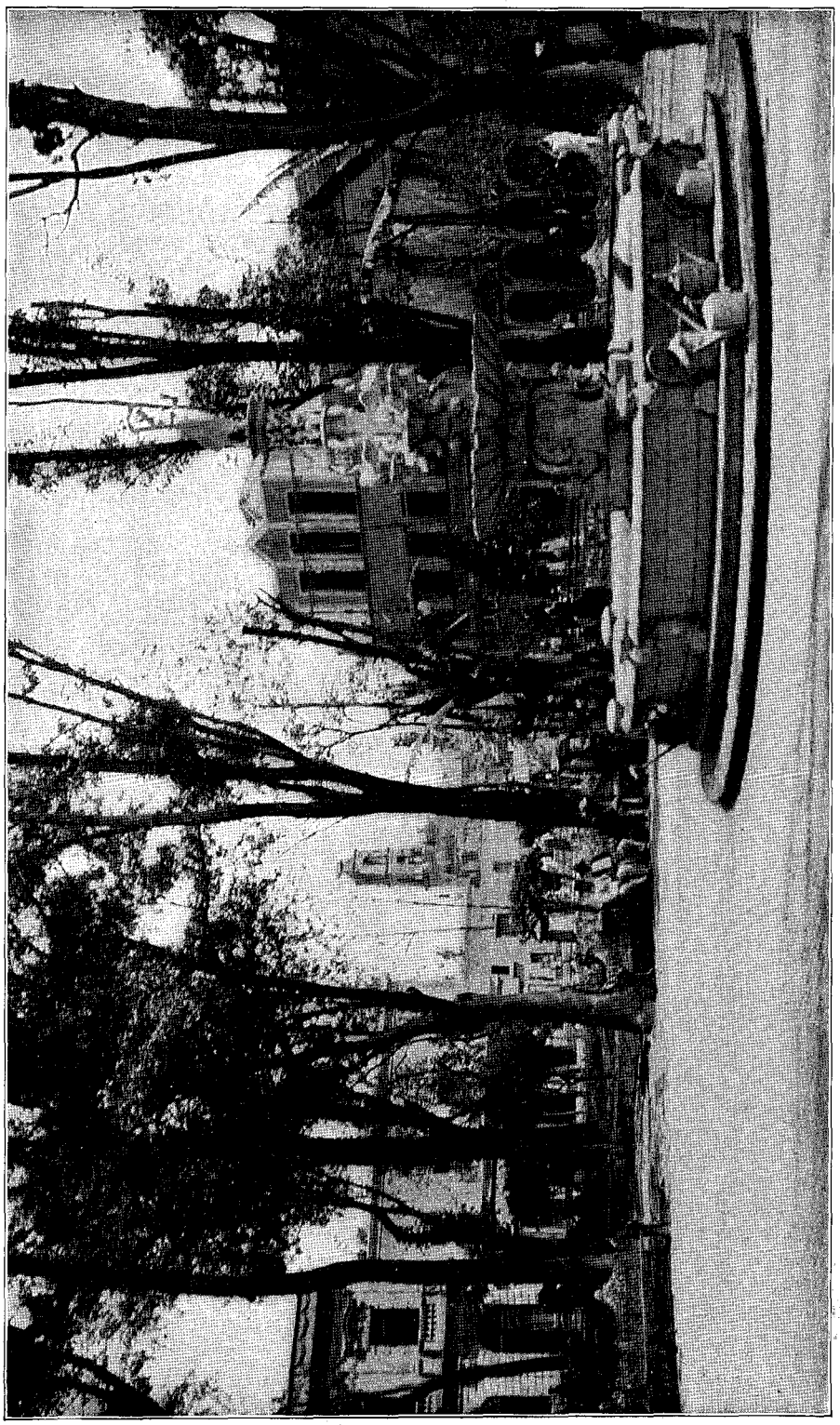

Zenea Plaza, Querétaro.

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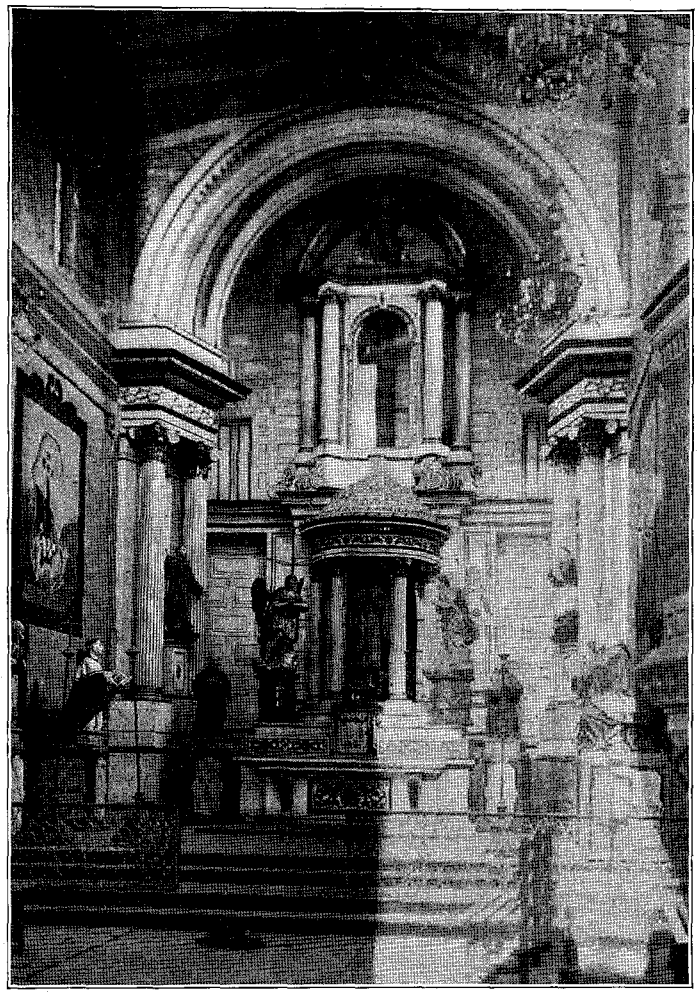

The ancient stone cross, Querétaro. Preserved under glass above the high altar of the Church of the Holy Cross.

selves after a long campaign, I recall that this is not the first time Old Querétaro has seen a revolution face to face; that the sleepy old city has not always slumbered; and that for it there has been a historic, portentous past as well as an animated, portentous present.

It has been an interesting experience for me to occupy some of my surplus time in strolling through quaint streets, entering reverently great, costly, time-worn but age-enduring temples, monasteries, and convents, and to study the story of this picturesque place. Natural conditions have contributed to conservatism in Querétaro. Agriculture is the principal industry of the surrounding country, and, while it is true that the great Hercules cotton-mill is in the canyon near by, productive haciendas have really made the city rich. Their Spanish and Mexican owners have always consistently declined to sell, and, as there are no special mining or other interests near, there has been little to attract foreign investment. Very few foreigners have settled here. I was told that even in the favored days of the pre-revolution period the total foreign population reached only as many as nine.

The average American traveller knows Querétaro as the place where opals are

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Monument to Doña Josefa Ortiz de Dominguez, heroine of the revolution of 1810. Tower of the Church of San Antonio in the distance.

offered at the trains and, possibly, as the place where Maximilian was executed. Very few foreign passengers, as such, ever see the lonely Hill of the Bells or the silent, solemn brownstone chapel which marks the spot where, on a June morning fifty years ago, a fateful tragedy was enacted. It is in plain view from the trains of both trunk lines which pass the city. Tourists bound south find more to attract their attention here than at any stop they have made since leaving the border. One of the best-known guidebooks gives a carefully prepared description of Querétaro which fills nearly ten closely printed pages. Nothing is said, however, of a most interesting and important international incident which occurred here in the month of May, 1848, and which directly connects Querétaro with the history of the United States.

"In Querétaro," says a native chronicler, "was signed the treaty of peace with the United States in 1848. Querétaro, at the call of one of her native sons, reestablished the general government, overthrowing Santa Ana. It is the only place which has energetically opposed Protestantism. It is the only place which possesses an aqueduct comparable to the work of the Romans. Querétaro, after a memorable siege of three months, was the tomb of the empire in 1867." In addition to all this, and much more, the author cites a poet who calls Querétaro a place of hospitality, sincerity, and patriotism.

The old Spanish writers have a story that Querétaro was founded in 1446 and that the monarch, Moctezuma, made it one of the northern fortified outposts of the Aztec Empire. The place was evidently well known prior to the conquest.

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Statue of the Marques de la Villa del Villar del Aguila, who built the aqueduct.

History really began for Querétaro on Sunday, June 25, 1531, the calendar day of Saint James, or Santiago, in Spanish. On the early morning of that day twenty-five thousand Chichimecas armed with bows and arrows placed themselves in battle array on the rocky height which is the southern boundary of the town, to resist the progress of the audacious Spanish invaders. These, strange to say, were led by two Christianized Indian chiefs. Their new names are given as Nicolas de San Luis Montañez and Fernando de Tápia, who is described as being a son of the Emperor King of Tula de Xiltopec, lying to the south. He was named chieftain and captain by Don Carlos V of Spain. The Indians made a desperate stand. The battle continued furious and doubtful the whole day. Finally, when all were worn and weary, a most wonderful thing occurred. Across the valley, in the canyon to the south through which the Spaniards entered, there seemed to be brewing a tremendous storm. And there, in plain view, sharply outlined across the boiling black cloud, appeared a celestial vision. It was the gigantic, mounted, militant figure of Saint James charging with drawn sword to take the part of the Christians. Above the saint a shining cross was gleaming. This was too much for the poor Indians of rough, untutored mind. The barbarian Chichimecas fell down and fell over each other in eagerness to surrender. They then and there accepted a peace which is said to have at once Christianized and enslaved them. The chronicler states that they were immediately baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross with the right hand. A stone cross was erected on the blood-stained height, and the conquerors sang the fourth gospel, following this

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Under the aqueduct.

with the celebration of the first Christian mass.

Who can wonder, then, that Querétaro has been *muy católico* ever since that memorable day, or that it was given by his Catholic Majesty Philip IV the official name of Santiago de Querétaro, which it has borne through the centuries; or that, when the cathedral was built, a stone figure of the militant saint was placed above the archway in the great door, where it remains to this day! In due

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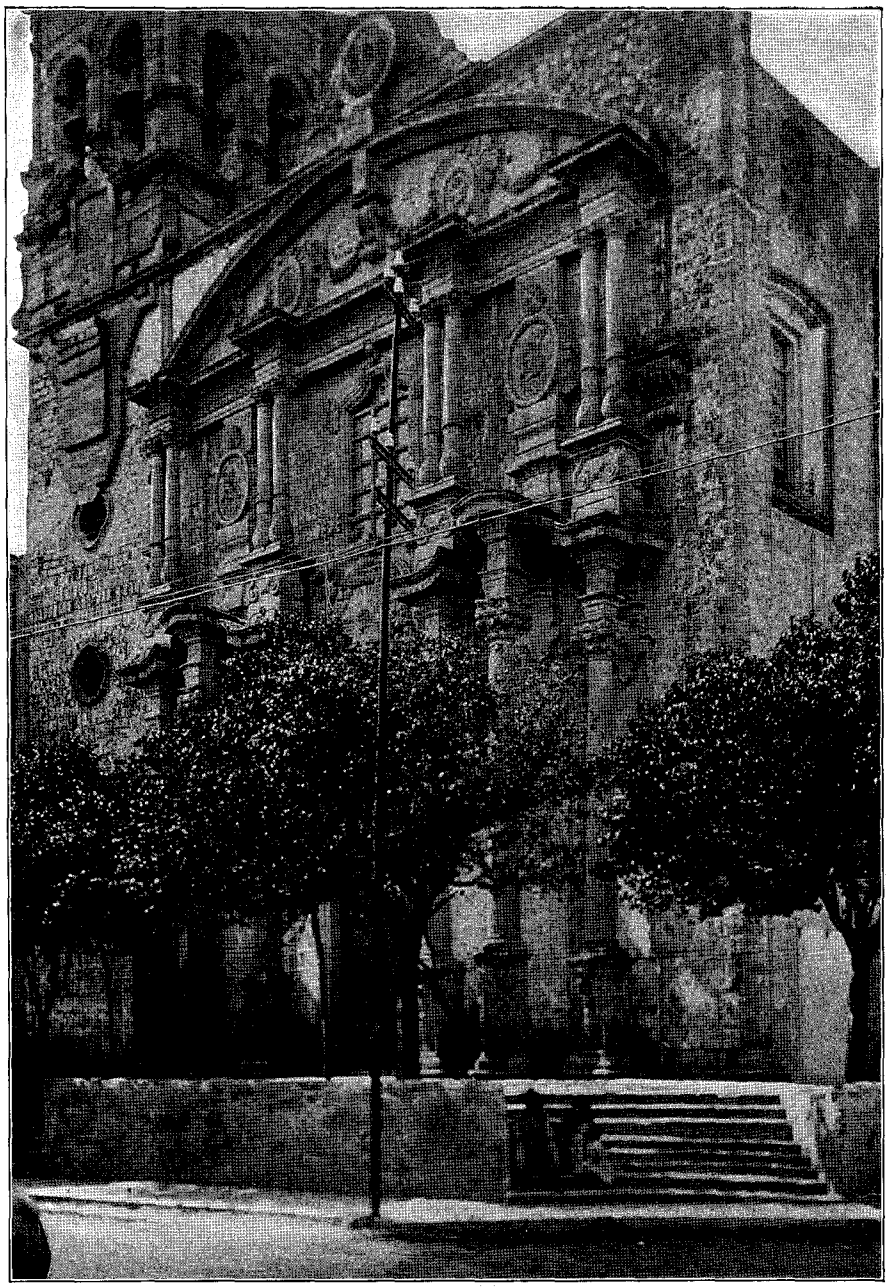

Front of the Church of San Filipe de Neri.

time the first of the many churches of Querétaro was built to commemorate the victory over the savages. It is the massive, immense, stately, picturesque structure called the Temple and Monastery of the Holy Cross. In a glass case above the high altar is still preserved the carved stone cross before which conquerors and conquered bowed after the bloody battle of Sangremal.

On the 21st of June, 1821, in this monastery, Luaces, the Spanish commander,

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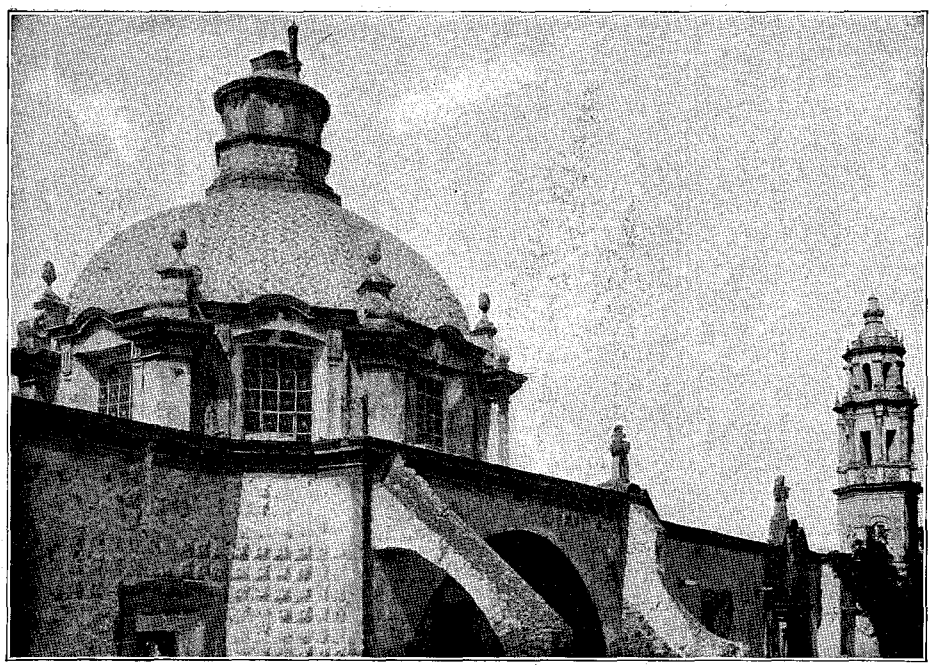

Dome and tower of the Church of Santa Clara.

surrendered to the Liberal general Augustine de Iturbide, thus breaking a foreign yoke which Querétaro had worn for two hundred and ninety years. Maximilian, on his arrival at Querétaro after abandoning the city of Mexico, took up his residence and headquarters in this same strong fortress of La Cruz. From it the Republicans forced him by an attack on the 15th of May, 1867. He was soon brought back to it a prisoner, and from it he was taken to the small, humble cell in the Convent of the Capuchins, whence, a little more than a month later, he was led to his death on the Hill of the Bells.

The most notable and striking monument in the historic cemetery formerly attached to the church of the Holy Cross is that erected by the nation to the memory of Doña Josefa Ortiz de Dominguez, heroine of the revolution of 1810, whose remains were brought from Mexico City to Querétaro, her home, and interred in this burial-ground on the 23d of February, 1894. Students of Mexican history will recall her romantic story. She was the wife of the corregidor, or representative of the viceroy, at Querétaro. She is therefore known as La Corregidora. Although associated with royalty, she was a thorough Republican and was well informed concerning the meetings, the proceedings, and the wide-spread conspiracies of the revolutionary club organized at Querétaro. Her husband, the corregidor, knew of her sympathies, but appears not to have called her to account. Finally it came to pass that he felt he must arrest the members of the club, as he had gotten wind of a proposed uprising. To avoid possible trouble at home he locked up his wife in her room in the second story of her home when he went out one night to order the arrests. Anticipating something of this kind, she had arranged with a man servant to come to her when she should stamp on the floor. As soon as her husband left the house she gave the signal, and, speaking to her servant through the keyhole, directed him to mount a horse immediately and hurry north to the town of Dolores and inform Hidalgo and Allende that the plot had been discovered. The servant was faithful to his mistress. Hidalgo arranged for the uprising at once, and this is the reason that the celebration of Mexican independence always takes place at midnight on the

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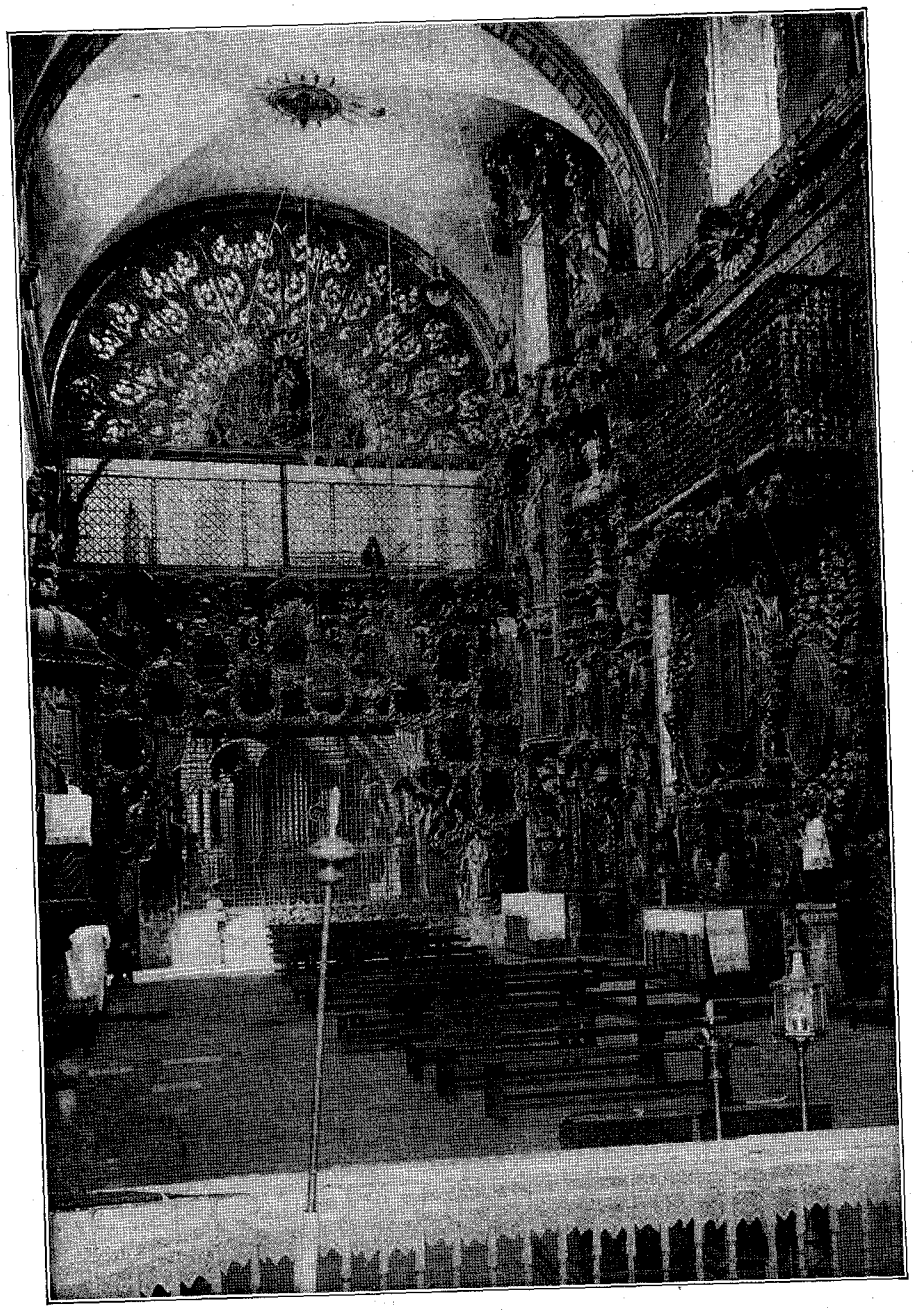

Interior of Santa Rosa. Looking toward choir.

15th of September instead of on the 1st of October, as originally planned. In the museum of the State Capitol may be seen under glass the large hand-made lock with the keyhole through which the corregidora spoke. Doña Josefa's husband was deposed and imprisoned by the Spanish Government. She herself was sent to the city of Mexico and kept there until the day of her death. The new monument, erected to her memory in the plaza, near the centre of the city, is really one

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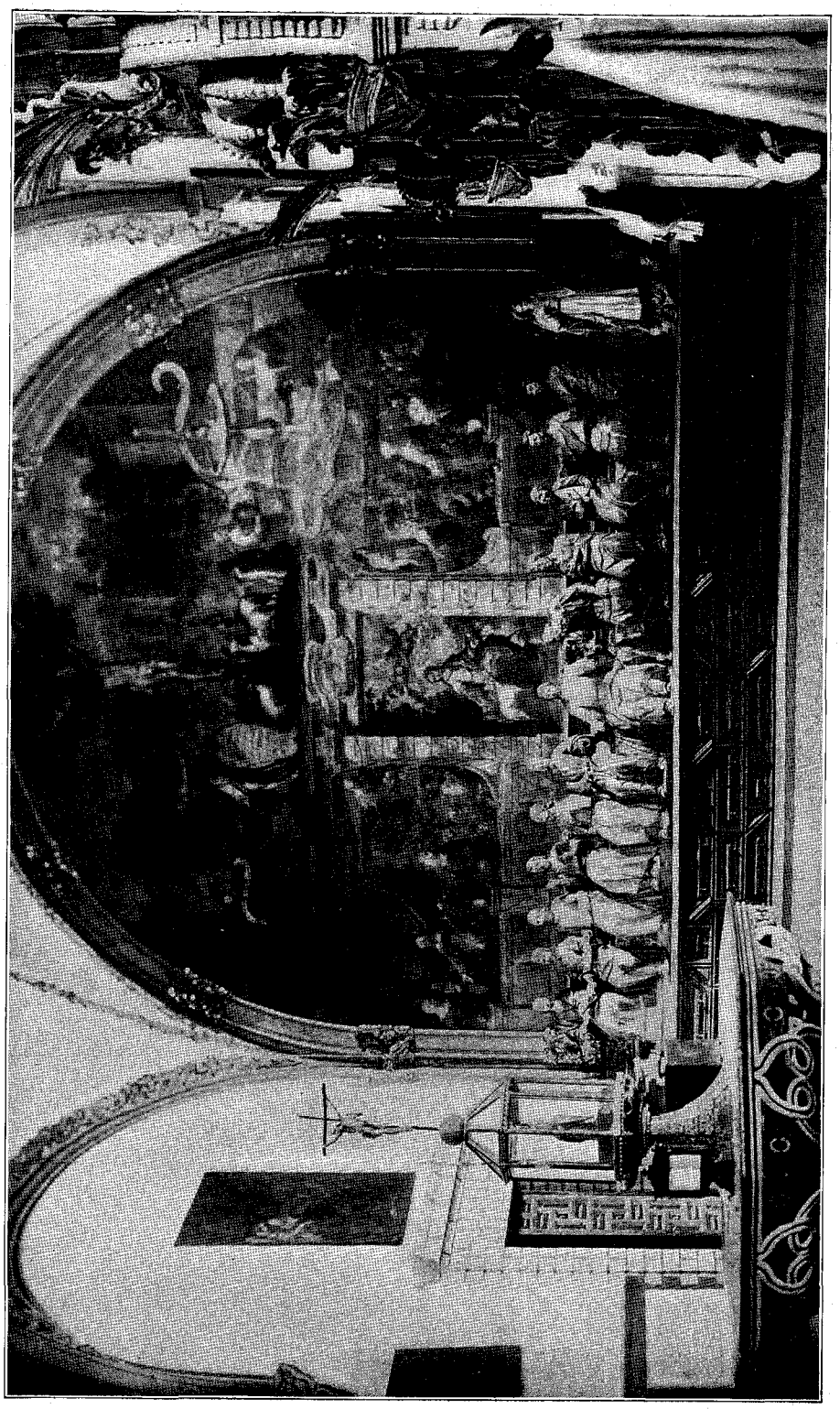

"The Garden"—Painting in the Sacristy of Santa Rosa.

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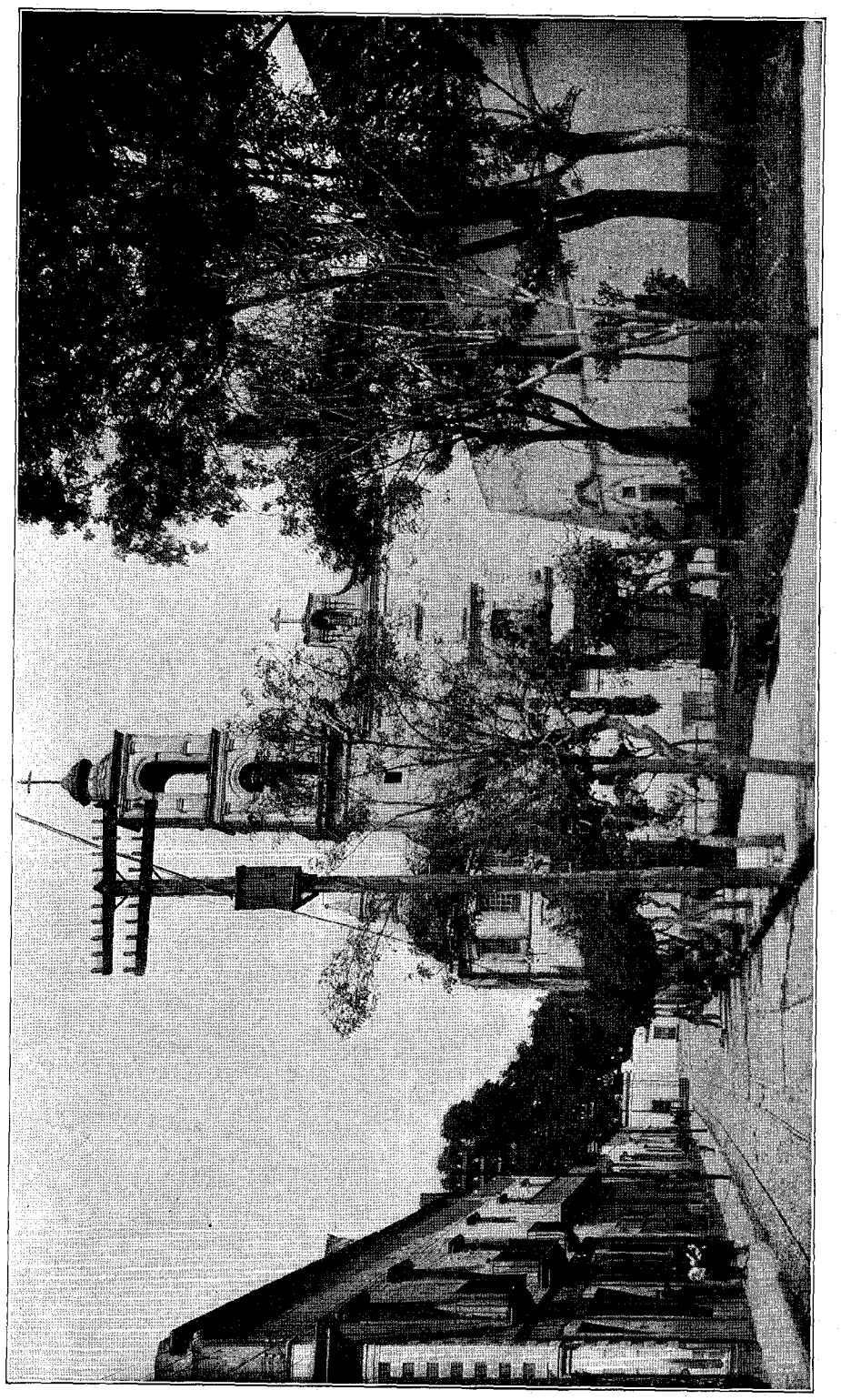

Church of San Antonio. Ancient chapel shown at right.

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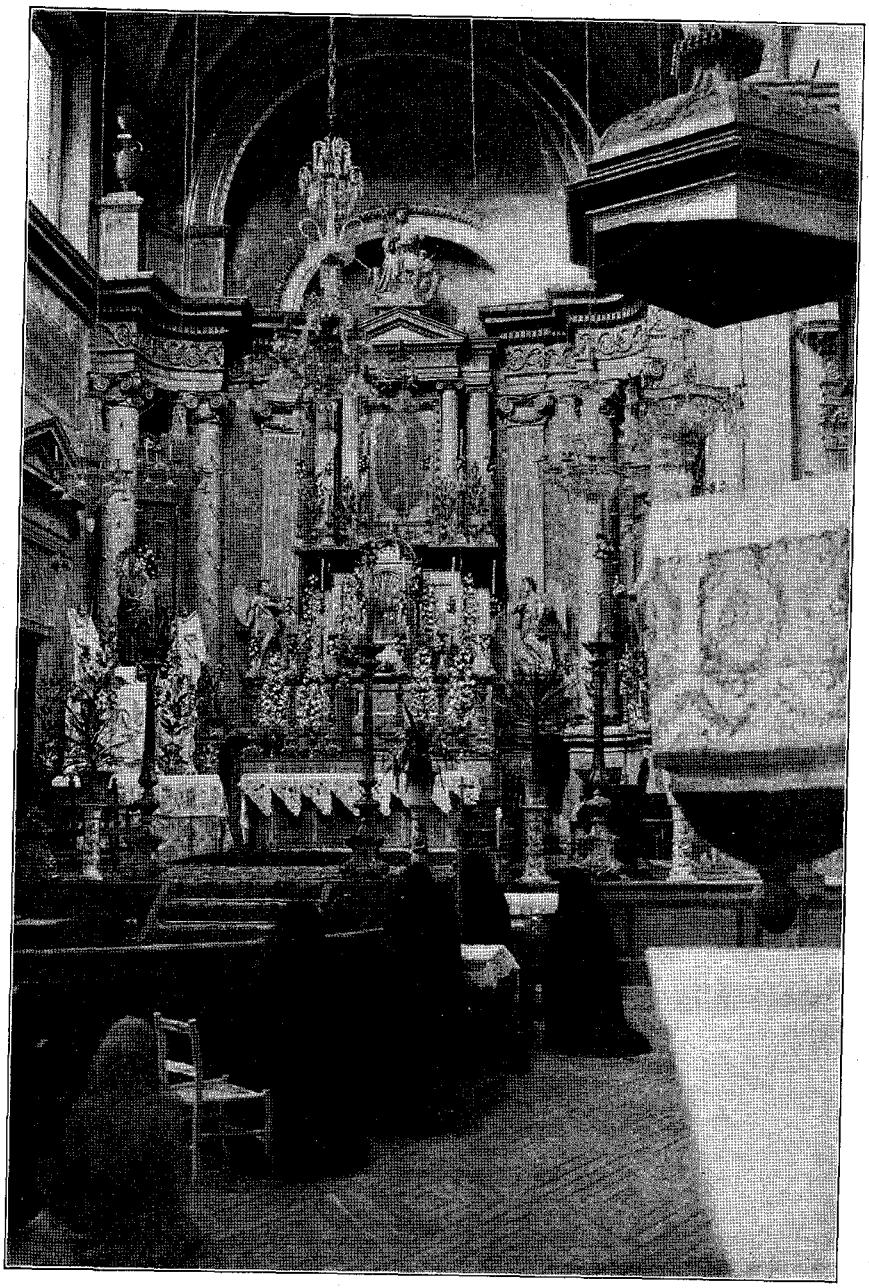

Interior of the Cathedral of Guadalupe.

of the most striking and interesting things to be seen in Querétaro. Probably it is one of the very finest monuments of its class ever erected to the memory of a woman. The design is a single lofty white-stone column surmounted by a more-than-life-size standing female figure in bronze with hand uplifted.

Another notable monument is a white shaft which gracefully rises from the green foliage of the Alameda. It is surmounted by a statue of Columbus and

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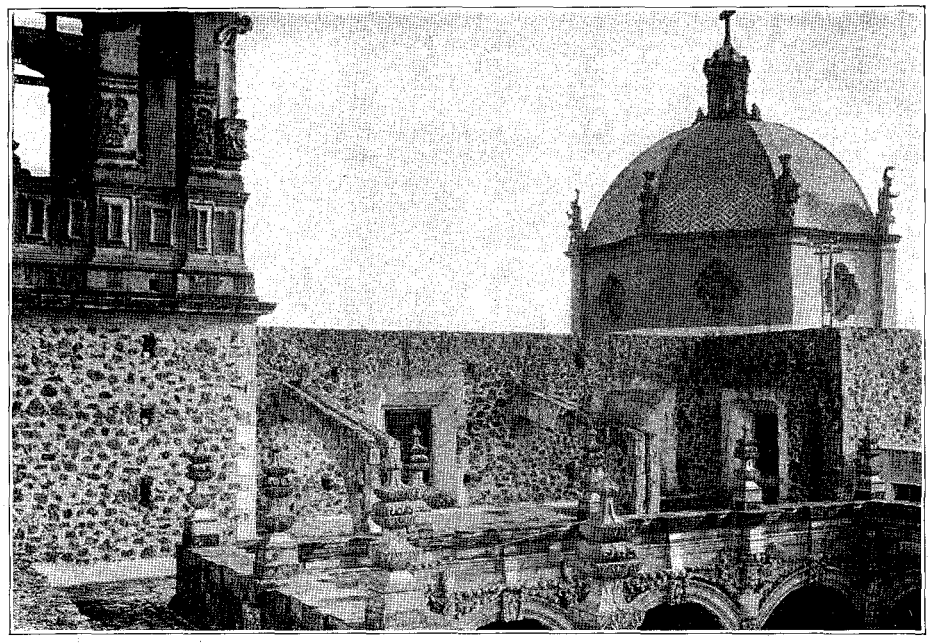

Patio cornice, tower, and dome of the Church of San Augustine.

was unveiled on the four hundredth anniversary of his discovery of America.

In the centre of the Plaza de Independencia is a statue of the man who conceived the bold idea of bringing drinking water to the city from a spring in the canyon eight kilometres south. His proposition was the building of a long, high aqueduct across the valley which would deliver the water directly to the Plaza de La Cruz, the highest point in the city. This great work was begun on the 26th of December, 1726, and completed on the 15th of October, 1735, at a cost of a little more than one hundred and thirty thousand pesos, of which the man on the pedestal contributed considerably more than half. The monument was a tardy recognition, for it was not begun until 1843, just one hundred years after his death. The front of the monument bears this inscription: "The people of Querétaro to their distinguished benefactor, Don Juan Antonio de Urrutia y Arana, Marques de la Villa del Villar del Aguila, erect this monument in testimony of gratitude, 1892." The great aqueduct which the marquis planned and carried to successful completion nearly two hundred years ago is to-day furnishing the same pure, sparkling water to the city.

A conspicuous feature of Querétaro landscape is the many fine old Catholic churches, monasteries, and convents. They are prominent at almost every turn. One is impressed constantly with their number and their immensity, and finds himself wondering why in this comparatively small city such vast church properties and such costly establishments were maintained. The oldest, most historic, and mother of them all is the church and monastery of the Holy Cross. Probably the most elaborate and costly was the church and convent of Santa Clara. The interior of the main chapel, which is still in use for daily services, has walls literally covered with curious, carved, gold-plated churrigueresque work from floor to lofty ceiling.

Another fine example of the magnificent and costly proportions taken by ecclesiastical construction in the palmy days is the great church and convent of Santa Rosa. It had its beginning in 1669. In 1727, by an order from the King of Spain, it was given the title of the Royal College of Santa Rosa de Viterbo. The

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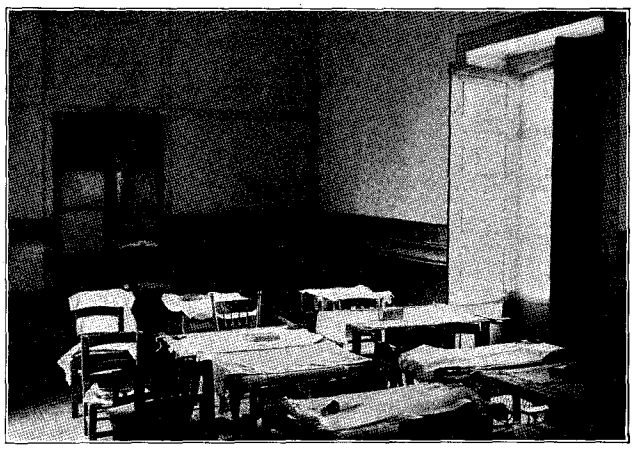
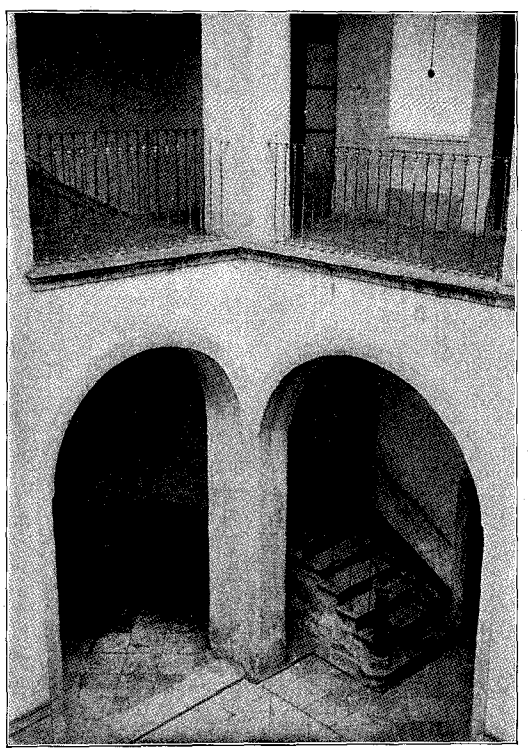


Maximilian's prison, Monastery of the Capuchins.

present structure occupied many years in building and was not finally completed and dedicated until the year 1732. Its exterior is notable for its oriental, Moorish-like, tile-topped towers and dome, and for two strange, immense flying buttresses on the western, or street, front of the edifice. The photograph is a failure in presenting their true proportions. The interior walls of the church are covered with the same elaborately carved, gold-plated churrigueresque work, and the delicate, artistic, fine iron-grill screening which is such a feature in Santa Clara. There are many paintings in Santa Rosa. They are mostly of the apostles and the saints. In the sacristy, a long, lofty, well-lighted apartment, are the something-over-life-size papier-maché-like figures of the twelve apostles. They all have the most unhappy and unattractive expressions and are arranged along the base of what is said to be the greatest work of Tresguerras, a noted Mexican artist who excelled in painting and architecture. It occupies the entire end of the room, extending clear to the ceiling. It is said to be one of the most interesting mural paintings in Mexico.

The church of San Antonio dates back to 1613. It stands at one end of a beautiful little plaza and has at one side, in front of the entrance to the old chapel, a small court where shrubbery grows and a great Bougainvillea climbs high up the wall. The church has several times been renovated. Its pure Spanish tower is one of the most attractive in the city. The interior is subdued and modern. An interesting feature of this church is the Santa Scala, or Holy Stair, in the connecting chapel, said to be modelled after a celebrated Holy Stair at Rome.

The great Church of San Francisco, occupying the most central site in the city, fronts on the Zenea plaza. It was founded in 1613, and was made the first cathedral of the diocese. In one of its



Stairway and corridor, Maximilian's prison, Monastery of the Capuchins.

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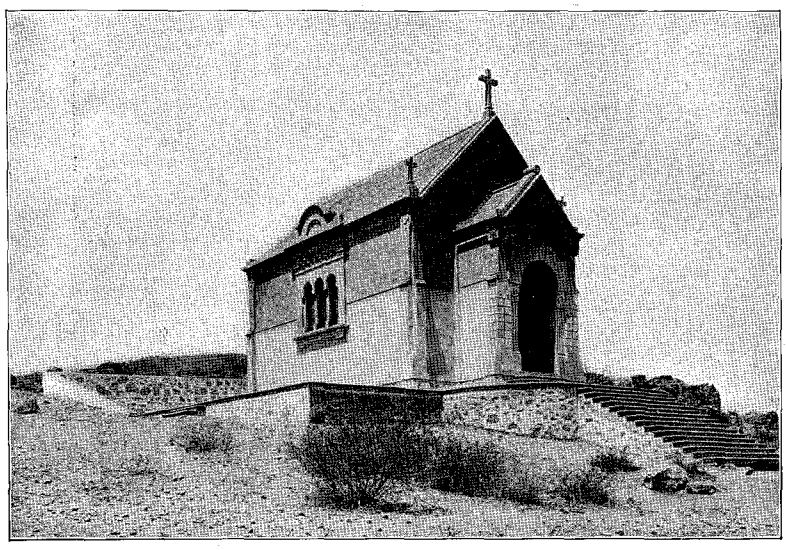
chapels, under marble tablets which record their virtues, lie the remains of the first two illustrious bishops of Querétaro.

The Church of El Carmen was founded by the Señora Doña Isabel Gonzalez in 1614. Like so many of the other churches in Querètaro, it had originally a convent in connection with it. Now it is said to be the most fashionable and aristocratic church in the city.



The Maximilian Memorial Chapel.

The church and monastery of San Augustine, founded in 1731, has furnished for the general government of Mexico probably the most unique telegraph-office in the world. The government appropriated the monastic part of the structure for public use many years ago. The front was remodelled during the administration of President Diaz, as a marble tablet placed at the head of the great stairway states, and the federal telegraph-office was installed in one of the sections of the second story.

The establishment called San José is just across the street from the elaborate and costly church and convent of Santa Clara. It was for a time conducted as a hospital. The main chapel is now used as a public library. In the rear of the library are the public-health headquarters and offices, occupying quite a number of rooms and spacious corridors with the different departments. Back of the health-office, but still a part of the original buildings of San José, is a vast constructure of many cells and corridors which are at present unused and unknown to many. They are never seen by tourists or other strangers. Probably many of the present inhabitants of the city do not know of this place. It was formerly occupied by hundreds of *flagellantes penitentes* during Lent. The practice of self-scourging, which spread over Europe in the Middle Ages, was introduced into Mexico by the zeal of the Dominicans. It was long faithfully observed in Querétaro.

On every hand it is seen that there is good reason in Querétaro for the plaintive lament of the writer whose interesting record of the place of his birth we have been following. He mourns sincerely that the magnificence, the glory, and the power of the church in former days have departed. The vast monastery of La Cruz is in ruins, and the garden, long-neglected, has gone to waste. The acreage of Santa Clara in the very heart of the city was confiscated long ago. Part of the convent of Santa Rosa has been made a public hospital. The rich gold plating of its high altar and its saints, like the lead from the roof of the Iturbide Theatre, went into the maw of some by-

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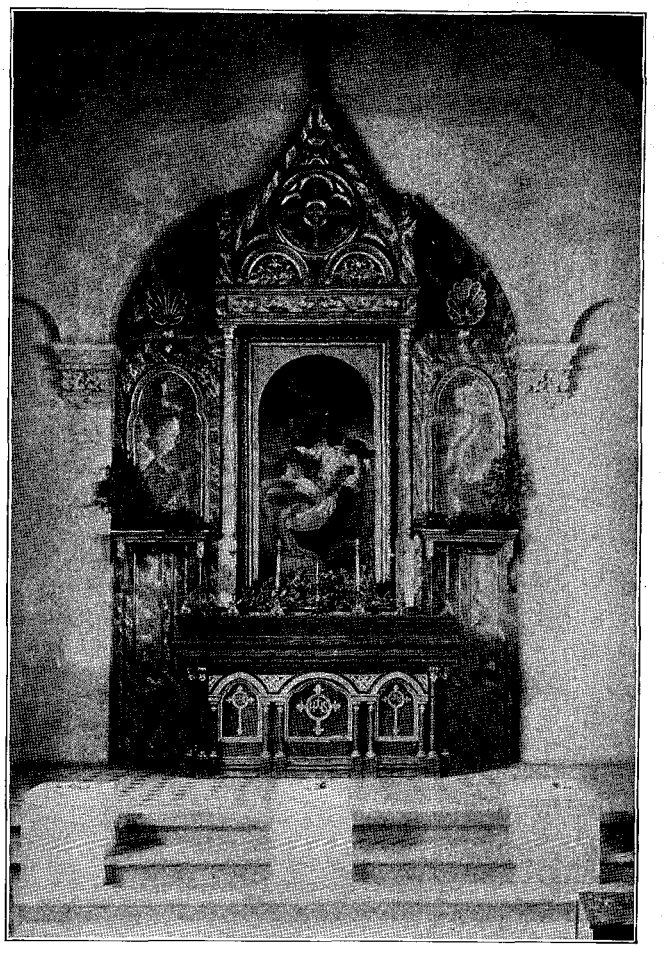

Interior of Maximilian Memorial Chapel.
Pillar at right marks spot where Maximilian stood when he was shot.

gone revolution. Part of El Carmen is a public school, San José is a public library and health-office, as above stated, and the cells of the penitents are vacant. A large hotel and a block of business houses have stood for many years upon ground which was once a part of the monastery of San Francisco. And so of many other extensive ecclesiastical holdings throughout the city.

The author would grieve still more if he should write another chapter bringing his narrative up to date. He would have to tell of further profanation and desecration of sacred places, and of soldiers of the latest revolution quartered in some of them as barracks, whence sound bugle calls and the rattle of drums where once was the quiet of the cloister. This is far from being a complete statement of the change which has come in Mexico. It is really only one feature of the change. The world is full of the story. Looking upon it all, even in the midst of it all, the calm, unprejudiced observer with open and receptive spirit can only endeavor to be sure that he sees the entire situation from all its different view-points and listen patiently to all the radically different presentations of it.

He must ever remember that the present movement in Mexico is essentially a revolution; that it is the Mexicans themselves who have brought about the great

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changes; that it is the Mexicans themselves who are responsible for them, and that it is the Mexicans themselves who must, at last, give to the world a sufficient or an insufficient reason for them. He must also bear in mind that only impartial history, which always overlooks excesses and abuses which are temporary and searches ever for the fundamentals which are eternal, can finally determine any great political issue. It is time alone that is the real revelation of destiny. It is time alone that can, and does finally and faithfully, place the correct estimate upon men, their policies, and their work. It is time alone that, sooner or later, demonstrates clearly what has been destructive, what has been merely obstructive, and what has been truly constructive.

Every one knows the close connection between the clerical party and the second empire in Mexico. It was an absolute surprise to me, therefore, to find in my recent reading in Querétaro the following from the Catholic Emperor Maximilian to the Catholic bishops of Mexico, in replying to a communication from them dated December 29, 1866: "You say that the Mexican Church has never taken part in political affairs. Would God this were true, but unfortunately (*desgraciadamente*) we have irrefutable evidences, and indeed in great numbers, which are a sad but evident truth that even the dignitaries of the church and a considerable number of the clergy have manifested an obstinate and active resistance to the legitimate authorities of the state. It is clear, my esteemed bishops, that the Mexican Church, by a lamentable fatality, has concerned itself overmuch in temporal matters, forgetting in this, and losing sight of completely, the true teachings of the gospel." These words were soon followed by the disastrous storm which fell upon the church with the overthrow of the empire, and by the stern, relentless fate which led Maximilian to his death upon the Hill of the Bells.

Religious services, which the terror of the revolution had suspended in Querétaro, have been resumed. Any one who desires to attend them does so with perfect freedom. While some of the churches are closed, most of them are open every day and Mexican priests attend the customary offices. But one does not hear, as formerly, the almost constant clang and din of innumerable bells.

The Church of the Capuchins is interesting because in it Maximilian, the emperor, spent the last month of his life. The photograph shown here of his room and of the corridor leading to it are probably the only ones ever taken. There has been some alteration of the interior of the room. It has been made larger by the removal of partitions. That part of the building is now occupied by sisters of charity who care for and teach orphan girls. They were all much interested in watching the work of the photographer. Maximilian's prison-room is now occupied by them for their embroidery lessons. The photograph shows their frames and their work.

Much has been written regarding Maximilian's downfall and death. There is much in it of romance and love and devotion as well as of tragedy and of relentless doom. Mighty influences from afar and every possible means at hand, including pleas from distinguished people and even efforts along the lines of intrigue and bribery, were all in vain. Maximilian was blood-kin to the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Spain, the King of Italy, and the King of Sweden, but they could not save him. The following is from the note of the envoy of the United States, Lewis D. Campbell, to the Foreign Minister Lerdo de Tejada. It was written from New Orleans, hurriedly and urgently despatched by special messenger, and it has a familiar sound.

"The Government of the United States has sincerely sympathized with the Republic of Mexico and feels a deep interest in its success. But I have to express the belief that a repetition of the reported severities referred to would shock its sensibilities and check the current of its sympathies. It is believed that such acts to prisoners of war as are reported cannot elevate the character of the Mexican states in the esteem of civilized people, and may tend to bring into disrepute the cause of republicanism and retard its progress everywhere. The government instructs me to make known to President Juarez promptly and earnestly

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its desire that, in the case of the capture of Prince Maximilian and his supporters, they may receive the humane treatment accorded by civilized nations to prisoners of war."

It is to be remembered here that the downfall of the empire was due largely to the withdrawal of the French support, and that the French support was withdrawn because the Government of the United States had said that it must go. One might suppose that the Mexican Government would have felt constrained to comply with the desires of the Government of the United States. Maybe it did; but this is taken from the foreign minister's reply. It also sounds familiar.

"In case these should be captured [persons upon whom rest such responsibilities] it does not appear that they should be considered as mere prisoners of war: for those are responsibilities defined by the law of nations and the laws of the republic. The government, which has given numerous proofs of its humane principles and of its sentiments of generosity, is also obliged to consider, according to the circumstances of the cases, what the principles of justice demand, and the duties which it has to fulfil for the Mexican people." The end of it all was Maximilian standing before a firing squad on the Hill of the Bells on the early morning of June 19, 1867. After he had said, "I pray God my blood may bring happiness to my new country. Viva Mexico!" came the crack of the rifles. Seven months afterward, on the night of the 18th of January, 1868, during a heavy snow-storm, a funeral cortege reached the chapel of the royal palace in Vienna, where the empress-mother was awaiting her son.

Austrian diplomatic relations with Mexico were suspended for thirty-four years. Finally they were resumed with the building of the small brownstone chapel which covers the spot of the execution. I am informed that on the 19th of June each year mass is sung and prayers are offered for the eternal rest of Maximilian's soul. It is also a custom, which has continued, for flowers to be placed daily upon the short, square, white-marble pillar which marks the exact spot where Maximilian stood. On the day I was there I saw lying upon it a single fresh-cut, full-blown red rose. The photograph shows the rose. The pillar of Maximilian is at the right of the photograph. The others mark the places where stood his two Mexican generals, Miramon and Mejia, who were shot with him. It is said that the picture above the altar was provided for the chapel by the empress-mother and that it is a copy of a painting given to her by her son in earlier and happier days.

I was shown the building in which the Mexican Congress, then in session in Querétaro, debated article by article the twenty-three articles of our treaty of peace with Mexico. The building is now called the School of Fine Arts. The Mexican historian Zamacois gives in much detail an account of the debates and all the proceedings. After the conclusion of it all he undertakes to give the farewell speeches made by the Mexican officials and the American commissioners. These are not given in any American history to which I have had access. As recorded by Zamacois they are models of courtesy and good feeling. Our commissioners were Ambrose H. Sevier, Senator from Arkansas and Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, and Nathan Clifford of Maine, Attorney-General of the United States, who became our first minister to Mexico after the war. I was shown the house where they were entertained while in Querétaro.

I have often thought of them during my stay in this city and wondered what their experiences were on their journey and while they remained in this, at that time, remote place. In a short time they accomplished the purpose of their mission and returned to Washington with a treaty satisfactory to both governments. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo begins with the solemn words: "In the name of Almighty God." The first clause of article twenty-two reads as follows: "If (which is not to be expected, and which God forbid) war should unhappily break out between the two republics, they do now, with a view to such calamity, solemnly pledge themselves to each other and to the world, to observe the following rules: absolutely when the nature of the subject permits, and as closely as pos-

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sible in all cases where such absolute observance shall be impossible." Then follows a long list of the rules to the observance of which the two countries pledged themselves. The last clause of the article states that "it is declared that neither the pretense that war dissolves all treaties nor any other whatever shall be considered as annulling or suspending the solemn covenant contained in this article."

The article plainly indicates that even the framers of the treaty conceived the possibility of another rupture of friendly relations, but it was their hope and their prayer that it might never occur. If it should unhappily occur, they undertook to provide that it should be conducted as humanely as possible. The treaty has bound both nations in peace for sixty-eight years, while their mutual international relations have grown constantly more intimate and their commercial transactions have increased a thousandfold.

In these later days we have known something of strained relations and threatening possibilities, but may we not still continue to hope and to labor and to pray that means may be found to avoid a rupture and that Mexico herself may yet find some way of her own out of her own troubles that will bring permanent peace and permanent justice to her own people and satisfaction to the foreign powers and their nationals concerned?

STANDARDS

BY W. C. BROWNELL

SECOND PAPER

III

TASTE

A HETEROGENEOUS public at one chiefly in its passion for novelty may easily have the vitality it vaunts, but there is one quality which ineluctably it must forego, namely taste. I hasten to acknowledge that it reconciles itself with readiness to this deprivation and depreciates taste with the sincerity inseparable from the instinct for self-preservation. Certainly there are ideals of more importance, and if the sacrifice of taste were needed for their success it would be possible to deplore its loss too deeply. We may be sure, however, that the alternative is fundamentally fanciful. The remark once made of an American dilettante of distinction that he had convictions in matters of taste, and tastes in matters of conviction, implies an exceptional rather than a normal attitude. But though it is quite needless to confound the two categories, it is still quite possible to extend considerably the conventional confines of taste without serious encroachment on the domain of convictions. Nothing is in better taste than piety, for example. And since also nothing is more fundamental, any one in search of an explanation of our present wide-spread antipathy to taste as outworn and unvital might do worse than scrutinize the various psychological changes that have accompanied the much talked of decline of, at least formal, religion and the transformation, at any rate, of the spirit of conformity to carefully and not causelessly constructed credos. Taste indeed is essentially a matter of tradition. No one originates his own. Of the many instances in which mankind is wiser than any man it is one of the chief. It implies conformity to standards already crystallized from formulæ already worked out. In the famous preface of his "Cromwell" Victor Hugo asserted, to be sure, that an admirable work might be composed of all that the arid breath of *gens de goût* from Scudéry to LaHarpe had dried up in its germ. But he referred to the pedantries of pro-

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fessional classic criticism rather than to the fastidiousness of a sensitive public. The preface long ago became itself the classic statement of the case for romanticism and established standards of its own. All that it contains is no doubt useful to remember, though it is rather sentimental than profitable speculation to dwell on the mute and inglorious of country churchyards, and one may excusably take a more cheerful view of the consequences resulting from the interposition of the *chevaux de frise* of pure conventions, even, between the otherwise unprotected public and the crowd of candidates for its favor.

Of Hugo himself Renan, a better judge in this particular, observed that "he had not time to possess taste." He offered compensations for the deficiency, it must be acknowledged, but to the very considerable number of writers who can hardly hope to equal him in this respect the cultivation of taste may none the less be commended. They can more easily afford the required time. Renan even, compact of taste as he was, lost touch with it occasionally—in the "Abbesse de Jouarre," for instance, and perhaps also in meriting Doudan's remark: "I know of no theologian with a more intimate knowledge of Oriental flora." And taste has the great advantage of being cultivable. There is nothing recondite about it. It is a quality particularly proper to the public as distinct from the artist. Indeed its possession by the public provides the artist with precisely the constraint he most needs and is most apt to forget—especially in the day of so-called "free art." It cannot be acquired of course without co-operation. It involves the effort needed to acquire and is not fostered by the emotion that is an end in itself. At the present time, accordingly, its pursuit is attended with the discomfort inherent in the invidious. It is particularly ironical to pass one's life, as doubtless is still done now and then, in regretting that one knows so little and at the same time arouse disgust for knowing so much. The remnant, if extended, will have to be of martyr stuff but it need fear no compunctions if it is tempted into occasional reprisal, consoled by Rivarol's reflection: "No one thinks of how much pain any man of taste has had to suffer before he gives any."

Our own public has always been a little exceptionally sensitive about the limitations of taste, even in days when it more generally possessed it. But currently we merely exaggerate a neglect of it that is wide-spread. One thinks, of course, of France. It is not to be denied that in France the democratic spirit with its associated anarchy has invaded the composure of the taste which, in the æsthetic field, more than any other element constitutes French superiority. Our own extravagances and incoherences in this definite field are apt to be reflections of similar French phenomena. Paris itself, still the finest civic spectacle ever secured by the co-operation of natural growth and express design, shows in spots and details an attenuation of decorum and conformity—shows the ravages of the spirit of "free art." In France, however, æsthetic standards are unlikely to be permanently deposed by fanaticism or forgotten by obtuseness. They are constantly recalled to the sense by the models that embody them and constantly recur to the reflection of minds insensibly more or less moulded by the tradition they define. Moreover the principles that underlie them are constantly reuttered by voices less noisy than penetrating but thoroughly national in sounding the overtones of culture however "advanced" the air, and in exhibiting an aristocratic quality even in chanting the most popular pæan. There is, besides, running through the currents and eddies of the moment, which boil rather than flow, a clear stream of temperamentally conservative criticism, that clarifies and purifies and carries along to the ocean of general appreciation the sweetness without the sediment of the troubled waters through which it passes, while at the same time it tranquilly transports its own freight of principles and standards.

In other words, in France the current era has its *esprits délicats* as well as its fanatics. And they are of their era and not merely in it. With us perhaps criticism which accepts standards is less sensitively, less sympathetically, dis-

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criminating in its treatment of whatever flouts or forgets them. Mr. Mather, in his indulgence for the *poètes maudits*, for the abnormal, for what he calls "disorderly geniuses" and "unbalanced talents" (see his illuminating chapter on the egregious Greco), is rather exceptional. Our conservatives are, in general, quite flat-footed. They resemble rather Professor Conrad Wright who in his "History of French Literature"—exhilaratingly, I think—announces himself a convinced classicist, or even Mr. Cox who in his suggestive and above all timely book has been thought to confound the classic spirit with the academic. Let him not be disquieted. Mr. Dougherty tells me that Matisse is fundamentally academic. On the other hand flat-footed is a faint epithet with which to characterize our "advanced" critics, who wring all withers when they are making the academic jade wince.

In contrast take M. André Gide. He is particularly open-minded, though he has plenty of temperamental predilections, and is quite in accord with the present revolt against the romantic without being in the least a nèo-classicist. His "modernity" in a word is unimpeachable by all save the partisans to whom modernity and *l'esprit délicat* are by hypothesis antithetical. From these however his implicit subscription to standards in his professed exclusive devotion to the principle of taste does definitely distinguish him, and for the purpose of showing this I condense a few felicitous sentences from one of his *conférences:*

"Beauty is secured only by an artificial constraint. Art is always the result of constraint. To believe that the freer it is the higher it rises is to believe that what keeps the kite from mounting is the string. Art aspires to freedom only in morbid periods. It loves to burst its bonds. Therefore it chooses close ones. . . . The great artist is he to whom the obstacle serves as a spring-board."

And referring to the "art for art" art of the day he speaks of it as "insolently isolating itself" and "fatuously despising what it is too ignorant to evaluate"; of the artist as one who without external control is fatally driven to "seek only his own approbation"; and of the critic, his congener, as "judging works in the name of his personal taste and the greater or less pleasure they give him," which he manifestly considers a severe indictment. But irresponsibility is an old story in criticism. Its invasion of the far wider field of art in general is otherwise significant. It is no more needful than possible or even desirable that every one should be a competent critic of art and letters. As well ask that every reader should be a writer or every writer a writer of criticism. But it *is* desirable that every one who counts at all, every reader of real books and every one seriously interested in plastic art should have standards of taste and possess them so thoroughly as to apply them instinctively and rigorously. Otherwise there is no logical escape from the prospect that the wider the appetite for books and art becomes the more superficial will be its appreciation and the more worthless will be the production that appeals to it directly and intimately reflects its easy and ordinary reactions.

It is a mistake to suppose that self-expression without self-control and enjoyment without standards of value are consonant with the effort that is a prerequisite to real achievement in either accomplishment or appreciation. Undisciplined self-expression riots in the absence of general taste, and the less exaction the writer experiences in the reader, the less effort he expends in rewarding or even securing his attention. The less demanded by the beholder of the picture, the statue, the building, the quicker the artist's sag into inertia. Ineptitude may easily be quite as genuine as significance, and if genuineness is the only demand public taste makes of the artist, if he is required to meet no standards or—what at this stage of the world's progress is the same thing—to neglect all models, the quality of his supply is bound to deteriorate in accordance with as fatal a law as that which makes water run down-hill.

What most opposes, however, the advancement of this salutary element of exacting taste in our public is the vigor of the spirit of non-conformity, which by definition has no standards, and which is no longer the affair of temperament it used to be but is a conscious ideal. As

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such of course in an emotional era, pursued with passion it is also pursued into details of high differentiation—manners, tastes, preferences, fastidious predilections. To the new theology, the new sincerity, the new poetry and painting, the new everything in fact will ultimately no doubt be added the new refinement, the new decorum. Meantime our nonconformists are concentrated upon vilipending the old. This is a field in which the new egotism may assert itself with the minimum of effort involved in mere talk—talk that asserts an independence of conventions marked by positive fanaticism. Gibbon notes with his accustomed perspicacity the affinity of independence for fanaticism, in remarking the hostility of fanaticism to superstition—the bugbear of the present time. "The independent spirit of fanaticism," he says in his chapter on Mahomet, "looks down with contempt on the ministers and slaves of superstition," and the remark explains the current Islamic invasion of the reticences of life. Given her undeniably fanatical independence, for example, it is easy to see why the contemporary young girl of the thoughtful variety is so shocked by the constitution of society as it is, as to vary her impassioned sympathy for the street-walker by grinding her teeth at the thought of the Sunday-school. But is it not a rather literal logic that leads her to involve the purely decorative elements with the structure of the civilization that has produced her? Why, for instance, should she be "thrilled" by reading, why should she herself write, that not inconsiderable part of the detail of the latest fiction that is else too colorless to have any other motive than the purely protestant one of heartening the robust by revolting the refined? The motive is as obvious in trivial as in grave examples, since both may be equally gross so far as taste is concerned. Observe this picture in a recent clever novel—by a lady—that has evoked a very general chorus of cordial appreciation. Two young men, one an Oxonian, occupy conjointly a room in a foreign seaside hotel:

"'I got out of bed,' said Hewet vaguely, 'merely to talk, I suppose.'

"'Meanwhile I shall undress,' said Hirst. When naked of all but his shirt and bent over the basin, Mr. Hirst no longer impressed one with the majesty of his intellect, but with the pathos of his young yet ugly body.

"'Women interest me,' said Hewet.

"'They're so stupid,' said Hirst. 'You're sitting on my pyjamas.'

"'I suppose they *are* stupid,' Hewet wondered.

"'There can't be two opinions about that, I imagine,' said Hirst, hopping briskly across the room, 'unless you're in love—that fat woman Warrington?' he inquired.

"'Not one fat woman—all fat women,' Hewet sighed.

"'The women I saw tonight were not fat,' said Hirst, who was taking advantage of Hewet's company to cut his toe-nails."

A moment later:

"'I wonder if this is what they call an ingrowing toe-nail?' said Hirst, examining the big toe on his left foot."

Another brief interval.

"Hewet contemplated the angular young man who was neatly brushing the rims of his toe-nails into the fire-place in silence for a moment.

"'I respect you, Hirst,' he remarked."

Is there anything in "Tom Jones" that strikes quite that note? The picture is manifestly less a gem of *genre* than a defiance of decorum, and as such perhaps "stimulates" those who would find a dialogue between Achilles and Patroclus insipid. The writer and the sympathetic reader occupy an attitude which for them, of course, illustrates the new sincerity but for others constitutes the spectacle of a pose preoccupied with producing an effect while unconscious of what it exemplifies. Obviously its sincerity though flaunted is not fundamentally newer than the fall of man, and is but a variant of the desire to, as the French say, *épater le bourgeois*. The new sincerity presents more drastic though not, I think, more disintegrating phenomena. But one must draw the line somewhere and it is decorous to draw it on the hither side of the purlieus of pornography, whiffs of whose un-Arabian breezes no one can have escaped and whither accordingly in any consideration of twentieth century

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fiction it would, though easy, be profitless, because superfluous, to proceed. Here at least one may pay the tribute of a wistful regret to those days, distant in all respects but that of time, in which it could be said of even the dilettante who had only tastes in matters of conviction that he had at least convictions in matters of taste.

Dress affords a more agreeable field of reflection and has the advantage for our purpose of illustrating the same phenomenon of impatience with standards of decorum. Here we can see how superficial it is to denounce the insufficiency of old standards for the new duties taught by new occasions, and perceive how much more consistent it is to demand the abolition of standards altogether. In a word how fashions differ from standards, and how exacting is the tyranny which replaces the slavery of convention with the despotism of whim. The aspect of "this changing world" presented by its habiliments is indeed such as to arouse "unprecedented emotion." Already, to be sure, there are signs of even more change, but since it is manifestly to be progressive instead of purely haphazard we know whither we are drifting and that the need for purely emotional appreciation will remain stable. The current affinity of the bottom of the skirt for that of the *décolletage* is destined no doubt to a richer realization, owing to what we are now calling an "intensive" conviction of the truth that "the body is more than raiment." And as we are to be above all things natural and as, except for artists, the female form is the loveliest thing in nature, we not only have the prospect of still further emotional felicity in the immediate future, but may look forward with the gentle altruism of resignation to the increase of mankind's stock of happiness in a remoter hereafter—in the spirit of the French seer who on the eve of the Revolution exclaimed: "*Les jeunes gens sont bien heureux; ils verront de belles choses.*" We know how Madame Tallien justified him.

Undress too, as well as dress, holds out an alluring prospect, at least in fiction, in which the imagination is already very considerably "stimulated" by what the eye is condemned to forego in fact. No community has, of course, as yet adopted the Virgilian motto half-heartedly suggested by Hawthorne for Brook Farm: *Sere nudus, ara nudus*, but fiction may be said to front that way. Mr. Galsworthy is only the most distinguished of those who enable their readers to emulate Actæon at their ease, and we are constantly assisting at the bath of beauty in company with lady novelists to whom the experience must naturally seem less sensational, but who are especially sensitive to the desirability of being "in the swim," if not reckless of becoming what Shelley calls "naked to laughter" in the process.

Nor will our successors be confined to the delights of the eye. The world of sensation is acquiring among us in various ways a new extension, as our fiction, again, amply shows. The particular sense of smell, for example, is being rescued from neglect and receiving a recognition long withheld by puritan fastidiousness. Its inspiration proceeds less from Keats's example or Max Beerbohm's advocacy, perhaps, than from Maupassant whom our later fictionists wisely study, I believe, without always studying wisely, and of whom Henry James remarks that "human life in his pages appears for the most part as a concert of odors," owing to a sense of smell "as acute as that of those animals of the field and forest whose subsistence and security depend upon it." The heroine of an essentially charming recent novel has "a moment" that "was forever connected in her mind with the smell of delicate food and fading flowers and human beings well washed and groomed which floated out to her from the dining room." Every one knows the persistent associations of odors, and the house party was a large one. Besides people wash much more than they used to and their aura deserves more attention. However the negligent are not neglected. The young lady, whose father is a socialist, has already had an experience of a different sort—the odor of a showy hotel court in which "everything in sight exhaled an intense consciousness of high cost . . . suggesting to a sensitive nose another smell, obscured but rancidly perceptible—the unwashed smell floating up from the paupers' cellars which support Aladdin's palaces of lux-

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ury." Taste may surely be too rigid and in any case its limits include those temperamental preferences which, like colors, are proverbially exempt from disputation. No doubt there is more gain than loss in enlisting a new sense in the service of literature. But it would be fatuity to expect it to conserve its freshness long. Odors evaporate. This kind of spontaneity is especially in danger of prompt conventionalization—like any new perfume—its *raison d'être* being too obscure to be kept vividly in mind and the sensuous satisfaction it affords tending rapidly to lose its edge in becoming staple. And there would be much more prospect of its serving the ends of taste in general if what is staple were also standard.

IV

THE INDIVIDUAL

THE staple is often however far from being standard. Nearly two generations ago Arnold cited Renan as saying: "All ages have had their inferior literature but the great danger of our time is that this inferior literature tends more and more to get the upper place." Applied to our own time the remark would lose none of its justice. It would need indeed a sharper edge in view of one particular phase which not only the literary movement but the whole intellectual flux has assumed since Renan's day and which with all his pessimistic distrust of democracy Renan himself could not have foreseen in its acuteness. This phase is marked not merely by the numerical preponderance of mediocrity, which alone he and kindred spirits deplored—almost cravenly as it seemed at the time—but by mediocrity invigorated by the current aimless yet abounding vitality, which gives it a force mediocrity heretofore has never even conceived of itself as possessing. Ours is the day of the majority but there is nothing invidious in ascribing mediocrity to the majority in the intellectual sphere. One may acknowledge it with the same wry frankness with which Thackeray discoursed of snobs. As Henley, who certainly did not suffer from morbid self-disparagement, once wrote me: "We are all too damnably second-rate." What is new is the extraordinary self-respect that mediocrity has suddenly acquired.

It is no doubt an unconscious corollary of the quickened sense of the dignity of the individual as such—something which can hardly perhaps be too much insisted on in the social and political field—that in the intellectual field also the individual as such has his rights. The new humanity should add a chapter about it, to bring its gospel up to date. Democracy is to my sense the finest thing in the secular world, but in a *cosmic* universe there is a place for everything and it should keep its place. For it is not after all the more obvious characteristics of our public considered as a whole—its heterogeneousness, its instinctive preference of the novel to the standardized and its restive recalcitrancy to the restrictions of taste—that give the cause of art and letters at the present time an especial claim on our attention. Considered in the mass a mercurial public may conspicuously fail in its duty to this cause, but being mercurial it is susceptible of transformation. The character of the individuals composing it is the more fundamental consideration. And this is something that is forced on our attention more frequently and more forcibly than the general traits which it requires more effort to synthetize.

The modern individual is, to begin with, under some misconception as to his own nature which he has somehow come to conceive as that of a highly organized personality. Reflection would assure him however that mere individuality is a matter of the will, personality of the character, if one may thus label a distinction that is none the less real for having escaped him. One can be propagated by mere fission; the other cannot even be inherited. One synthetizes individual traits; the other divides without distinguishing one individual from another—sheep, for example. Unlike individualism which is a doctrine, personality cannot be preached; legitimately there is no such word as "personalism." In a work of art, it has been observed, personality is not what you put in but what you can't keep out. One opposes the standardization which the other eludes.

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Though the impression made by each must be measured by standards of value, they differ constitutionally as the independent spirit differs from the intuitive. Thus personality not only need lose none of its character but may even intensify its force in the conformity that independence feels as a fetter. Raphael's personality is as accentuated as Blake's, Torquemada's energy as great as Luther's. Individualism as such is shut off from following ideals that are not less attractive for having attracted others. Personality is surely the most interesting, the ultimate element of any form of expression. It begins where the others leave off. To prescribe it, however, is absurd, since to define it is impossible. In character it is an abstraction equally applicable to all personalities and concretely as uncharacterizable as its phenomena are apparent; imponderable as a perfume, impalpable as a presence. On the other hand its extreme attenuation or even its complete absence is quite as conspicuous in many individualities whose claims to its possession are aggressively asserted. I have labored the point because it is in virtue of his assumed personality—always an exceptional possession—that the individual—who is not exceptional at all—asserts his title to a special sanction for his activities in either production or appreciation.

Naturally independence is his central ideal, which incidentally accounts for the disintegration of the public he composes. It is his duty to live his own life, to do his own thinking—unaware of the handicap he involuntarily assumes in doing so. When Arnold observed that "man worships best in common; he philosophizes best alone," what he had in mind was that it is best to do one's thinking in solitude—solitude rather than independence. Thinking for oneself meant to him that neglect of the thinking of others which produces less the thinker than the thinkist—to adopt a useful distinction; a result that his prescription of culture, which he defined as the knowledge of others' thinking, was particularly designed to prevent. The subject in fact suggested to him the anecdote of Mrs. Shelley exclaiming to a friend who advised her to send her son to a school where he would be taught to think for himself: "Oh, my God! send him where they will teach him to think like other people." One can understand that Mrs. Shelley should speak feelingly. As to worship we have to a very considerable extent replaced the communion of the saints, of which Arnold was undoubtedly thinking, by a division of the community into two distinct and interhostile sects of secular schismatics, one adoring the golden calf and the other incensing the under dog. Naturally for standards that unite we have shibboleths that divide. But when we come to philosophizing around and across this central line of cleavage the independence of our thinking is fatal to conformity in far greater detail. We fairly whirl in centrifugal discussion which contemplates agreement as little as it achieves it. The evil of repressing free thought is felt at once, but the blessings of encouraging it are reserved for Bacon's "next ages," owing largely to its deliquescence in free speech. The spirit of the forum has invaded the household, where, however, even forensic standards cower before the eminently unparliamentary contentiousness concentrated around the hearth.

All this is of course marked by vitality but it is permitted to hope that uncrystallized by standards it may not prove viable. It may yet crumble in dissatisfaction under some sudden illumination of our prevailing self-adoring introspection. Arnold himself employed a short and easy formula of consolation when depressed by the way the world was going. "The instinct for self-preservation in humanity" would, he thought, ultimately reorient it. Unhappily some of the effects of Emerson's law of compensation are to be counted on only by deferred hope and in the longest of long runs. The forces of disintegration, in which individual independence is disguised only from itself by the cloak of socialist theory, have an indefinite future before them if they consolidate by still greater numbers the conquests their numbers have already made in virtue not of their quality but of their numerousness. We do not read of any impairment of longevity in the subjects of Queen Labe who, besides, though greatly diversified by their metamorphosis, had only to await accessions enough plausibly to scoff at the succor of Sind-

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bad, and follow their individual inclinations under an organization strictly confined to securing the satisfaction of their appetites.

The proverbial egotism of the young, to whom no doubt the world's progress is chiefly due, is perhaps a source of strength to them in their work of amelioration and advance. Modesty is doubt, says Balzac, and egotism gives them the requisite confidence in a world largely given over to the *grosso modo* in its struggles upward. But the most sympathetic observer of their attitude and activities at the present time must note a fundamental change in this advantageous quality—a transformation of force into ferocity modified by fatuousness. The old feel the effects of this in many pathetic ways inevitable in the supplanting of general standards by egotistic ideals. It is a common experience that the domestic affections suffer from it. The Gospel conflict of the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law is a customary and chronic affair compared with the current cleavage between entire generations—in its completeness an altogether new thing, I think, under the sun. The domestic conflict is no doubt a derivative of our highly individualist predatory socialism, whose admirable sentimental humanity is rationally so markedly modified by the natural man's very natural desire for a share in the plutocrat's "swag," and whose disintegrating disposition to substitute the individual for the family as the social unit follows the injunction to be off with the old love before being on with the new so enthusiastically as to kick it down-stairs before even dissembling its love. This seems less prudent but more logical than are our belligerent pacifists, its congeners, who are for having men fall into the arms—and apparently the ammunition—of their brothers abroad while continuing to dynamite their enemies at home. But in sacrificing to the individual, one the family and the other the nation, both illustrate the same egotistic tendency.

The fireside conflict is noticeably embittered by the failure of youth to consider how much more crowded the pigeonholes of age are than its own, and how much more irksome it is, accordingly, to rearrange their contents; and by the failure of age to bear in mind that principle of pleasing which makes it necessary, as Scherer observes, to learn many things that one knows from those who are ignorant of them. The old will yield, victims of a feebler egotism, encumbered with standards prohibiting self-regardant ideals, less concerned about living their own lives and preserving their sacrosanct individualities than haunted by dread of losing the love of their loved ones, and even in their benefactions sceptical about any real presence in the stone of "free verse" and "free art" proffered now so prodigally to those asking for bread. Æsthetic activity as an alleviation of the ills of the proletariat they find a baffling conception. And they instinctively shy at the "free living" of which they have never experienced the delights and have only observed the disadvantages. They must also very generally be hamstrung by compunction, reflecting whose fault it all largely is. The mother whose child a visitor noticed hacking the furniture and who replied with composure to the latter's concern about it that the child was "merely expressing herself," merely herself illustrated a rather general practice during the formative years of contemporary youth—owing perhaps to a partiality for Bœotian precedents, including that of sowing serpent's teeth. Similarly with what may be called the secondary social education received by the present generation, and even with titular education itself, as I have already intimated, with its supplanting of standards of culture by ideals that further the withering of the world as heretofore comprehended and the exaltation more and more of the individual as now apotheosized.

Any friction springing from this assertion of individual independence is, however, lightly excused to the conscience of those to whom it is due by what is called, and immensely prized as—since moral considerations are inescapable—the "new sincerity." Yet the new sincerity can be no advance on the old unless it is merely meant that there is more of it. Even so, in the realm of the intelligence sincerity is but an elementary virtue. It is often the hardest thing to forgive, as when, for example, it is vaunted as a superior substitute for intelligence itself.

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The common assertion of respect for another's convictions on account of their sincerity in spite of disagreement with them is but an instance of confused thinking. You respect the person for this reason, not his convictions. If he is a person whose mental machinery in general is qualified for the construction of good ones, you respect them because in virtue of that fact they may be sound. The convictions of such a person may even affect your own. The case occasionally occurs, no doubt, though rare in these days of controversial acrimony unfavorable to deference in any discussion. But sincerity has nothing to do with it. The most that can be said for sincerity here is that a person who is sincere with himself is apt, other things being equal, to have superior light. Sincerity with oneself however is not what is meant and doubtless is as infrequent in the new sincerity, which is rather violent and emotional, as in the old—which also, being less conscious, is less constrained, more a habit than an attitude and less open to self-deception through self-interest in holding the pose.

In any case pluming oneself on the outspokenness which spares no sensibilities is only a way of turning offensiveness into a virtue by focussing one's attention on oneself and is but one more detail of the seriousness with which the modern individual contemplates his individuality. "There have been heroes" says Thoreau, "for whom this world seemed expressly prepared" and beside whose "pure primeval natures" "the distinctions of morality, of right and wrong, sense and nonsense, are petty and have lost their significance." Even in the days of transcendentalism these heroes were probably background figures in the tapestry of time. Now they are all around us. Sitting of old on the heights they have stepped down with Freedom herself through town and field, though far less scornful than their august companion of the falsehood of extremes. The individual of course conceives genius to be far commoner than heretofore in consequence of the removal of old shackles, and he discovers it on every hand. He is saved from the fatuity of claiming it for himself —where he is so saved—by asserting all the same his rights to its privileges. But his vital urge is so insistent, his belief in self-expression so profound, as to make it not unnatural for him to suspect in himself heroic potentialities. The Whitman-like warmth of expansion he feels for his fellows, glorifying them so generously in the mass as to see them individually aureoled in the common effulgence, must in self-defense increase his self-respect. If there is the democracy of Pericles there is also that of Cleon and the psychology of the latter is not obscure.

The highly individual character of our variety of socialism keeps it within sentimental limits and confines it to an altruism which differs from what used to be known merely as unselfishness mainly in the greater freedom from self-discipline and the wider field for self-expansion in energies consecrated by benevolence but comforted by self-esteem. And it is easy to see how our latter-day luxuriance of poets and artists and novelists has flowered out of the new and broader conception of the dignity of the individual, which eliminates the sense of responsibility imposed by subscription to standards born of an interest in the welfare of unindividualized mankind. Nothing for example could better illustrate the seriousness with which the modern individual contemplates his individuality than the latest phase of what is known as "modern art." "Every expressor is related solely to himself," announces one of the exhibitors in the *catalogue déraisonné* of a recent modern show. As to which one may reflect with Mr. Santayana that "solipsism in another is absurd." The artist cannot be permitted to function for himself alone. If he has not, in popular parlance, "got it over," how do we know that he has got it out? He has perhaps had his catharsis, but in secret. Besides we want ours. Ours indeed was the one Aristotle had in mind. And we are not likely to get it if, asking for

"Light feet, dark violet eyes and parted hair,
Soft, dimpled hands, white neck and creamy breast"

we get instead from our "expressor"

Lead feet, bold, blue-black eyes and violet hair,
Hard, knotty hands, green neck and chalky breast,

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however closely these may be related to himself.

So far as benevolence is concerned, however, it must be acknowledged that self-esteem was never more abundantly justified. Probably there never was a time in which there was so much warrant for a wide-spread secular feeling comparable to that which the young man of great possessions would have enjoyed had he taken the counsel he sought. To deny the need of new standards for new phenomena would indeed exemplify a smugness exaggeratedly Victorian—to employ the stigma so lavishly affixed to their own nest by the Stymphalidæ of the day. And the most conspicuous advance that can be chronicled is the penetration by the democratic spirit of society in general so as appreciably to have increased the sympathy between classes and stations in life. Secular society has certainly organized its benevolences on a larger scale and to better effect than ever before. Hawthorne was incorrigible and no doubt, had he written in the present era, would still have found a "Blithedale Romance" to write. But he could not now have written "The good of others, like our own happiness, is not to be attained by direct effort but incidentally," without considerably qualifying this comfortable half-truth in view of the multifarious benevolent agencies now everywhere at work. The great changes since his day in material conditions and the establishment of practically permanent inequalities has naturally evoked such agencies, and made strictly contractual ethics—first formulated by the first murderer—seem inadequate save to pharisaism, power and its parasites. But as regards the individual the psychology of "service" is still unsettled. The ideal has largely supplanted that of mere duty—hitherto proverbially "the law of human life." "Service" as often illustrated, is too compact of energy and emotion to submit to the discipline now felt to be so devitalizing, but heretofore a prime factor in the development of character of standard weight and fineness. Its consciousness has awarded it indulgences that have pushed all notion of penance into the background. *Du sollst entbehren* expresses an idea rarely heard of now save as necessarily involved in the pursuit of some practical utility. The popular literature of philanthropy is fiercely polemic. Its claims for others are not obscurely associated with the conviction that its own have an equal warrant. The maintenance of rights—less justified by the human consciousness than duties and only logically deducible *as* rights from the duties toward us of others—often appears as the assertion of such claims. Moreover the reverse of the medal is apt to monopolize the attention and the emotion of our host of amateur humanitarians who "thrill" far more readily in response to the idea of wrongs than to that of their constructive righting. As a recent poet sings:

"It is a joy to curse a wrong."

Indignation is the most self-indulgent of the passions—at least of those which may also be virtues. It requires no tension. The gentlest souls sag into its luxurious embrace by mere relaxation, though remaining too long they undoubtedly discover it to be one of those things of which one may have too much and suffer accordingly—as do their friends. Nothing in fact is more characteristic of the complicated psychology of service pursued with enthusiasm than a certain savagery, subtly intensified by the self-righteousness that lies in wait for any altruism that is absorbing. And we may say that the philanthropic movement itself has become popularized as it could hardly have been otherwise by the affinity of a certain side of it for a particularly alluring form of original sin. Naturally our fiction reflects it as it does the other egotistic phenomena of our individualist independence. Accordingly, owing to its preoccupation with the superficialities of self-expression and of efferent energies so exclusively, we have had in recent years very little of it dealing with the inner life.

(To be concluded.)

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MY SOUL

By Margaret Sherwood

"SAVE now thy soul," the Preacher saith,
"From doom of everlasting death!"

But what is the path of my soul,
And where shall I find its face?
Glimpses, vanishing, rare,
Moments dim and divine,
The farthest verge of the sea,
Or blue of the distant hills,
Make me aware of my soul.
It flashes upon my ken
From a woman's suffering mouth,
Or the quivering lips of a child,
Through the eyes of the martyr race
Of beasts that serve our need,
Patient, unquestioning, hurt.
When I share the anguish of life
Claiming all pain for my own,
I know through this torment of birth,
The travail of coming to be,
The quickening life of the soul.
It comes in the flash of the sun
Or the twilit tops of the trees;
In the cheep of the nesting birds;
I hear its light footfall
In the windy rustle of leaves,
The murmur of waves on the shore;
The beauty and music of earth
Are but the garments it wears.

Then, ah! the charmèd days
When it comes to abide with me,
And I walk with my soul alone,
Holy, sequestered, apart;
In the autumn-tide of the year
When the spirit emerges to sight
More visible far than the flesh,
And the soul of the world turns brown,
Dim red and wondrous blue
In the haze-haunted distance of earth.
Silent,—I listen then
And hear the great music of all
Uncontradicted, divine,
While thoughts that are greater than I
Break grandly upon my shores,
And words that I never knew,
Of wisdom beyond my ken,
Murmur like wind on my lips.
It will not let me alone,
Questioning, beckoning far.

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Forever beyond my reach,
Vaster than dream or desire,
Thou walkest with me, my soul.
Pace for pace with my feet,
My weary feet of clay,
Thy spirit footsteps fall.
So I gird my mortal loins,
And I follow afar my soul,
Past steep and windy height
To reach the trail of the stars.

A MAN'S OWN WIFE

By S. D. Meaker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

FROM the start there was considerable difference between Hart Kelway's point of view and Hilario's.

Kelway had acquired a vigorous sense of responsibility in the course of his training, and carried it with him when he sailed for the plantation. No one could adjust with greater nicety the ticklish balance between economical management and the advancement of labor.

Hilario, on the other hand, had never heard of personal responsibility, neither had his mother nor his mother's mother. He merely did the thing nearest him, and frequently did his best.

He was confronted by no financial problem; a good half-dollar waited at the end of the day's furrow. When the soil was too wet to cultivate there was more time for music and dancing and sauntering about with a sprightly game-cock tucked under his arm to compare spurs and boast a little—but nothing else, since mounted policemen roamed at large in the land.

One dew-drenched morning, as the sun's first rays penetrated the palm-board walls of his dwelling, Hilario dropped from the raised sleeping-floor before he remembered it was Sunday. Very contentedly he tumbled into the hammock of burlap sacking and watched, through the open doorway, Lucita's slender fingers lay the sticks for the fire. Counting thumbs, he could number on his hands the happy weeks since she came to be his lady. A pale ribbon of smoke and a crinkling blaze pushed upward through the sticks.

"Tell me, Lucita, why the door in one's head flies open and lets sleep out on Sunday mornings the same as other days?"

The girl glanced up to read in his face the meaning of this whimsical question, after the manner of a people whose expression and gesture speak plainer than words; then she shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"Because the sun rises the same on Sundays, little silly one!"

"But it wasn't necessary to rise with the sun this morning."

"My mother told me," the girl replied, "that once there was a man who refused to rise when the sun did, and afterward he never woke up!"

"You are full of wisdom, my Lucita—for one so young!"

"And you, sir, are the boldest youth I know!" She ceased fanning the fire, and brought the coffee mortar into the sunshine to powder the brittle berries already toasted a lustrous black.

Hilario could not see her. But an earlier love, bought with his first earnings, hung temptingly near; yet not the same, for it had been subject to much exchange and barter. But only once did he trade a pleasant voice for a showy face. He

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sprang from the hammock, took the guitar from its nail, and leaned beside Lucita, with eyes turned from the sun but enjoying its warmth. Loosening, tightening, and proving the strings, he began singing in the leisurely manner disconcerting to unaccustomed ears:

"Island of Borinquen,
Of sun and ocean born,"

—the words paused while a softly whistled interlude swayed above the guitar:

"Smiling skies from Heaven bending
Wake thy morn!"

Gay thrumming, on and on for its own sake, suggested that the song was ended. It began again:

"Island of Borinquen,
Breast that gave me light,"

—another sibilant interlude; deeper notes hesitated with unspoken thoughts:

"Pacing sea with watch unending
Guard thy night!"

Under a spirited drumming the guitar rang martially.

"I will serve your coffee," Lucita said, "if you will hand me the gourd."

Hilario was in no hurry to start for the little store where the trail from the hills crossed the one to Guayaro. He lingered until the sun had dried the foliage, for he liked to keep the glossy yucca starch in his Sunday clothes. When he finally set out, the guitar hung by a strap from his left shoulder, and his right hand swung the machete, symbol of his class—pocket-knife, spade, and hoe to the agriculturist; axe of the woodman, sword of the gallant, staff of the wayfarer. Lucita walked with him part of the way, for she was going with Juana, his mother, to gather fire-wood.

In the still morning air Hilario heard the men at the store far off: Vicente was scraping rhythmically on the roughened surface of a dry gourd—a giant cicada might make that volume of strident sound; and the princely Diego performed lustily on his accordion. The latter ceased its lamenting when the newcomer appeared on the road, while its owner shouted derisively:

"Hilario! Did you wait to make the coffee for your lady? Did you feed the chickens? Did you bathe the dog?"

Hilario shouted back good-naturedly.

"Listen, Diego! 'Take a lazy man to watch another work!'" In place of being angry, he was secretly elated by these gibes, for he understood the cause of them and guessed correctly that the other men did. Diego had been considered the beau of the district, but when Lucita came he sued in vain—all the tender serenades with his accordion were wasted. From the beginning she had ears only for Hilario's ardent wooing—and Diego had not forgiven him.

To-day one taunt followed another, until, exasperated and misled by his victim's unruffled calm, Diego whispered in a maddening aside:

"Lucita has promised to take a moonlight stroll with me this evening, and we shall see whether she will return to him!"

Like the proverbial first flash on a sultry night, Hilario's machete leaped at Diego—and left a lifelong scar.

Instantly all was uproar; the others seized the two men, and every one yelled in a frenzy of excitement. The beat of a horse's hoofs rose above the din, and heavy silence fell on the store. The horseman entered—a uniformed stranger who had not ridden that trail before. Authoritative questions exploded from his lips, which each man answered according to his own ideas of expediency.

As soon as he had a chance, Hilario asked Vicente, who stood next him, to find Juana and tell her what had happened and bid her take care of Lucita till he returned. The two women appeared before his eyes, beating their breasts when they received the news, and he could almost hear their loud lamentations. In this picture Lucita wore the frock of rose-colored print in which she expected to dance at Juana's that evening, and her face was velvet-smooth.

In reality, when Vicente found them at the edge of the woods, the girl was dingy from gathering fire-wood and her skin was glistening with perspiration. She carried a bundle of sticks on her head and Juana's machete in her hand, but these did not prevent her from making a

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demonstration worthy of her lover and rending the air with her cries on the way home.

When the policeman had refreshed himself and Diego's wound was bound up, Hilario and he set out on the long walk to Guayaro, toward the jail of lavender-colored stucco. They talked amiably together as they strode along in pace with the policeman's horse—all former differences forgotten in the common misfortune of the law's untimely interference.

In the afternoon the northeast trade-wind blew across the veranda of the plantation bungalow. The Gloucester hammock swayed gently, and Hart Kelway dreamed that he was skiing blissfully down College Hill. A shrill cry disturbed him—a woman was hurt—he swung toward her, and the shriek rose higher.

"Ay, ay, ay, ay!"

Hart opened his eyes, sat up rather dizzily, and peered among the twisted trunks of the cocoanut-palms; no one was in sight, and there was no sound above the surf-like lapping of the leaves. But he was conscious that he had heard a confusion of noises during the day. It concerned him particularly to have the men fit for work the next morning. "They're in a riot of some sort, judging by the sound. I'll teach 'em to forget their quarrelling till this work's finished!" he said aloud, and chuckled grimly at his threat.

Sancho was tethered near the bungalow, his saddle lay on the veranda rail, and Hart was quickly riding toward the crossroads to find the source of the trouble. In the shade of a mango-tree, near the store, knelt a group of men intently gambling on the turn of the cards. They were carelessly happy, secure in the thought that lightning never strikes twice in the same place on the same Sunday. Still, when Hart rode into view most of them scampered for cover—the one who had scooped up the cards dripped quaint effigies at every step.

Of the two who remained, Anacleto waited because he had a clear conscience; a landowner and the father of grown sons, he was only looking on at the game to see that his boys risked no coins in youthful exuberance. Sheer stubbornness had prevented Vicente from running away.

As Hart reined in beside them, Anacleto hastened to make the inquiries that courtesy demands concerning the health of the rider; he praised the appearance of his horse and asked politely after the watch-dog. Not wishing to be outdone in manners, Hart inquired with commendable patience for the health of Anacleto and his family before coming to the question in hand.

"I heard a good deal of noise up here to-day. What happened?"

Anacleto made a gesture of emptying his hands of all responsibility, looked at Vicente, whose gaze was utterly vacant, and remarked:

"Two men went to Guayaro."

"Oh," said Hart, "they went for a walk?"

"I do not think they cared for the walk. A policeman went with them," Anacleto answered.

"I see," Hart returned cheerfully; "they had to take a policeman to jail?" Vicente grinned at this, but Anacleto explained carefully.

"Oh, no, it was the policeman who took them to jail."

"Who were they?"

"One of them was yours—Hilario."

"Hilario? Why, he's the best man on the place! What did he do?"

"There was a girl—he cut Diego."

"Diego struck first—I saw him! It concerned Lucita, Hilario's lady." It was Vicente speaking this time.

Before Hart turned his horse toward home he had made up his mind to employ this occasion to introduce a more conventional form of wedlock on the plantation. It would not be his first effort to straighten things out. From the beginning he had tried to create a wholesome respect for his property by granting what was reasonable, but rummaging high and low for missing articles and scrupulously punishing the trespassers. In spite of it all he had lost his bet with Timothy Landon.

The latter, on his way to inspect a piece of land, had called at the bungalow for Hart. "Aren't you going to close up the house?" he asked before they started.

"No," Hart answered, "I never do!

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Drawn by O. F. Howard.

Loosening, tightening, and proving the strings, he began singing in the leisurely manner disconcerting to unaccustomed ears.—Page 447.

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Everything worth taking is in the safe, and I'd rather lose the rest than have to lock up a house made of shutters and doors. Anyway, there's no danger—nobody dares touch my things!"

"I know 'em better than you do," said Timothy; "what'll you bet there's nothing gone when you get back?"

"I'll give you the best dinner in the capital next mail day! But I warn you, I shan't look to see what's missing!"

Reading by the lamp on his return, he suddenly thought of the change that was in his pocket when he put on his riding-clothes.

It was gone.

Suspicion fell on three individuals, and he waited to see which one of them displayed signs of an inflated income. The first came to work in a new pink undershirt showily buttoned down the back. But the same day another wore a fresh bandanna of purple and gold and scented the air with store perfume. Then he met the last of the trio hospitably dispensing a bottle of wine. So he contented himself with confiding the story of the theft to each of them in a rather personal manner.

It was a good dinner that Landon and he enjoyed together. But Hart placed no more wagers on the moral standards he had constructed.

His view of cock-fighting was a little blurred since the night before, when he unexpectedly attended the burial of a warrior he had seen daily tethered by one leg in front of Blas's door. But last night there was only a little heap of scarlet against the vivid green. A group waited under the breadfruit-tree, and Blas stepped forward.

"You honor us, sir, by attending the burial of poor Quiquiriquí. There is no other bird like him! He had slain nine adversaries, and now he himself is dead. I knew it wasn't the time for him to fight; the moon was wrong, and all the omens were against it. But Quiquiriquí was too brave to pass the day of San Andrés without a contest. He preferred to die honorably."

Blas's ready tears fell on the piece of scarlet cotton in which the cock was wrapped. Raising his eyes defensively toward the materially minded foreigner, who probably could not understand a sentiment stronger than hunger, he added: "Though Quiquiriquí would make a savory dish of rice and chicken, I cannot eat him!"

So the cock was buried beneath the breadfruit, and Blas denied himself this favorite luxury—unless, perchance, he should consume its essence when he plucked the fruit of the tree.

But Hart knew that these were idle recollections. They had nothing to do with the question of marriage. In the morning he must ride to Guayaro and bring Hilario back. That was the first step.

At daybreak Vicente waited before the bungalow. When Hart came out Hilario's friend swept off his hat and drew from its interior a sheet of pink paper with this message:

"Mr. Queley
"respectful sir
"we take pleasure to been Hilario Ortiz who have pushed to prison. $10 for we go home. were we your assist to work? who comprend very good the spanish of your speaking?
"we kiss your hand
"Hilario Ortiz.
"by Mr. Garros
"professor en english."

"True enough," Hart grinned as he folded the note; "no one can understand my excellent Spanish like that rascal!"

A few hours later a happy soul returned to the girl of his heart and to labor in the joyous freedom of the tropical sun. But Hart was looking for the right moment to urge on him the advantages of matrimony.

It came one Saturday night, several weeks later, when the men had been paid and had sauntered off—all but Hilario. Stubbing a hole in the grass with his bare toes, he waited to be asked what he wanted before he brought out, through a labyrinth of words, his pressing need of another dollar. In genuine surprise, Hart interrupted him.

"How can you expect me to lend you more money while you still owe me part of your prison fine?"

With a tumult of steeply accented syllables and a torrent of trilled and rolling r's, he explained that he had been com-

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Like the proverbial first flash on a sultry night, Hilario's machete leaped at Diego—and left a lifelong scar. —Page 447.

pelled to buy a few witnesses to testify that Diego struck him first. To some of them he promised a quarter of a dollar, and half a dollar to Ramón, whom Diego had seen first. This flock of witnesses now clamored for their reward.

"How much did you pay Vicente?" Hart asked.

"Vicente?" Hilario lifted his head for the first time. "He is my friend!"

Now Hart launched his primitive argument for legal wedding.

"Can't you see, Hilario, if you had been really married to Lucita that day, Diego would not have dared to interfere? While she is held to you only by fancy,

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Diego or any other man may try to take her away. And if you love her, boy, perhaps next time you'll fight to the death!"

The man's imagination plainly kindled at the idea of welding the bonds of affection by law. Wishing to strengthen the impression by a concrete example, Hart continued:

"Look at Anacleto and his wife; they have lived together happily all these years, and now they own their land, have three grown sons to help them, and are respected by all their neighbors."

The light faded from Hilario's eyes. Hart dismissed him, saying:

"You talk it over with Lucita, and tell me next week what you've decided to do." How should he know that he had hopelessly bewildered the boy by using to illustrate the rewards of matrimony a couple who had never contemplated its possibility?

The following Saturday Hilario came with the other men and would have gone with them, but Hart detained him and asked:

"What did Lucita and you decide?"

"Sir, to me a marriage seems very proper, but Lucita does not wish to marry."

"Lucita?"

"No, sir, she prefers to be free. She says that marriage will not keep the thatch from leaking, nor make the plantains bear more fruit nor the hens lay larger eggs. She says it only makes a chain by which a man can hold a woman when she no longer wants to stay. She says Diego knew all the time that she was my lady, for she changed the flower in her hair to the right side as soon as she came to my house."

Hart realized that the matter was settled—there was nothing more for him to say. He heard no more of Hilario for some time, until one Sunday morning, almanac in hand, he stood beaming at the foot of the veranda steps.

"Will you grant me the favor, sir, to find the day in my almanac and read me the saint's name? I want to know what to call my son."

The almanac divided the day between Saints Evaristo and Rafael.

"Thank God!" rejoiced the new-made father. "He has given us two good saints, and Lucita shall choose the one she likes!"

Hart sent his gift to the baby without mentioning that the parental marriage bond was commonly considered desirable to children, for he was learning that the need must be felt before the desire to supply it.

The cloud that suddenly darkened Hilario's sky, not long after this, seemed at first no bigger and no blacker than a well-thumbed ticket of colored pasteboard. The change in him was very marked. Hart noticed it and inquired into the cause. The man bowed his head and muttered so indistinctly that Hart had to repeat the question before he caught his reply.

"You say she has gone away?"

"To Guayaro."

"How long since?"

"It makes a week to-day. He gave her a ticket to the circus. It had a stuffed elephant and four other strange animals. I suppose one must not blame her too severely."

"But the baby—how could she desert him?"

"She knows he is safe with Juana, my mother, whom seven living children bless. She cared a great deal for Juana."

"If Lucita is that kind," Hart stated, "I think you're well rid of her! I shouldn't mourn for her, in your place, and I shouldn't take her back if she came crawling to me on her knees! Be happy again, and forget her! I in-

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The girl was dingy from gathering fire-wood.
—Page 447.

tended to raise your pay at the end of this month."

"Thank you. There is a favor I wanted to ask. When you go to the capital for your provisions, will you buy me a pair of shoes? I have the money, and the piece of paper wrapped around it is the size of my feet. I can no longer endure to walk the streets of Guayaro barefooted as I used to."

The shoes proved a visible support to his spirit, which soon mounted to its former buoyancy. Hart dismissed the affair from his mind, and forgot it until he was riding over the hills one evening at twilight. As he passed the grove where Hilario lived, the house and a girlish figure from whose arms the little Rafael toddled to his father were sharply outlined against the setting sun.

The next morning the man waited until the bell rang which started work on the plantation. "Sir," he began, "the girl you saw at my house last night was María. She has come to live with me now and relieve Juana from the care of the little Rafael."

Hart's patience was plainly exhausted.

"What do you mean, man—changing wives like that? I'm finished with the whole lot of you!"

"Sir, could I take Lucita back if she came crawling to me on her knees?"

Hart's wrath cooled a little at this echo of his own words, but he continued firmly:

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"It's the last time while you're working for me! I insist on your marrying this María and setting a decent example to the others. You're too respectable a fellow for this kind of living!"

"I have spoken to María already, and she does not feel as Lucita did about these things. We will be married whenever you wish."

"At the church?"

"To be married in the church is very costly!"

"Then you can have a civil marriage for a trifle."

Hilario was shocked. "That would be unthinkable!" he said.

"Well, how will you be married—if not by the church and not by the judge?" The man was silent. Hart hesitated. "I know a man in the capital who wants to visit here. I'll bring him home with me next week. He's a clergyman, and he won't charge a cent for marrying you. You can have the wedding here, and we'll ask every one on the place. Will you be ready then?"

"We're prepared to-day!" Hilario answered. But this readiness did not prevent him from again pursuing the dollar which always flickers just ahead of Saturday night.

"Miste Queley, we do not wish to marry in that way—without paying anything. It would bring us bad luck. Will you lend me a dollar to give your friend? I should be ashamed to pay less than that for Lucita—pardon me, sir—her name clings to my lips, though I try hard to forget her!"

He received the loan he asked—strictly forbidden as it was by the rules of efficiency. But his last words and hungry look hovered teasingly in Hart's mind. "Great cats!" he groaned. "Why did I mix up in the mating destinies of men and women? It's plain enough that Lucita's Hilario's partner—though she seems, temporarily, to have flown from her orbit! This marriage with María's a travesty—shall I ask a clergyman to be the third actor in the farce? When I'm over this scrape I'll let the immorality of my neighbors alone!"

On the other hand, he questioned if marriage vows would commit Hilario to María more seriously than he had committed himself, and she would probably make him a better wife than Lucita.

On the afternoon before the wedding Hart brought the Reverend Andrew Bennett home with him from the capital; likewise a princely provision of little snail coffee and sweetened biscuit in fancy tins. They sent word to Hilario that the visitor wanted to talk with him. He came that evening dressed in virginal white, and Hart brought him into the circle of lamplight by the table, where the Reverend Mr. Bennett was busy with pen and paper. After an effort at general conversation, which resulted in mutual misunderstandings, the clergyman began the necessary questions.

"What is your father's name, my man?"

"Pedro, sir."

"And his surname?"

"I don't remember—it was a long while ago. But Juana would know."

"Your mother's name?"

"Juana Ortiz, sir."

A wandering breeze crossed the veranda and flickered the light threateningly. Hart used this interruption to arrange the details of the wedding. "Shall we stop the plantation work to-morrow in time to be married late in the afternoon?" Mr. Bennett expressed his approval, but the groom stared wide-eyed.

"Afternoon?" he gasped. "We are christened in the daytime, but all the world is married at night!"

"I'd forgotten that, Hilario! I'm glad you spoke of it, for we must respect the conventions! The wedding will be at night. Would you like to have Vicente stand up with you?"

Hilario looked up keenly amazed: "He is not my friend!" and said no more. It was a revealing reticence.

The lamp now burned with conscious dignity; the breeze sought less unyielding flames. The clergyman resumed: "Where were you born, Hilario?"

"Half a day from here, on the other side of the hills."

"And how old are you?"

"Juana thinks I have twenty-four years, or perhaps it is twenty-one. I was already a big boy at the time of the hurricane."

"What is the bride's Christian name?"

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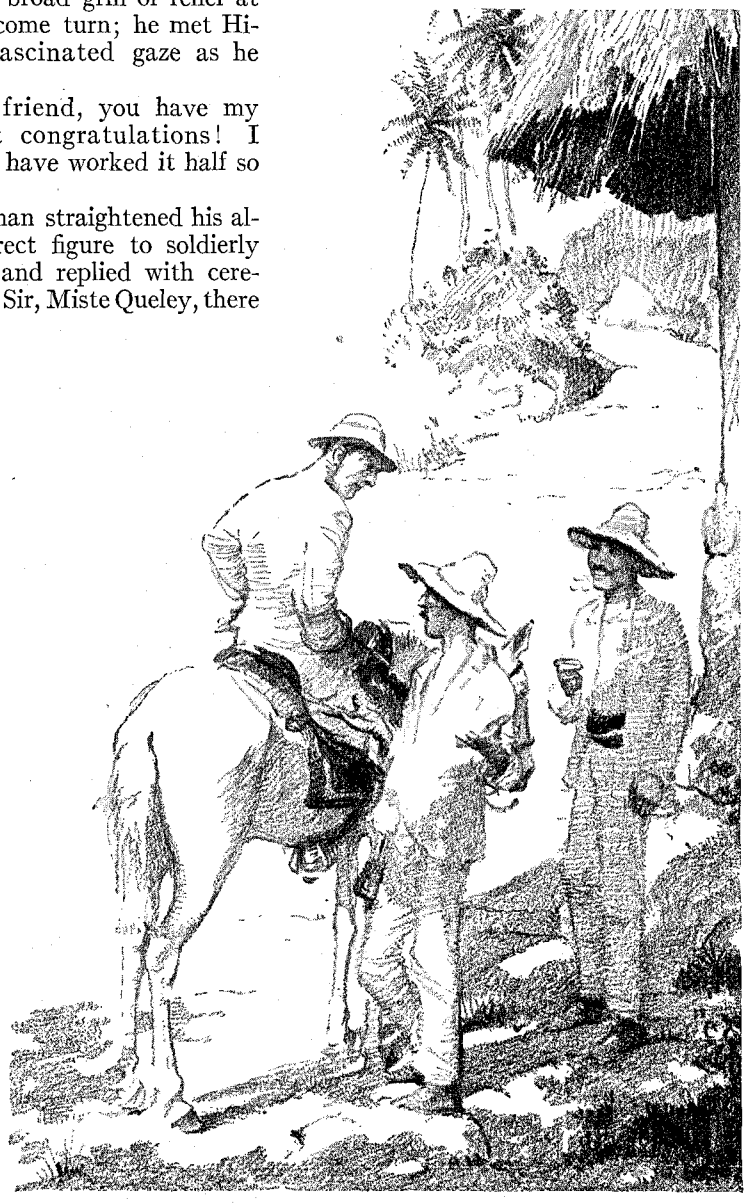
"María de la Luz."

Then Hart Kelway understood—it had been Lucita all the while—diminutive for Mary of the Light! His face was one broad grin of relief at this welcome turn; he met Hilario's fascinated gaze as he spoke.

"My friend, you have my heartiest congratulations! I couldn't have worked it half so well!"

The man straightened his already erect figure to soldierly rigidity and replied with ceremony: "Sir, Miste Queley, there is no woman in all the world so desirable to me as Lucita! I called her María only to please you! I don't understand these things well, but it seems to me, if a man is going to be married, it is better for him to marry his own wife."

When the questions were finished Hilario asked his employer's permission to speak with him alone. "The dollar you gave me, sir, Lucita spent for some clothes and some red shoes for the little Rafael.



"I see," Hart returned cheerfully; "they had to take a policeman to jail?"—Page 448.

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She wants to bring him to the wedding so he will get the good of being married. Will you lend me another dollar?" And he took the precaution to add: "Please keep this one until it is time for me to pay the clergyman."

"Until to-morrow!" the bridegroom called as he descended the steps.

"Until to-morrow!" Hart answered; "and tell Lucita that we're glad she's decided to be married."

"Yes, sir, perhaps it is better; and she says, if anything does happen, you will get us an American divorce!"

Hilario's cheerful voice rose expectantly through the quiet night.

MORNING IN ACHAIA

By William Morton Fullerton

I

I ROSE to hear the breathing of the night;
And standing in a meadow full of flowers,
'Mid wandering odors of the early dew,
I waited quietly above a stream,
Whose face I saw not, but whose voice I heard.
In front, so black a shadow held the west
It seemed the central stronghold of the Night,
Where that great Titan lay at rest, concealed,
Deep under branches of Achaian oaks.
Behind, the meadow; and above, pale stars,
All mildly radiant through the deep black vault,
As if expectant of some greater priest
Than longing men have seen since time began.

II

Swept was the temple, burning were the lights,
Prepared were all the first-fruits of the earth.
With rapturous deep joy the dear old world
Seemed smiling there about me in the gloom,
And lying low in awe before a god;
I, too, with sense of the pervasive spell—
Catching the chirp of some near-nested bird,
Warning its young ones to be still and sleep—
Finger on lip, drew back to let Him pass
For whom the upper lights were all aglow.
No sounds I heard save but a crackling twig,
And note uncertain of the neighboring bird,
And lulling murmuring of the constant stream.

Great Pan was dead and Pallas the serene,
  And every dryad, every nymph was gone!
Ah, piteous lot that Greece should once have seen
  What, seen no more, should leave her so forlorn!

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III

Across the vain, the unpoetic years
Eternal still the Sapphic measures blow,
But gone is she who charmeth me to tears,
Who cried, "I loved you, Atthis, long ago."

And still the far dim plains of asphodel
Bordered with pink the banks of fairer flowers,
And if anemone or iris fell
Still others bloomed to gladden the bright hours.

But no more warriors rose from out the mounds
Where heroes once had dropped in valiant strife—
The land seemed desolate, and the mountain bounds
No longer heard the syrinx or the fife.

By old Alpheus stood the Hermes still,
Still looked the Parthenon upon the sea,
But they who modelled long had lost the skill
As gods to fashion and as gods to be.

IV

I mused despairingly, but not alone!
Dreaming heart-heavy 'mid the meadow grass,
To me across the constant stream there came
Strange cries of unmistakable deep woe,
Out of the inmost heart of that oak-wood,
The melancholy moan of lonely owls,
A secret concourse of unhappy birds,
Strayed far from Athens and Minerva's shrine,
Here, in a corner of the Hellenic land,
All making moan, dismayed and comfortless
At loss of the chaste maid, their fair-browed queen.—
My eyes had wept with feeling for their grief,
Had I not heard the seaward-rushing stream,
And caught the glimmer of the paling stars.
But as I waited grew the night to dusk,
And shade uncertain into clear-traced boughs,
While each gnarled stump became a separate thing,

V

And all the shadows slid into the stream.
Cloudless the morning crept up in the east,
Past purple hills I had not seen before,
And tints went changing softly down the slopes.
Then, quick and certain as a lover's eyes
Find whom they love, and seek with resting gaze,
Flashed o'er the dew-wet flowers and gnarlèd oaks
The chaste calm spirit of the rising sun.

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"IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED"

By Marjorie Benton Cooke

ILLUSTRATION BY BARKSDALE ROGERS

THE rain was like swirling gray veils, blowing and billowing over the square. Mona Carberry left the door of a studio building and crossed diagonally toward the avenue, her umbrella held before her with both hands, at a most belligerent angle. Suddenly the point of her weapon met an obstacle. She stopped, lifted it to look, whirled completely around, made a wild clutch at the handle of the umbrella now turned inside out, to see it go bumping off over the wet grass.

"I'll get it," said the obstacle, and started in pursuit. His legs were long and he ran well, but the umbrella had a fair start. It made all kinds of dashes to cover, under the bushes. In due time mind triumphed over matter, however, and he returned with it.

"Here it is," said he, holding out the battered thing.

"Thanks. I do hope I did not hurt you with it. I ran into you very hard."

"You did. The point is as sharp as a bayonet."

"So sorry. Just break it up in the interests of public safety."

He did.

"You are getting very wet," he observed. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. That is, just walking."

He looked at her from her heavy boots to her close hat.

"Is that ulster water-proof?"

She nodded.

"All right, then. I'm just walking, too. Any objection to my walking beside you?"

"N—no."

"You belong down here?" he inquired.

She thought a moment.

"Yes, I belong down here."

"Can we find some tea somewhere?"

"Do you belong down here?" she asked him.

"No. I walk down here to rest myself. They had leisure and dignity and elegance, the people who built and lived in those old houses—things lost out of the world now," he replied.

She liked his voice and his abstraction. He had scarcely looked at her so far, except to see that she was water-proof. Now he stood calmly inspecting old houses, while the rain beat on them in torrents. She acted on a sudden impulse.

"Come back to that studio building. We can get tea there."

They turned and went on a jog-trot with the wind. Inside the door she caught her breath and laughed up at him. He looked about the hallway instead of smiling back.

"What is your name?" she demanded.

"Christopher Smart."

"Oh, are you a reincarnation?"

His eyes smiled then.

"You know my forebear?"

Some one came clumping down the stairs. It turned out to be a girl, and at sight of them she stared.

"Becky, I want to give Mr. Christopher Smart tea in your studio."

Becky glanced at the man, who bowed ceremoniously.

"All right. Door's open. Milk on the fire-escape. I hope you find some tea biscuit. Make yourselves at home. Sorry I'm off."

She went out and Mona led the way up flights of uncarpeted stairs. It was dark in the studio. Christopher Smart had to strike a match, while she felt for the candles. When they were lighted she took off her wet coat and hung it on an easel. Christopher followed suit. Then he watched her searching the tea things. He was conscious that she moved about swiftly but noiselessly. He made silent survey of the bare place: workshop, with a bed in one corner, light housekeeping apparatus in another; canvases, sketches, paints, brushes, disorder, and poverty.

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"You might light the fire," Mona said.

He obeyed at once, coaxing it to a flame.

"Your Becky cannot be said to live in sybaritic luxury," he remarked.

"She prefers this."

"Paints, huh?"

He went about inspecting canvases, or sketches, or ideas just blocked out. They were against the walls, propped against the furniture, pinned everywhere.

"Has she talent?" he continued.

"I think so. Don't you?"

"Vigor, some originality. Too soon to say—too young."

"Ah, you're a painter."

"No."

"The tea is ready. What do you do?" she continued, as he seated himself opposite her.

He hesitated a second.

"I'm a collector."

"Things, or animals, or people?"

"All more or less. Mostly things, however."

"Oh, you're merely rich," she said, disappointed.

"No—I—that is to say, I collect for other people."

"Oh, to sell. You have a shop. Well, that's better."

He smiled an unexpected smile.

"Why don't you ask about me?" she continued.

"I supposed you would tell me what you wanted me to know."

"That is a polite way of saying that you're not interested in me."

"Should I be?"

"It would be more romantic, if you could manage it. It is a real adventure for me to impale a strange man on the point of my umbrella and march him off to tea!"

"I'm an utterly unromantic object. You should have jabbed a Romeo."

"I should have, but I didn't; I got you. Couldn't you play up a bit?"

"What do you expect of me? It's been a long time since I read any fiction. What does the proper hero do in my position?"

"He would surely inquire the heroine's name."

"Lacking in subtlety. Blue eyes and black eyelashes, hair black as a crow's wing—that means your name is Sheila—or Bridget!"

"I'd love Bridget—there's a sort of a kick in it."

"Sheila it is, then. Your last name does not interest me. Your profession is, I should say, singing."

He glanced at her, with lifted eyebrows, and she looked about quickly at the shadows of the studio.

"Is there, perhaps, a chink, where you could stick your lighted cigar, Sherlock?" she inquired.

"Am I more satisfactory?"

"Much."

"Do you live like this, in unpicturesque penury?"

"More or less."

"Why didn't you take me to your own studio?"

"Becky's was nearer."

"How well do you sing?"

"Rather well."

"You would like some engagements, perhaps?"

"You are rich!"

"Some of my clients are. I could say a word."

"I'm not professional enough yet, thanks."

"You live alone?"

"All heroines do nowadays, you know. Families are out of date."

"Pity. What do you suppose becomes of the families? Interesting old institution. I hope some day we'll revive it."

"That sounds rather Victorian for Kit Smart!"

"Most of my ideas are so outrageous that I would hesitate to confide them to the heroine of a modern situation like ours."

"You interest me!"

"I am fortunate."

He rose, put on his coat, and took up his hat.

"But go on with those views of yours."

"They are those of an elderly maiden aunt."

"You mean you believe in the family? Woman's-place-in-the-home sort of things."

"Hardly. I believe in individualism rampant: personality developed at any cost; freedom to express the ego in life, in love——"

"But these aren't the ideas of a maiden aunt!" Mona protested.

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"But certainly free love is the cherished dream of the maiden aunt! Individualism is maiden-auntish to the *n*th power. Real, normal human beings know better. Exit hero, cheered by tea and hospitality. Miss Sheila, my thanks."

They shook hands.

"Where is your shop?" she inquired.

"I will send you one of my cards."

"Do. Some of my patrons are rich. I might say a word——"

"I stand your debtor. Good night."

"Good night, Christopher Smart."

Mona sat down before Becky's meagre fire, smiling at her thoughts. She liked him. She wanted to see him again. Thanks to the war, her father and mother were immured in Europe, and there was no one to say her nay. He had said nothing about seeing her again, but she knew he intended to. At a sudden inspiration she seized her wraps and ran down all the stairs to the basement, and sought the janitor.

"Is the studio on the top floor still vacant?"

He nodded.

"I am about to take it. I will pay you extra if you clean it thoroughly and at once. I shall move in in two or three days."

She plunged out into the rain, with a chuckle.

The next few days were momentous. With the aid of the janitor and two painters she went over the old top-floor apartment, whose only claim to distinction was two huge studio windows, in both north and south walls, where sun and light flooded through as if it were a roof-garden.

She spent one entire day in a taxicab going about to buy suitable furniture and effects for a struggling young artist. She raided the Carberry house, closed for the winter, for a few things. Her own grand piano she had to have, although it, like most of her cherished possessions, was too handsome for the apartment. She carried a pair of black-and-orange Chinese vases down-town in her arms. She set her maid to making some straight, flowing garments of highly colored silk and cotton crape. As a reward she promised her a vacation with full salary.

Becky viewed this new whim with amusement. She inspected everything with deep interest. When the place was complete she looked it over slowly: pale-green walls, the color of crocus-stems in early spring, green rugs the same shade, on floors painted black; deep yellow-cream woodwork; simple wicker furniture borrowed from home. Yellow cotton crape, coarse in weave, smartly laid off in checks, with a wide black stripe, was used for hangings. Some orange pillows echoed the orange in the Chinese vases. Hyacinths and tulips in Italian pots, sun flooding in gloriously—such was the wonder work of Mona's imaginative touch—and nature's.

"Some difference between æsthetic poverty and the real thing. It takes the rich to do it well—" remarked Becky.

"Becky, the curtains cost thirty cents a yard—the rugs are cotton, ridiculously cheap. There isn't a good thing here except my piano and father's vases. I've done the whole thing for about a hundred dollars."

"I did mine for fifteen! Not a thing in it either beautiful or comfortable."

"That's your cult, Becky. If you had wanted it attractive, my place would have looked nothing beside yours."

"I'm a laborer, not an æsthete," Becky laughed. "This looks like spring, painted by Childe Hassam. I suppose you'll dress up to it."

"Certainly," said Mona, smiling.

Becky emitted her short bark of laughter and started to go. At the door she turned.

"When is he coming down again?"

"Who?"

"This Christopher Smart you're doing all this for."

"But—but——"

"Tosh!" remarked Becky, and left.

II

Christopher Smart was still smiling when he reached his house. The butler glanced at him again, for Mr. Christopher Smart was a grave gentleman not given to geniality.

"Mrs. Bleecker telephoned she would be late to dinner, sir."

"Ah, did she?" said Christopher, adding to himself "as usual."

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An hour later he greeted his old friends the Thayers, who arrived just in advance of Mr. Bleecker.

"Where is Susan?" Christopher demanded.

"God only knows. I will not bear the weight of Susan's social sins upon my soul. I always precede her to dinners."

"Bless the woman, she is incorrigible!" sighed his host.

"Who is incorrigible? Don't you let Adolphus Bleecker mislead you about me, Kit," called little round Mrs. Bleecker, as she hurried across the drawing-room.

"My dear old friend, he couldn't mislead me about you."

"I hope I'm not late."

"I hope not, but I think you are. However, I prepared the cook for this catastrophe, so dinner will not be cold."

The Thayers and the Bleeckers were Christopher's oldest friends, in fact his only intimates. Any efforts on the part of the two women to share him with the social world were doomed to failure. He cared little for people, not at all for people on dress parade. Books, music, his mania for collecting rare and beautiful objects of art—these filled his days to his complete satisfaction, so he was looked upon by society as a rich eccentric and let severely alone.

On the way to the dining-room Susan Bleecker paused before a wonderful tapestry, long a favorite of hers.

"Kit, you've got that down in your will for me, haven't you? I'm determined to outlive you so I may have it for a while."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his ox, nor his ass," quoted her husband.

Later Mrs. Bleecker said to Christopher:

"Why didn't you come and make your manners on Monday night? I saw you in the orchestra."

"Dear lady, you know I cannot visit you in an opera-box."

"I wanted you to meet Margaret Carberry's girl, who was staying with me. Did you notice her?"

"I saw there were other people in the box," he answered vaguely.

"Kit Smart, I saw you look at her three distinct times. She is much too lovely for you to classify as 'other people.'"

"Ought to meet that girl, Kit; you'd like her," said Adolphus.

"Doubt it. I don't like women, you know, except Susan and Jane Thayer here. Who is she?"

"Margaret and John Carberry's daughter. They are shut up in Europe, afraid of submarines, so the girl is handed over to me. She's been brought up abroad, does not know New York at all. She has ideas, my dear! Awful, I call it. She hates the men here, says they are like mechanical dolls, with no brains. She sings like an archangel——"

"Enough—enough!" cried Christopher.

"When she comes back, I insist upon your having us to dinner. I want her to see this wonderful house."

"Delighted, of course. Is this paragon away?"

"She insists upon going to stay with some wild folk down in Washington Square, some girl she knew in Paris, a Becky person, I believe. She goes on Wednesday and without a maid. She refuses to let me investigate Becky for fear of hurting her feelings——"

"Poor Susan! Let the girl sow her wild Washington Square oats—she'll get over it."

"But if she picks up some long-haired artist Margaret will never forgive me. Comes of bringing up a girl *to think*. If Mona——"

"Is her name Mona?" he interrupted.

"Yes; idiotic, isn't it?"

"Mona Carberry—sounds like a poem by Yeats."

"She ought to be named Lizzie—she's much too beautiful to be Mona anything."

So it was that Christopher played detective and laid his plans.

The next few days he spent largely afoot, on the highways and byways leading out of Washington Square. By the end of the week he was the sole proprietor of the lower floor of an old, old house. The ceiling was low, and the windows insufficient for supplying light, but these drawbacks but added to the plan which Christopher gayly developed. He visited

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all the other small shops about the square to be sure he had the proper point of view. He had his ceiling and woodwork painted black, the windows he covered with heavy embroideries, insuring Stygian darkness. He spent hours going over his possessions up-town, choosing with extreme care the things which were to be transferred.

Candle-light, deep shadows, dark, mysterious corners, a faint incense. In the high lights a rare bit of porcelain, a jade temple bell, or a flash of embroidery. When it was all finished Christopher viewed it with satisfaction. It certainly was a gem of a shop. Never had he enjoyed anything so much as the making of it. He admitted to himself that it was a perfect setting for hair black as a crow's wing and gray-blue eyes.

III

It was on a day of brilliant sunshine and a hint of burgeoning that Christopher Smart climbed the stairs to Becky's door and rapped.

"Come in," a curt voice ordered.

Becky sat in the midst of her disorder.

"I am looking for a Miss Mona Carberry," he began.

"Top floor," said Becky briefly.

He bowed himself out and mounted to the top. There was a knocker, very good, too. He examined it before he plied it.

"Come in," said a voice, but oh, what a difference!

He obeyed and stopped on the threshold. He had a feeling that he had stepped into an early spring garden, sun-flooded, with the crocus-girl at the piano as the centre of it. She rose with just the right degree of surprise.

"Ah! it's Sir Christopher Smart. Greetings."

He walked to the piano where she stood, bowed over her hand, and laid off his coat. Then he walked directly to the mantel-shelf and lifted first one Chinese vase, then the other, looking at them, turning them as gently as a mother turns a baby.

"But these are—where did you get these?"

"Those? Oh, I picked them up—at a curio shop. I took them for their color."

"Don't let anything happen to them—they are of great value," he remarked, smiling.

"It is like you to begin to talk at once of my possessions, and not to notice me myself."

"On the contrary, I noticed you quite definitely before I saw those Ming vases, which is the completest tribute I could offer."

"You think so much more of things than people?"

"Yes, things are so reliable, always there where you want them, always beautiful and silent, to be handled and treasured."

She nodded slowly.

"I knew at once that you were not one of us."

"Us?"

"The People——"

"No, thank God, I am a Person."

"Special privileges have made you a Person," she challenged him.

"Good blood, brains, education, highly developed tastes—these made me. I grant you they are special privileges. I could not choose my good blood or my good brain in advance——"

"You ought to be more than ever democratic, because you start with such an advantage."

"On the contrary, I try to add to my initial advantage at every point, so that I may rule those less gifted."

"You admit you are an aristocrat? You're not ashamed of it?"

"It is my creed. I am an aristocrat of brains and taste. There is an aristocracy of money, one of power, one of political strength—these govern the rest. Those who have, by accident or acquirement, the most of anything are the kings."

"But that isn't fair."

"It is the law," he replied.

"I think I am not going to like you at all," she said seriously.

"It had not occurred to me that you would."

"Then why did you come?"

"To redeem my promise to show you my shop." He looked about the pleasant place.

"Your penury is far from hideous," he remarked.

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"Thank you."

"Tell me something about yourself—your life. I wonder about you."

Mona looked at his cool, speculative eyes that rested on her so calmly. Could she waken this man to some response, pity, or admiration?

"My life has been very full of people, very empty of things. I'm afraid it would not interest you," she said lightly.

She sat at the piano, her dark head outlined against the yellow, sunlit window. She played a soft little tune, breaking off suddenly.

"I shall tell you about me, anyhow. It is good for you to be bored."

He nodded, settling himself more comfortably in Mona's big chair, just as she had planned he should.

"I submit," said he; "go on."

"I suppose you would call my people odd," she began musingly. "My mother was a Spanish opera-singer when my father married her. She was beautiful and talented——"

One eyebrow belonging to Christopher Smart elevated itself, that was all.

"How can I tell you about my father? He was the centre of my life, the most romantic figure I have ever known——"

The memory of fat little John Carberry as he had often seen him on Wall Street recurred to Christopher, and he almost laughed aloud.

"He was the first violin in the orchestra of the opera-house where my mother sang. He was Irish, passionate, and poetic. They loved from the first moment, and were married."

Christopher nodded slowly.

"Theirs was a perfect love life. They were wrapped in their music and each other. Then I came. After a little my mother faded out of life, like a beautiful song."

Two great tears rolled down her cheeks and dropped on her hands. Christopher watched them. She rose and crossed the room to get herself in hand.

"I went to live with an old servant of my mother's in a town in Brittany, until I was eight. Then my father came for me, and we started on years of happy wandering. We sang our way through Europe. He played his fiddle, I sang and danced for our bread and roof. Fair days, rainy days, high days, holidays, we sang."

She lifted her head and sang a line or so of a gay French chanson. Straight in her yellow gown, her head high, her throat pulsing like a bird's throat, Christopher watched her entranced.

"Then came the end of all things for me! We were wandering in the Swiss Alps one spring—two years ago. We went with some chance friends up the mountains for a fiesta. The snows were melting up above, and torrents splashed down into the gulf below. My father was very happy that day—he made us all laugh. I like to remember how happy he was—" her voice broke, but she went on. "We came to a narrow place on the trail, my father was just behind me. He paused to look over and down. I cried out to him."

"But a wonderful death, Mona, like a great gull sweeping down into chaos!"

Her voice mounted and thrilled.

"I never knew what happened—the path beneath seemed to slip over the brink—my father was gone!"

She covered her face with her hands and her whole body shook with sobs. Christopher had sat immovable during the entire recital. It was supremely well done. He wanted to applaud. But he realized that there was but one thing to do at this moment, so he did it. He led her to his chair, saying softly——

"My poor child, I should not have let you tell me this. It is too terrible! Can you forgive me? See, I shall go over and stand with my back to you, looking out of the window, until you want me again——"

He felt exactly like a performer in a play. "Bus. of crossing to window" was his stage direction. The leading lady went into the next room to bathe her eyes. When she came back she said:

"Can you forgive me?"

He could think of nothing better to say than:

"Can *you* forgive *me?*"

She offered him both hands which he took.

"We're friends now, aren't we?" she asked.

He did not altogether follow her reasoning, but he agreed heartily.

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"Shall I sing to you?"

"Please, I cannot stand any more emotion to-day."

"You're afraid I sing badly!"

"I know you sing divinely. Have you ever thought of trying the stage as a profession?"

"No—why?"

"Your voice would be fine for it—there is a thrill to it."

"I didn't suppose you admitted thrills."

"I'm not a block, nor a stone, nor a less than senseless thing."

"I think you are. You're a rare bibelot, out of your own shop, very hard and fine, with a wonderful glaze."

He smiled with his eyes.

"Be careful of me. Glaze cracks with rough handling. When do you come to my bazaar?"

"When you ask me."

"I ask you at five on Friday."

"I warn you, I'm no judge of treasures. I'll probably admire your worst things, moderns and such."

"There are no worsts. There is no democrat in my shop, only aristocrats, like me. This is the street and number. Monsieur Bibelot awaits your coming."

IV

At a quarter to five on Friday Christopher found himself fussing about, placing one thing in the light to try its effect, only to return it to the shadow and try another. When she clapped his knocker smartly he took a long breath before he opened the door to her.

"What a shop!" she complained. "Not a brick nor a brack out in front, not a sign, nor a card, nor a hand pointing——"

"Nor three balls, and yet here you are," he smiled.

He helped her off with her coat. She wore a dull-blue gown that made her eyes Chinese blue and harmonized her with his setting as if he had designed her.

"Um—smells nice," she sniffed. She looked about with a sort of girlish embarrassment which delighted him. "I've always known this place," she added, puzzled. "It must have been a dream. There was a jade temple bell——"

He crossed the room and laid his hand on it.

"Is it a copy of something? Did Robert Louis think it out, or Pierre Loti? Is that why I know it?"

"It grew out of my mind, Sheila. Have you been there before? Surely I should have felt your smiling presence——"

She shook herself free of the idea.

"I'm talking nonsense. I want to see everything. It is a gem of a shop, Christopher Smart."

"It is!"

"How you do belong in it!"

"Have I always been in the shop you've known?"

She evaded that. In the swift, noiseless way he had noted before she slipped among his treasures.

"This," he said, lifting a crystal bottle of lovely shape. She took it from his hands quickly.

"Dear Monsieur Bibelot, don't tell me any facts, or historical data, or collectorish information, will you? This was made of the dew of dawn for a doge's palazzo on the Grand Canal. It has held it's share of Bacchic ecstacy."

She moved among his intimates, conjuring a fantastic history and use for each of them. Suddenly she looked up at him as he stood behind her. He was tall and stooped slightly, as if he were perpetually looking at some choice thing.

"Am I desecrating them?" she asked.

"You are tripling their value."

"But, Christopher Smart, these things are for the very rich. Do they find you out, tucked away down here in this musty neighborhood?"

"Oh, yes, you can't escape the rich."

"But it ought to be the most famous shop in New York."

"Heaven forbid! An upper Fifth Avenue trade would ruin me."

"But you must live!" cried Mona, a wonderful plan beginning to grow in her mind. "Just one or two good customers——"

"There's no such thing. To a collector the customer is a tiresome nuisance who wants to carry off the very things you want to keep."

"Christopher Smart, you're a poet!"

"I will offer you my only poem—my tea."

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He set about heating the water while she continued to explore. They drank their tea from fragile bowls. Mona took a sip.

"Um!" she said, closing her eyes, "coolies singing in the tea-fields, slow caravans across the steppes, camel bells tinkling songs of the bazaars—this is liquid romance! Did you call it tea?"

"Did you call me poet?" he inquired.

All at once she laughed aloud.

"I was thinking of the tea I gave you out of Becky's thick cups."

"I liked those thick cups—they were just like Becky, simple and utilitarian."

"You're a nice man. I like you."

He bowed.

"Some day I must bring Becky here. She calls me 'greenery-yallery,' but she would know that this is the real thing."

"Bring her along, but don't let her clomp among my things, will you?"

"Fussy Monsieur Bibelot! Put my cloak on me; I must go. I've had a perfect time."

"Thank you."

"Have I behaved satisfactorily?"

"Very."

"No bad breaks?"

"None."

"You have plenty of that tea?"

"Yes."

"I shall come often."

He held open the door for her.

"When you come to see me next time I shall sing for you," she said.

"You have sung for me this afternoon," he replied.

"Good-by, Kit Smart," she laughed.

"Good-by, Sheila, singer of songs."

V

The way from Christopher Smart's shop to Mona Carberry's studio grew shorter and shorter as the spring advanced. In fact, scarcely a day passed which did not provide a meeting. They tramped about the wharves and old junk-shops, ostensibly seeking wares for Christopher. They were days of slow unfolding, one nature to another, days which put a new thrill in Mona's singing, a new buoyancy in Christopher's bearing. There came times when he felt guilty of knowing her secret, while she believed in him. But the time for his confession was not yet.

One afternoon there was the clatter of footsteps on the studio stairs, sounds of protest, followed by a smashing blow on the knocker. Mona went to the door, to find the janitor wearing an offended expression.

"Lady to see ye. *I* ain't responsible fer them stairs."

Just then there came into view the nodding plumes and purple face of Mrs. Bleecker.

"Get me a chair and give me some water before I die!" she gasped.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Bleecker, why did you do it? Sit here. Take off your hat while I get the water."

"Do you climb those stairs every time? It's like living in Eiffel Tower," she called after Mona.

"I'm used to them," she answered, offering a glass of sherry.

"Let me look at you. Aren't you ashamed of yourself never to come to my dinners—never to come to see me?"

"Oh, but I do."

"When I'm sure to be out. What's that you have on?"

"It's a—gown."

"Mona, you haven't gone dress reform!"

"N—no, not permanently. I match better if I'm not too smart."

"Do you call this room furnished?"

"Yes. I like it better than any place I've ever lived in my life."

"Humph! Sit down and sing for me while I get my breath."

Mona obeyed and wise old Susan Bleecker's suspicion was confirmed.

"Do you know the people down here? Where is the Becky person?" she demanded.

"She lives the floor below. Want to meet her?"

"No. Are you in love with some long-haired man?"

"No," laughed Mona.

"Are there some short-haired ones?"

"Dear Mrs. Bleecker, you talk as if they were dogs! Long-haired or short-haired Airdales!"

"I've no doubt they are dogs," remarked Susan Bleecker.

"There is one man down here I want

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to talk to you about. He has a shop, and he's rather unusual. He needs customers—badly, I'm afraid. I wondered if you would go there with me and buy something—just some little thing. He doesn't know about me—he thinks I'm a struggling student, so I can't buy from him."

"My dear, these junk-shops with candle-light, and dirt and tea thrown in—they don't interest me. I'll give you a check and you buy something of the poor creature."

"I do so specially want you to go yourself. It's very near here——"

"All right, let's go and be done with it. You don't go on the street in that rig, do you?"

"No. It won't take me a minute to change!" cried Mona.

"It isn't such a bad place when you get here," commented Mrs. Bleecker, inspecting it; "it has sun."

When they arrived at Christopher's knocker Mrs. Bleecker sniffed.

"No sign? How can the idiot hope to sell anything—" she broke off, looking into Christopher Smart's startled face.

"I've brought an old friend of my mother's and mine, Mr. Smart. I knew you would be glad. This is Mr. Smart, Mrs. Bleecker."

"How do you do, Mrs. Bleecker?" said Kit, giving her hand a warning squeeze and her eyes a signal.

"Good day," said she.

"Mrs. Bleecker knows good things," Mona encouraged him.

"Ah!"

"You don't believe her, do you?" said Susan Bleecker, over her shoulder.

"My motto is 'with charity to all and malice toward none,' Mrs. Bleecker," was his reply.

"How long have you had this shop, Mr.—what did you say his name was?" she inquired of Mona.

"Smart," said Mona, hoping Mrs. Bleecker was not going to misbehave.

"For quite some time now," he evaded.

"Why don't you advertise?" she began and broke off, her eyes riveted upon her favorite Gobelin tapestry.

"How much is that?" she inquired.

"That? Oh, that isn't for sale."

"Not for sale? Isn't this a shop?"

"Yes, but that is an exhibition piece. That is worth about fifty thousand dollars."

"Very well. I will pay that for it."

Mona turned startled eyes to his face, while Mrs. Bleecker sat down quickly and drew out her check-book.

"Oh, Kit!" breathed Mona.

He looked at her and saw her excitement. He realized that she thought that he was poor, that this meant a fortune, that she was glad for him.

"Get me some ink," ordered Susan. Without a word Christopher set it before her. The look she gave him of amusement and scoffing was almost too much. She wrote her check then and there for fifty thousand dollars and gave it to him.

"You are sure this is what you want. Should you not look up its value, its authenticity?"

"I'm satisfied. You *look* honest," she said.

"I have other fine objects——"

"I'll look at them, but that tapestry I will take along in my motor."

Kit showed her about.

"Where do you get these things—obscure little merchant like you?" she demanded.

"Oh, I have ways and ways."

"Dark and devious, I'll venture. I hope this isn't a fence."

"A fence!" said Mona.

"Fence is where stolen goods are collected and sold."

"Oh, Mrs. Bleecker, you don't understand! Mr. Smart is my friend!"

"Is he? How should I know? You didn't tell me anything about him. Set down in an Arabian Nights shop like this, off an obscure alley!"

"Oh, she doesn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"Don't apologize for me, Mona, I'm used to saying what I think. How much is that crystal bottle?"

"That's not for sale."

"Is there anything in this shop that is for sale?"

"I would not sell that at any price."

"Well, Mona, I've done my best. I can't spend the entire afternoon begging this man to sell to me."

"I think we would better go," said Mona anxiously.

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"Take down my tapestry, please."

Christopher approached it with a sigh. He slowly dismounted it, tenderly rolled it on a roller and covered it with oil-cloth.

"I'll call my chauffeur to come get it," said Susan, hastening to the door. Mona turned to Christopher, her whole aching heart in her face.

"Oh, Kit, Kit, can you ever forgive me!" she cried.

The chauffeur entered and carried off the roll.

"Come, Mona. Young man, you have a nice shop here. I shall tell all my friends about it, and send them down here to buy you out."

"You're very kind, I'm sure."

"I always recognize native ability. I must say you're no salesman, but you can't be everything at once."

He smiled gravely, bowed, and closed the door on them.

VI

"You wicked, covetous woman," wrote Christopher to Mrs. Bleecker. "I shall heap coals of fire by giving that dinner you demanded for your friend Miss Carberry. Will you ask her to come, and omit my name? To-morrow at eight, possibly?

"Christopher."

The whole of the next day Mona waited for Christopher, but he did not come. She went to the shop. It was closed. When Mrs. Bleecker called her up and ordered her to report for dinner at eight, she accepted with a sense of relief. It would give her something to do and to-morrow surely he would come.

She took special care with her toilet, and looked her lovely best when she presented herself at Mrs. Bleecker's house. When her hostess descended in wraps, Mona said:

"Where is it we dine?"

"Famous old house of an old friend of mine. You won't like him, but you'll like his place."

Mona felt no special interest, so they spoke of other things, the shopkeeper, for instance. As they came down the stairs later, and looked into the vista of rooms beyond, Mona's curiosity awoke. She turned to ask Mrs. Bleecker a question, as Christopher advanced toward them, tall, aristocratic, with his whimsical smile. He greeted Susan and turned to Mona. After the first short gasp of recognition Mona was in complete command of the situation.

"Mrs. Bleecker, dear, do present our host to me," she said coolly.

"I was under the impression you had met. Mr. Christopher Smart, Miss Carberry."

"So nice of you to have us to dinner. Oddly enough I have known another man of your name. You have a beautiful house——"

The Thayers came just then, so Christopher had to go and greet them. Susan stared at Mona. Except for a heightened color she was cool and remote. She looked about with disinterested interest. After the greetings, the conversation became general.

"We were promised this dinner weeks ago, Miss Carberry," said Mr. Thayer.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Bleecker ordered Kit to give a dinner for you the minute you returned from—where was it?"

"It was kind of Mr. Smart to remember and obey."

"Oh, Kit is kind," said Mrs. Bleecker, choking with laughter.

Dinner was announced. Christopher led the way with Mrs. Bleecker. Halfway down the hall she turned.

"Kit used to have a wonderful tapestry in this hall, Mona—Gobelin, really marvellous——"

"Yes? And where is it now, Mr. Smart?" inquired Mona.

"I've loaned it—to a friend," he answered.

At table, although Mona sat at his right, all efforts to break through her armor were in vain. She chattered, she evaded, she taunted him.

"I hear you have been spending some time down in Washington Square," he ventured finally.

"Yes. Most interesting. Do you ever go down there? I've learned so much from those rather disillusioned realists in the Village. They discount many things, friendship and truth between men and women, for instance——"

"Do *you* discount friendship and truth

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between men and women?" he asked, bending to her.

"Yes," she answered, meeting his eyes directly.

"Mona took me to a good shop down where she lives," Mrs. Bleecker was saying. "Jane, the man has a duplicate of that Chinese embroidery of Kit's you always covet."

"Really? Where is the place? I'll go down to-morrow."

"The place is closed, I think, Mrs. Thayer. I hear the man made a big sale, and has gone off to spend his earnings," said Mona.

"What did you buy, Susan?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

"Tapestry. Probably spurious. I want you to look at it, Kit."

"Delighted."

"Are you a judge of tapestry?" inquired Mona.

"Of sorts. I'm only a judge of things, never of people."

"Do tell me about Mr. Smart," she said, turning to Mr. Thayer. "He admits he is no judge of people."

Mr. Thayer launched into a panegyric. After a bit Mona stifled a yawn.

"What is he lecturing about?" Christopher whispered.

"You!" said she.

He turned to Susan Bleecker and caught her smile.

"The little wretch is handling this very well," she commented.

"She's angry and hurt. I'm a hopeless bungler," he murmured, real concern in his face.

"Take her off somewhere after dinner and have it out. I'll look after the others."

He watched for his opportunity every minute, after they returned to the drawing-room, but she gave him none.

"Kit, you must show Mona your study," said Susan, to the rescue.

"I should like to. Will you come?"

"If you like. Are the rest of you coming?"

"No, we've seen it scores of times. Run along and see his pet playthings, child——"

Mona rose and went with him, very tall and stately. He said no word, down the long hall, nor did she. He led her into a rarely lovely room, where a low fire burned. He laid his hands on a deep-cushioned chair.

"I've always thought of you in this chair, Sheila."

"Why did you do it? Why did you cheat me?" she said angrily.

"Does it seem as deliberate as that?"

"It—it is unforgivable!"

"Don't say that, please, dear. Sit down and let me try to defend myself."

She sank down into the chair he called hers, and at the sight of her there he forgot to go on. Her glance prodded him.

"It began months ago, when you sat in Mrs. Bleecker's box at the opera. For the first time in my life I failed to hear the opera. My mind was so full of you, your beauty—something more than mere beauty."

Her eyes were steady and full upon him.

"To free my mind, the next day, from absurd, boyish, love-sick fancies, I tramped down to Washington Square in the rain, and you hooked me on your umbrella."

"You knew me—that day?"

"Knew you? Does the moon know the sea? The shop, of course, was your suggestion."

"Mine?"

"Certainly. You were so disdainful of wealth and leisure, so pleased when you made me a shopkeeper, that I came away with the idea of making good. The Bleeckers dined with me that night and talked of you. Susan told how you disliked the men you met here—she quoted 'mechanical dolls.'"

"Oh!" protested Mona.

"That settled me. The next day I began on the shop."

"You opened the shop with your own things, just to humor me?"

"If you wanted me a shopkeeper, that is what I had to be."

"But why?"

"Because I loved you, and that was the only way I could be with you. Don't you see?"

"But I was sure to find out."

"I hoped that maybe you might learn to care too, before that misfortune overtook us. O Sheila, those days were too happy to last. Life isn't like that——"

Her head was resting, cupped in her hands now. She no longer looked at

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"Where do you get these things—obscure little merchant like you? . . . I hope this isn't a fence."
—Page 466.

him. He drew a low seat beside her and leaned down, trying to find her eyes.

"I love you so much that if you were rich or poor, or ugly or mean, it wouldn't matter!" he said.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, dropping her face into her hands. He touched her hair softly.

"If you could just forgive me, I'd shopkeep forever, Sheila."

She was shaking with some emotion, laughter or tears.

"That story I told you about my early life—my people——"

"I never saw better acting—it was great!"

"And you didn't laugh!" she exclaimed.

"No, I nearly cried when you pushed your father off the Swiss Alps."

She turned to him.

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"I want you to know the whole story. I took the studio the day after we met at Becky's."

"Why?"

"Because I thought you were interested in me as an adventure. "I thought you wanted me to be a struggling, poor student——"

"Sheila!"

He put his arms about her and kissed her a great many times.

"Sheila, how could you cheat me?"

She offered reparation.

"I wanted not to lose you," she whispered.

"Oh, my blessed girl!" he sighed.

It was a long time later that they descended to the drawing-room. Their faces told the situation.

"It took you long enough," said Susan Bleecker, smiling. She kissed Mona, then Kit. "I'm satisfied. I'll give you the Gobelin tapestry for a wedding present, you ridiculous creatures!"

"Well, you have put one over, you two!" remarked Adolphus Bleecker.

"Nonsense—I knew it would happen when Mona insisted upon knowing Kit's name and everything about him, that first night at the opera."

"Why, Sheila!" cried Christopher.

"Score!" laughed his Mona.

STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

XII

IN SEARCH OF AN ANCESTOR

FOR a moment neither of them spoke. Then Prime broke out in a sardonic laugh.

"That is a heavenly prospect for dinner, supper, breakfast, and dinner all rolled into one, isn't it, now? If there is anything left in the canoe, it's soaked to a pulp—to say nothing of the fact that we can't get to it. How are we going to raft ourselves over there without the axe?"

Lucetta went down to the margin of the pond-like reach and tested its depth with a tossed stone.

"It is deep," she said, "swimming-deep. The shallows must be all on the other side."

"I'll go down-stream a piece and see if there isn't some place where I can wade," Prime offered. But at this she shook her head.

"We passed out of all the wading depths days and days ago. If you will make a fire, I'll swim over and get the canoe."

Prime had a world of objections to offer to this, and he flung them into the breach one after another. It was no woman's job. The water was cold, and it would be a long swim—for a guess, not less than a hundred yards; she had gone without food so long that she was not fit for it; if she should try it and fail, he would have to go in after her, and that would mean suicide for both of them.

She heard him through with a quaint little lip-curl of amusement at his fertility in obstacle raising, and at the end calmly fished the remains of his handkerchief out of his pocket and bound it about her head.

"Another attack of the undying protective instinct," she retorted light-heartedly. "You go on and make the fire and I'll save the wreck, or what there is left of it." Whereupon she walked away up-stream, losing herself shortly for Prime in a thicket beyond the first bend of the river above.

Prime fell to work gathering fuel, feeling less like a man than at any time since the voyage had begun. It stabbed his

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 5 of the Advertising pages.

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amour-propre to the heart to be compelled to let her take the man's part while he did the squaw's. But there seemed to be no help for it.

While he was kindling the fire he heard a plunge, and a little later saw the coifed head making diagonally across from the upper bend toward the canoe. She was swimming easily with the side stroke, and he could see the rhythmical flash and swing of a white arm as she made the overhand reach. Then he dutifully turned his back and gave his entire attention to the fire-making.

When he looked again she had righted the canoe and was coming across with it, swimming and pushing it ahead of her. At a little distance from the shore she called to him: "Take it; it's all yours" —giving the birch-bark a final shove. "I'll be with you in a few minutes." And with that she turned off and swam away up-stream to her dressing-thicket.

Prime gave her time to disappear and then went to draw the canoe out on the bank and to begin an inventory of the losses. Thanks to the care they had taken in tying everything in, nothing was missing save the paddles. Such food as was still in the original tin was undamaged, but the meat was soaked and the flour and meal were soggy masses of paste. Prime was dismayed. The small stock of potatoes would not last forever, and neither would the canned vegetables. They were not yet backwoodsmen enough to live upon meat alone; and another and crowning misfortune was the loss of the salt.

Prime was lamenting over the wet salt sack and trying to save some little portion of the precious condiment when Lucetta came on the scene, looking as bright and fresh as the proverbial field flower after her plunge and swim, and took over the culinary problem. Fortunately, they still had the salt pork, and the pretty *cuisinière* issued her orders promptly.

"Find some nice clean pieces of birch bark and spread this flour and meal out so that it will dry before the fire," she directed, and while he was doing that and hanging the blankets and tent canvas up to drip and dry, she opened a tin of baked beans and made another of the triumphant stews of jerked deer meat and potatoes seasoned with a bit of the salt pork. Upon these two dishes they presently feasted royally, making up for the three lost meals, and missing the bread only because they didn't have it.

"I have settled one thing in my own mind," Prime declared, while he was assiduously drying a leaf of the soaked tobacco for the after-dinner smoke. "If I am ever cast away again, I'm going to make dead sure that I have a Domestic Science expert for a fellow sufferer. Lucetta, you are simply great when it comes to making something out of nothing. What are we going to do with this flour-and-meal pudding?"

"We are going to dry it carefully and then grind it up again on a flat stone and go on as before," was the cheerful reply. "That is my part of it, and yours will be a good bit harder; you will have to make some new paddles and contrive some way to patch that big hole in the canoe."

Prime laughed hilariously. His head was still aching, but the disaster had fallen so far short of the ultimate fatalities that the small discomforts were as nothing.

"I can imagine both the paddles and the patch," he boasted. "It remains to be seen whether or not I can turn them into serviceable realities."

While the dunnage was drying and Lucetta was regrinding her flour and meal Indian fashion on a smooth stone, Prime hacked manfully at a small spruce and finally got it down. It took him the better part of the afternoon to split the tree with wooden wedges and to get out two pieces to be hewn roughly with the axe into the paddle shape. Over the evening fire he whittled laboriously with the sharper of the two hunting-knives, and when the knife grew dull he learned by patient trial to whet it on a bit of stone. To keep him company, Lucetta had recourse to the fish-bone needle. Her clothes had not come scatheless out of the cataract disaster and its aftermath.

"You have one of the best of the good qualities, Donald," she said, marking the patience with which the whittling went on. "You are not afraid to buckle down to the necessity and keep on trying."

"'Patient continuance in well doing,'" he quoted, grinning. "I learned that, up

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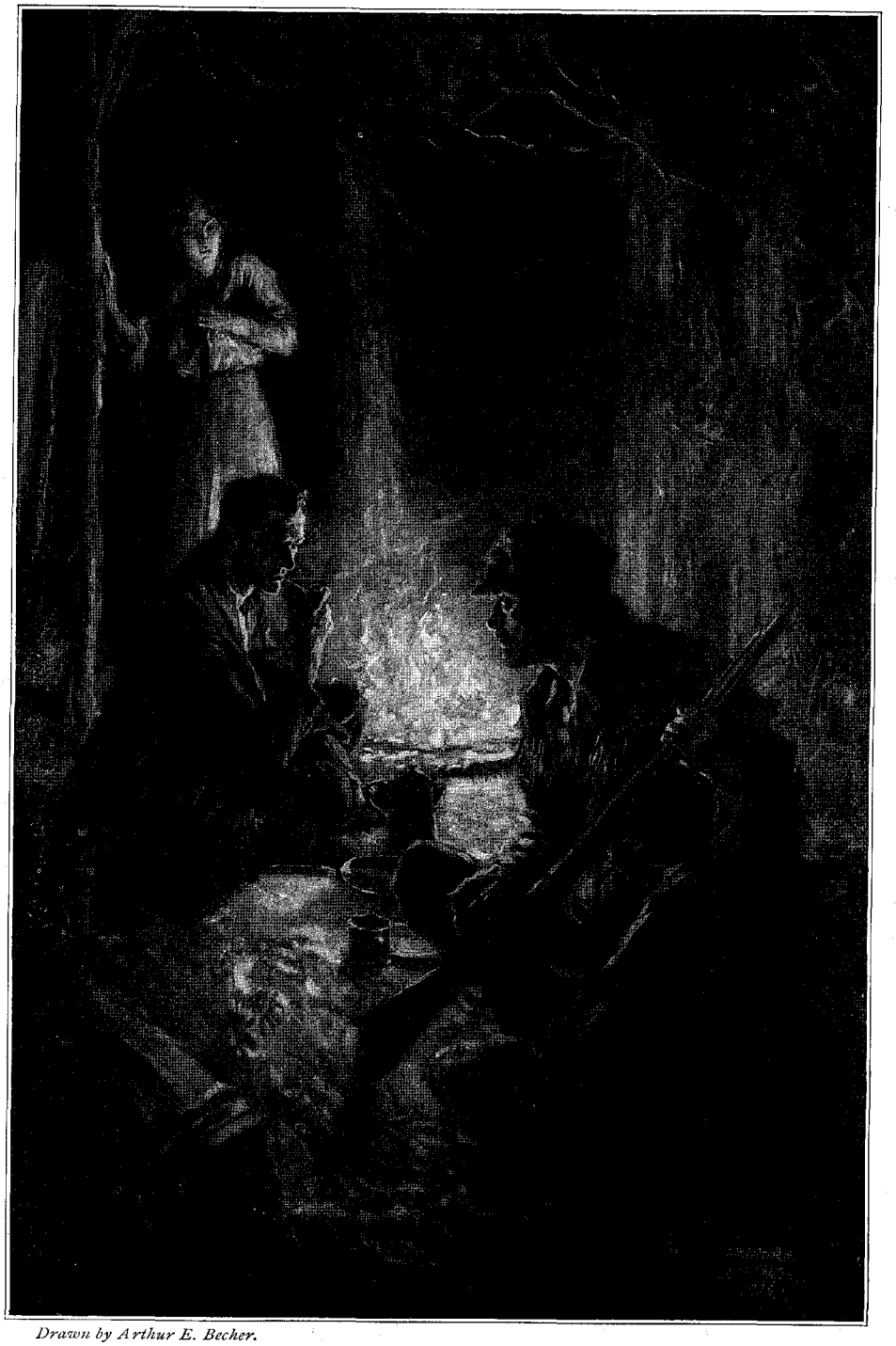

Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"*Vraiment!* she's one good gon," he commented. . . . "W'ere you get 'um?"—Page 482.

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one side and down the other, in the writing trade. It is about the only thing that gets you anywhere."

"You had a hard time making your start in the writing, didn't you?" she offered.

"When did I ever tell you that?"

"You told me something about it the first day we were together and a good bit more last night."

"Huh! Talking in my sleep, was I? What did I say?"

"A lot of things; I can't remember them all. You talked about Mr. Grider, and the mystery, and the dead men, and I don't know what-all."

"I didn't say anything about the girl, did I?"

"Not a word," she returned.

"For the best possible reason on earth, Lucetta: there hasn't been any girl. You don't believe that, I suppose. You wouldn't believe it of any man of my age, and—and temperament?"

"Yet you said night before last that you wanted a wife and children and a home. Doesn't that presuppose a girl?"

"In my case it presupposes a handsomely imaginary girl; I'm great on the imaginary things."

"What does she look like—this imaginary girl of yours?"

He glanced up from the paddle-whittling. "Some day, when we get back into the world again, I'll show you what she looks like. Can you wait until then?"

"You don't leave me any choice."

"We ran off the track," he went on, after a little interval of silence. "You were telling me what I talked about last night."

"Oh, yes; I have forgotten most of it, as I said; but along at the last there were a good many disjointed things about your fight for recognition. Once, I remember, you were talking to somebody about soap."

Prime's laugh was a guffaw.

"I can laugh at it now," he chuckled; "but it was mighty binding at the time—that soap incident. I was down in a hole, in the very bottom of the hole. I had written a book and couldn't get it published; couldn't get anybody to touch it with a ten-foot pole. I had friends who were willing to lend me money to go on with, and one who offered me a job writing advertisements for his soap factory. It was horribly tempting, but when I was built, the ability to let go, even of a failure, was left out. So I didn't become an ad. writer. What else did I say?"

"Oh, a lot of things that didn't make sense; one of them was about an advertisement you said you had seen in the *New York Herald*. I couldn't make out what it was; something about an English estate."

Prime looked up quickly.

"Isn't it odd how these perfectly inconsequent things bury themselves somewhere in the human brain, to rise up and sneak out some time when the bars happen to be left down," he speculated. "There was such an ad., and I saw it; but I don't believe I have given it a second thought from that time to this."

"When you spoke of it last night, you seemed to be telling Mr. Grider about it. Was it addressed to you?"

"It was addressed to the heirs of Roger Prime, of Batavia, and Roger Prime was my father. If I remember correctly, the advertisers gave a Canadian address—Ottawa, I think—and the 'personal' was worded in the usual fashion: 'If the heirs of Roger Prime will apply'—and so on; you know how they go. It was the old leg-pull."

"I don't quite understand," she demurred. "What do you mean by 'leg-pull'?"

"The swindle is so venerable that it ought to have whiskers by this time. Every once in a while a rumor leaks out that some great estate has been left in England, or somewhere else across the water, with no native heirs. You or I, if we happen to have a family name that fits in, are invited to contribute to a sum which is being made up to pay the cost of establishing the rights of the American descendants, and there you are. I suppose hundreds of thousands of dollars have been buncoed out of credulous Americans in that way, first and last."

"I wish you could remember the Canadian address which you say you think was Ottawa," rejoined the young woman reflectively.

"Why?"

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"Because I saw in a Cleveland newspaper an advertisement of the same nature, addressed to the heirs of the body of Clarissa Millington, born Bradford. Clarissa Millington was my mother. There was no name signed, but a business address was given, and it was in Ottawa."

"You have forgotten the address?" said Prime.

"I didn't try to remember it. I wrote it down, and I have it in my luggage in Quebec."

The paddle-maker looked up with an accusing laugh.

"You were planning to return from Quebec by way of Ottawa; you were going to give those sharks some of your hard-earned teaching money. Don't deny it."

"I won't," she confessed. "I meant to do that very thing. And I thought I had plenty of time. There was a date limit set in the advertisement, and it was July 31st. Do you think it was a swindle?"

"There isn't the least doubt of it. Your kidnapping has saved you some money. The date limit was merely to make you hustle. I have seen the game worked before, and it is very plausible. And since it is usually worked from Canada, a citizen of the United States has no recourse in law. You had a narrow escape."

"We may call it that, anyway," was the young woman's reply. "The 31st of July will probably be nothing more than a memory by the time we find our way back to the world."

A busy silence followed the dismissal of the subject, and then Lucetta began to tell about the various alarms she had had during the previous night. "All of which goes to prove that I am still the normal woman," she concluded.

"You are a heroine, and one of these days I mean to put you in a book," Prime threatened. "You saved my life yesterday and my self-respect to-day; and that is more than a man ought to expect from the most normal woman in the world."

"Your self-respect?"

"Yes; you heard me babbling all night, and you have been good-hearted enough not to report anything that a man need be ashamed of."

"You didn't say anything to be ashamed of," she returned quickly. "Most of the talk was about the old farm near Batavia; that and your grandfather."

"Grandfather Bankhead," he mused; "they don't make any finer characters nowadays than he was—or as fine."

"Bankhead?" she asked suddenly; "was that your grandfather's name?"

"It was: Abner Greenlow Bankhead. It is not such a very usual name. Have you ever heard it before?"

"Heard it? Why—why, it was my mother's mother's maiden name! She was a Bankhead, and she married Josiah Greenlow Bradford!"

Prime dropped both paddle and knife.

"Well—wouldn't that jar you!" he exclaimed. "Can it be possible that—hold on a minute; my grandfather had a Bankhead cousin who grew up in the family, and she married and moved to Ohio, away along back in the other century. What was your grandmother's Christian name?"

"It was an old-fashioned one—Lorinda. I can remember her indistinctly as a little old lady with white hair and the brightest possible blue eyes."

Prime was wagging his head as one in a daze. "It is too wonderful to be true, Lucetta! But it must be true. My grandfather's cousin's name was Lorinda, and I can remember seeing an oil portrait of her, a horrible thing done by some local artist, hanging in the old farmhouse at Batavia. I can't figure it out, but the way it is working around, we ought to be cousins of some sort. Can you believe it?"

The young woman put her mending aside to trace the relationship thoughtfully, counting the generations on her finger-tips. When she had finally determined to her own satisfaction that they really had a common ancestor four generations back, she laughed.

"It is wonderful," she said; "almost too wonderful to be true. But the wonder of it is completely overshadowed by the unbelievable coincidence which dropped us two, cousins and descendants of that far-away Bankhead, down together on the beach of a forest lake in the wilds of the Canadian backwoods—a lake that neither of us ever saw or heard of before. Will the mysteries never end?"

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"Wait a minute; let's get it straight," Prime interposed. "We are really cousins, aren't we? Don't you figure it out that way?"

"Third cousins; yes."

"You'll have to show me," he invited. "Genealogy is like Sanskrit to me."

She proceeded to show him, and from that the talk drifted rather excitedly into family reminiscences. After the manner of people who really have ancestors, neither of them was able to remember many of the traditions. Prime's recollections, indeed, stopped short with his grandfather, but Lucetta knew a little more about the older generations, and she dug the individuals out one by one, offering them to Prime as spurs to further rememberings.

"No, I don't remember anything about Jabez," he said. "And Elvira and Elmina and John I never heard mentioned. Grandfather Bankhead had no near relations that I know of except his brother Jasper and his cousin Lorinda, who grew up with him."

"I seem to remember something about grandmother's cousin Jasper," Lucetta put in. "Didn't something happen to him—something out of the usual?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "He disappeared—went to the Far West when he was a young man and was never heard of afterward. Grandfather often wondered what had become of him, and in his later years spoke of him quite frequently."

Lucetta went on with her mending, the fish-bone needle making her progress primitively slow. Prime got up and strolled down to the river bank. When he returned he went around to her side of the fire to say:

"I'm mighty glad we have found out that we are cousins, Lucetta; twice glad, for your sake. It makes things a bit easier for you, doesn't it?"

She did not look up.

"Why should it?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, I don't know; we have both been throwing tin cans and brickbats at the conventions; but I haven't any idea that we have killed them off permanently. And they die harder in a woman than in a man. We have jollied things along pretty well, so far, but that isn't saying that I haven't known how hard it must have been for you. As matters stand now, I am your natural protector."

She looked up with the quaint little smile that he had learned to know, to interpret, and to love.

"What difference does the relationship make, Donald, so long as you are what you are? And what difference would it make if you happened to be the other kind of man?"

He stood smiling down upon her with his hands in his pockets.

"Your trust is the most wonderful thing in this world, Lucetta—and the most beautiful. I should have to be a much worse man than I have ever dared to be to do anything to spoil it," he said slowly, and with that he went to set up her sleeping-tent.

XIII

AT CAMP COUSIN

PRIME whittled through the better part of the succeeding forenoon on the paddles, and for the midday bread Lucetta tried her domestic-science hand upon the dried and reground flour. Not to draw too fine a comparison, the paddles were the better success, though the bread was eatable. In the afternoon the man of all work, with Lucetta for consulting engineer, tackled the broken canoe.

There was no lack of materials with which to make the repairs if they had only known how to use them. Attempts to sew a patch of birch bark over the hole with threads drawn from the blanket were dismal failures. At each of the thread punctures the patch would split and curl up most perversely; and when night came they had succeeded only in making a bad matter slightly worse.

After supper they put their heads together to become, if the oracles should prove auspicious, inventors in this hitherto untried field.

"If we only had a few drops of Indian blood in us!" Prime complained. "What do you suppose they daub this bark thing with to make it water-tight? It must be something they find in the woods."

Lucetta went over to the canoe, chipped a bit of the daubing from one of the seams, and tasted it appraisingly.

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"It tastes like spruce gum," she offered; "do you suppose it can be?"

Prime ate a little in his turn and confirmed the guess. "That is about what it is," he decided. "The next thing is to find out how they contrive to get enough of it. I wonder if they tap the trees as we do sugar maples?"

"If we could find a tree that has been broken," Lucetta suggested. And then: "How have we managed to live so long without learning some of these perfectly simple things, Cousin Donald?"

"Too much education and too little instinct," he scoffed. "To-morrow morning I'll climb trees and become a gum-gatherer. It seems inexpressibly humbling to think that a small hole in a piece of birch bark is all that prevents us from going on our way rejoicing. Never mind, there is another day coming, and if there isn't, success or failure won't make any considerable difference to either of us."

Bright and early the next morning they tried the spruce-gum experiment. Prime found that he could have plenty of it for the gathering, and when they had a sufficient quantity they melted it in one of the empty vegetable tins and used it as a glue with which to make the patch adhere. The result was not entirely satisfactory. The melted gum hardened quickly, but it became so brittle that a touch would loosen it.

"This is where we set up a laboratory for original research," Lucetta said, laughing. "I wonder if some more cooking would do it any good."

"'The ruling passion strong in death,'" Prime quoted with good-natured sarcasm. "You are a born cook. Let's try it."

They tried it and merely succeeded in making the product still more brittle. They then tried adding a little grease from the fat pork to make it more flexible, and that ruined it completely.

"Two civilized brains, college-trained to a piano-polish finish, and not a single workable idea between them," Prime derided. "It's humiliating—disgusting!"

"The brains are still available," asserted the undaunted one. "Go and find some pine pitch and we'll mix it with the spruce."

This experiment promised better success. A gluey mixture resulted that stuck not only to the canoe body and the patch, but to their fingers and to everything it touched. Inventing still further, they contrived a rude clamp to hold the patch in place while it was drying, if by good hap the glue would consent to dry at all; and with the new paddles whittled and scraped into shape, there was nothing to do but to wait upon the drying process.

Prime spent the afternoon fishing, with the tackle found in one of the gun-cases, and was lucky enough to accumulate a noble string of trout. Lucetta would not say what she was going to do, merely hinting that Prime's absence until suppertime would be a boon. Only the buzzard swinging in slow circles overhead could have told tales of the doing after the young woman had obtained her meed of solitude in the little glade, and possibly the buzzard had seen a sufficient number of blanketed women washing clothes at a river brink not to be unduly stirred at the sight.

Later, Prime came in to exhibit his string of fish with true sportsman's pride, and again they feasted royally, forgetting their late tribulations, and looking forward half-regretfully to a resumption of their journey on the morrow.

"It is astonishing how rapidly one can revert to the cave-man type," was Prime's phrasing of the regret. "I have been a person of pavements and cement walks all my life, as I suppose you have—of the paved streets and all that they stand for. Yet I shall go back to them with something like reluctance. Won't you?"

She did not reply to the direct question.

"You speak as if you had some assurance that we are approaching the pavements. Have you?"

"A bare hint. I fished along the river for about a mile down-stream, spying out the land—or the water—as I went, for future reference. We can't claim this region by the right of discovery. Somebody has been here before us."

"You didn't find a house?" she ventured.

"Oh, no; nothing like that. But I did find the stump of a tree, and the tree had been felled with an axe. It wasn't recently; the stump was old and moss-grown. But it was axe-work just the same."

She laughed softly.

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"I don't know whether to be glad or sorry, Donald; for myself, I mean. Of course you want to get back to your work."

"Do I?" he inquired. "I suppose I ought to want to. I left a book half finished in my New York attic."

"How could you do that? I should think such work would be ruined by having a vacation come along and cut it in two."

"I was sick of it," he confessed frankly. "It was another pen picture of the artificialities, and I shall never finish it now. I'll write a better one."

"Staging it in a Canadian forest?"

"Staging it among the realities, at least. And there shall be a real woman this time."

In his new character of cousin-in-authority, Prime sent Lucetta early to bed to catch up on her arrears of sleep. After she had disappeared behind the curtains of the small shelter-tent he sat for a long time before the fire smoking the rank tobacco and letting his thoughts rove at will through the mazes of the strange adventure which had befallen him and this distant cousin of whose very existence he had been ignorant.

More and more the mazes perplexed him, and the coincidences, if they were coincidences, began to verge upon the fantastic or the miraculous. Was it by accident or design that they had both chanced to be in Quebec at the same time? If the plot were of Grider's concocting, did the barbarian know of the cousinship beforehand? Prime was charitable enough to hope that he did. It made the brutal joke—if it were a joke—a little less criminal to suppose that Grider knew of the relationship.

Still, it was all vastly incredible on any joking hypothesis. Taking the most lenient view of it—that Grider had prearranged the assault upon their liberty and had hired the two half-breeds to pick them up and convoy them out of the wilderness—it was unbelievable that the barbarous one, with all of his known disregard for the common humanities where his Homeric sense of humor was involved, would have turned them over to the tender mercies of two semi-savages whose character had been sufficiently demonstrated by the manner of their death.

"It simply *can't* have been Watson Grider," Prime mused over his sixth cigarette—he was rolling them now in the label paper of the vegetable tins, frugally soaked off and saved. "If it had been his joke, he wouldn't have left it up in the air; he would have followed along to get the good of it. But if it isn't Grider, who is it? and what is it all about?"

The riddle always worked around thus to the same tormenting question, with no hint of an answer; and, as many times before, Prime was obliged to leave it hanging, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. But when he renewed the fire and rolled himself in his blankets for the night, he was still casting about for some means of bringing it to earth.

Figuring it out afterward, he was certain that he could not have been asleep for more than an hour or two before he was awakened, with the echo of a noise like volley-firing of some sort still ringing in his ears. His first impulse was to spring up, but the second—which was the one he obeyed—was more in keeping with the new character development. Deftly freeing himself from the blanket wrappings, he reached over to make sure that one of the guns could be caught up quickly, and lay quiet.

For some little time nothing happened, and the night silence of the forest was undisturbed. Just as he was beginning to think that it had been the mosquitoes, and not a noise, which had awakened him, and was about to get up and renew the smudge which he had made to windward before turning in, he heard cautious footsteps as of some one approaching from the direction of the river.

The measured tread assured him that the footfalls were human, and his hold tightened mechanically upon the grip of the gunstock. By this time he was thinking quite clearly, and he told himself that the militant precaution was doubtless unnecessary; that there was little chance that the approaching intruder—any intruder who would be attracted by the light of the camp-fire—would be unfriendly. Yet it was the part of prudence to be prepared.

After a moment or two he was able to note that the approaching footsteps were growing more cautious. At this he

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rolled over by imperceptible inchings to face toward the river, drawing the gun with him. It was useless to try to penetrate the black shadows of the background. The fire had died down to a mass of glowing embers, its bedtime replenishing of dried wood blazing up fitfully only now and then to illumine a slightly wider circle. Prime saw nothing and, for a time after the footfalls ceased, heard nothing. But the next manifestation was startling enough. At a moment when he was beginning to wonder if his imagination had been playing tricks on him he heard a curious ripping sound coming, this time, from behind the inverted canoe.

Silently he rose to his knees with the rifle held low. For shelter, in case of a shower, the provisions had been placed under the inverted birch-bark, and he decided instantly that the intruder was trying to steal them. Not wishing to alarm Lucetta, he got upon his feet and walked toward the canoe, meaning to put the man behind it between himself and the firelight.

The manœuvre was never completed. Before he had taken half a dozen steps a blinding flashlight was turned upon him from behind the canoe, and it stopped him as suddenly as if the dazzling radiance had been a volley from a machine gun. But the stopping shock was only momentary. Dashing forward around the end of the canoe, he had a glimpse of a big-bodied man in a golf cap and sweater crashing his way through the undergrowth toward the river, and promptly gave chase.

"Grider!—Watson!" he called, but there was no reply. The intruder, as he ran, had the benefit of his flashlight; Prime could see the momentary gleams as the runner took a diagonal course which would bring him out a hundred yards down-stream from a point directly opposite the camp-fire.

Prime collided with a tree, stumbled and fell, and sprang up to call again. The retreating footfalls were no longer audible, but now there was another cacophony of noise—the sputtering exhausts of a motor-boat—and Prime reached the river bank in time to see the dark shape of the power-driven craft losing itself in the starlight in its swift rush down the river.

In the first flush of his rage at what figured as a second heartless desertion, Prime was strongly tempted to open fire on the retreating motor-boat and its occupant. This was purely a cave-man prompting, and before it could translate itself into action the opportunity was gone. When the motor-boat had disappeared, losing itself to sight and sound, the breathless pursuer went back to his blankets, swearing gloomily at the spiteful chance which had opened the door of misfortune by making him a college classmate of one Watson Grider.

XIV

OF THE NAME OF BANDISH

THE next morning Prime waited until after breakfast before telling Lucetta about the visit of the intruder, the postponement basing itself upon a very natural disinclination to realign himself, even constructively, with such a brutal humorist as Watson Grider. Indeed, when he told the story, he omitted to mention the barbarian's name; would never have mentioned it if Lucetta had not pushed him into a corner.

"You say you saw the man; was it a stranger or some one you knew?" she questioned.

"I couldn't be sure," Prime evaded. "The fire wasn't burning very brightly, and he had just blinded me with his flashlight."

The gray eyes were regarding him calmly.

"It is to be hoped, Cousin Donald, that you will never have to fib yourself out of a real difficulty. You prevaricate so clumsily, you know."

"I wasn't lying," he protested; "really, you know, I couldn't be sure."

"But you thought you recognized him."

"Yes, I did," he admitted doggedly. "I didn't mean to tell you, but I fancy it doesn't make any great difference now. It was Grider, of course."

"You are sure?"

"I have just said that I wasn't sure. I didn't see his face. But I saw a golf cap and a sweater, and Grider wears both upon any and all occasions; he has even been accused of sleeping in them."

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"But why should he come here like that and then run away again?"

"He wanted to find out how his execrable joke was getting along, of course! I had a mind to fire at him after he got into the boat, and I wish now that I had. You didn't hear any of the noise?"

"Not a sound." They had taken the cooking utensils down to the river edge to wash them, and Lucetta scoured for a silent half minute on the skillet before she picked the one comforting grain of assurance out of the midnight adventure. "We ought to be obliged to this outrageous friend of yours for one thing, anyway," she commented. "He has told us that there are no more rapids to be shot. If he could come up the river in a motor-boat, we can go down it safely in a canoe."

"That is so," said Prime; "I hadn't thought of that. I wonder if our patch is sticking all right. Suppose we go and see."

They went to look, and what they saw struck them both dumb. The clamped patch was still in place, but a glance at the upturned canoe bottom showed them what the midnight marauder had done and explained for Prime the cause of the ripping noise he had heard. For a distance fully one-third of its length the thin sheathing of the canoe had been cut as if with the slashing blow of a sharp knife.

Prime was the first to find speech, and what he said would have kindled a fire under wet wood. Then he remembered and made gritting amends. "I beg your pardon; I couldn't help it, Lucetta. I'm not taken that way very often, but I should have blown up like a rotten boiler if I couldn't have relieved the pressure. Did you ever hear of such an infernally idiotic scoundrel in all your life? I wish to gracious I'd had the courage of my convictions and turned loose on him with the gun! He deserves to be shot!"

Lucetta was examining the damaged canoe bottom more closely. "But why?" she protested. "Why should he follow us up so vindictively, Donald? Surely it has passed all the limits of any kind of a joke by this time."

"Of a joke?—yes; I should say so! I hate to think it of him, Lucetta—I do for a fact. If I hadn't seen him I wouldn't believe it was Watson; but seeing is believing."

"Not always," was the reflective dissent. And then: "This is the work of a spiteful enemy, Donald; not that of any friend, however harebrained. It is the work of some one who has a particular object in keeping us from getting back to civilization."

"We have been over all that ground until it is worn out," Prime broke in impatiently. "It is Grider; it can't be anybody else; and I wish I had potted him while I had the chance. But that is a back number now. The mischief is done and we must repair it if we can. Get your glue-pot ready and I'll go and hunt for some more of the sticky stuff.

Lucetta was laughing silently.

"We are so humanly inconsistent—both of us!" she commented. "Yesterday we were almost willing to be sorry because our woods idyll couldn't last forever; and now we are ready to draw and quarter Mr. Grider—or whoever did this—because it makes the idyll last a few days longer."

It took them the better part of the day to patch the knife-gash, and, though the other patch seemed to be holding satisfactorily, they were doubtful of the results in the more serious hurt. It was impossible to devise any clamp for the greater rent, but they did their best, overlaying the fresh patches with clean sheets of the bark and weighting the whole down with flat stones carried laboriously from the river brink.

That night Prime slept with one eye open and with both guns where he could lay his hands upon them quickly. Somewhile past midnight he got up and built a small fire beyond the canoe as another measure of safety, locking the stable carefully after the horse had been stolen. When he went back to his blankets he found Lucetta up and sitting under the turned-up flap of the shelter-tent.

"Did you hear anything?" she inquired.

He shook his head. "No; I thought I'd light up a little more so that we couldn't be stalked again as we were last night."

"You are losing too much sleep. Let me have one of the guns and I'll keep watch for a while."

"What could you do with a gun?" he demanded gloomily.

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"I can at least make a noise and waken you if needful."

There was no sleep for either of them for a long time; but after a while Prime lost himself, and when he awoke it was daylight and Lucetta was cooking breakfast.

On this day they were fairly out of an occupation. With the stone weightings removed, the canoe patches seemed to be sticking bravely, but they still required to be daubed with another coating of the pitch, which must dry thoroughly before they could venture upon a relaunching. The small job done, they took turns sleeping through the forenoon, and after the midday meal Prime went fishing, taking care, however, not to go beyond calling distance from the glade.

When night came they carried the precious canoe to the exact centre of the clear space and built a circle of small fires all around it, at the imminent risk of burning it up or at least of melting the pitch from its seams. The afternoon had been cloudy and there were indications of a storm. Prime made the fastenings of the shelter-tent secure and stowed the provisions under the overturned birch-bark, leaving a space where he could crawl under himself if the storm should break. For a long time after supper they sat together beside the cooking-fire. The mosquitoes were worse than usual, and Prime had provided some rotting wood for a smudge, in the reek of which they wept in sympathetic companionship.

"Speaking of smoked meat," Prime grumbled, after they had exhausted all other topics, "that jerked stuff under the canoe hasn't any the best of us." Then, with a teasing switch to their rapidly disintegrating clothes: "How would you like to walk into your class-room in the girls' school just as you are?"

"Just about as well as you'd like to walk down Fifth Avenue under the same conditions," was the choking reply. "My! but that smoke is dreadful!"

"It is like the saw-off between any two evils: when you are enduring the one you think you'd rather endure the other. Let us hope and pray that this is the last night for us in this particular sheol, at least. I've heard and read a good bit about the insect pests of the northern woods, and I have always taken it with a grain of salt. That is another mistake I shall never make again."

"They were not bad on the St. Lawrence nor in Quebec," observed the other martyr.

The mention of Quebec started a new subject or, rather, revived an old one, and they fell to talking of their short experience in the historic city. One thing leading to another, Prime went more specifically into his evening excursion with the athletic young fellow who had seemed so anxious to increase the dividends of the motion-picture houses and the cafés.

"He was a handsome fellow, and he didn't begin to have the face of a villain," he commented. "A good talker, too. He had travelled—been everywhere. One of the pictures we saw was a 'Western,' and that brought on more talk. I remember he told me a lot about his own experience in the British Columbia mines. It was great stuff. He had been manager and general factotum for some rich old money-bags—if he wasn't lying to me and making it all up out of whole cloth."

"He didn't do anything to make you suspect that he might have designs upon you?"

"Not a thing in the world. He was as frank and open-hearted as a boy. There wasn't anything peculiar about him except his habit of looking at his watch every few minutes. I asked him once if I was keeping him from an appointment, and he laughed and said he wished that I were; wished that he were well enough acquainted in the city to be able to make appointments."

"Did he tell you his name?" queried the weeping listener.

"He did, and ever since we woke up and found ourselves back yonder on the lake shore I have been trying to recall it. It is gone completely. 'Bender' is the nearest I can come to it, and that isn't it.'

"Would you know it if you should hear it?"

"I am sure I should. It was a queer name, and I remember thinking at the time that I would jot it down and use it for the name of a character in a story—simply because it was so delightfully odd."

"Tell me," she broke in quickly; "was

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this young man of yours fair, with blue eyes and hair that reminded you a little of a hay-field?"

"That is the man!"

"How would 'Bandish' do for the name?" she asked.

"You've got it! That's what it was. How in the name of all that is wonderful did you know?"

"I was merely putting one and one together to make two," was the quiet rejoinder. "The young woman I was with that same night was Mrs. Bandish. She was the one whose careless sleeve-pin scratched my arm and put me to sleep."

"Then you knew them both?" Prime demanded.

"Only slightly. They claimed to be teachers from some little town in Indiana. I don't know where they joined our party, but I think it was before we took the St. Lawrence River boat. Anyway, it was somewhere in Canada. They were easy to get acquainted with. At first I didn't like the young woman any too well; there was something about her that gave me the idea that she was—well, that she was somehow too sophisticated. But that wore off. She was quick-witted and jolly, and both she and her husband were the life of the party coming down the big river."

"Do you suppose Grider bribed them to join the party and thus get you in tow?" Prime asked.

"No, I don't suppose anything of the kind. You are forgetting that Mr. Grider didn't even know of my existence at that time—if he does now," she added, after a moment's hesitation.

"Grider knew, and he knew that we were cousins," Prime insisted. "That is a guess, but you will see that it will turn out to be the right one. But even that doesn't explain why he should come up here in the woods and cut a hole in our canoe, confound him!"

"It doesn't explain a good many things which are much more mysterious than they were before," said Lucetta; and shortly after that she smoked her tent blue with a bit of smudge wood and disappeared for the night, leaving Prime to pull reflectively at a clumsy pipe which he had contrived to whittle out of a bit of birch wood during the day of waiting, to smoke and to hope that the threatening rain-storm would materialize and drown a few millions of the tormenting mosquitoes.

XV

JEAN BA'TISTE

On a morning which Prime, consulting his notched stick, named as the 24th of July, they gave the canoe patches another daubing of pitch for good luck, relaunched their argosy, loaded the dunnage, and began to learn the art of paddling anew—the relearning being made strictly necessary by the new green-wood paddles.

From a torrenting mill-race in its upper reaches, their river had now subsided into a broad stream with a current so leisurely that they had to paddle continuously to make any headway. With this handicap their progress was slow, and it was not until the afternoon of the second day that they began to see signs to hint that they were approaching the settlements.

The signs were neither numerous nor indicative of any recent habitancy: a few old clearings with their stumps weathered and rotting; here and there a spot luxuriantly green to mark an area where slashings had been burned; in one place a decaying runway to show where the logs had been skidded into the river; all these proved that they were not pioneers; but withal they saw no human being to dispute possession with them.

In the evening of this second day they camped on the right-hand bank a short distance below one of the old clearings, kindling their night fire a few yards from the river in a small grove of second-growth pines. The place was not entirely to their liking; the river bank was high, and they could not draw the canoe out without partially unloading it. While Lucetta was busying herself with the supper, Prime, as a precautionary measure, made a porter of himself to the extent of carrying a good part of the dunnage up to the fire, and after thus lightening the canoe he hauled it out of water as far as the steep bank would permit.

While they were eating supper an unexpected guest turned up. Lucetta was the first to hear the dip of a paddle in the stream, and a moment later they both

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heard the grating of a boat bottom on the sand. Prime sprang up, rifle in hand, and went to meet the newcomer, prepared to do battle if needful. When he returned he was followed by a small man, dark, bearded, and with bead-like black eyes roving and shifty. He was dressed more like an Indian than a white man; there were fringes on his moccasins and also on the belted coat, which was much the worse for wear and hard usage.

"*Moi*, Jean Ba'tiste; I mek you de good evenin', *m'sieu' et madame*," he said, introducing himself brusquely, and as he spoke the roving eyes were taking in every detail of the bivouac camp. Then, with no more ado, he squatted beside the fire and became their supper guest, saying simply: "You eat?—good; *moi*, I eat, too."

Since there seemed to be no question of ceremony, Prime made the guest welcome, heaping his tin plate and pouring tea for him in the spare cup. The small man ate as if he were half starved, and was saving of speech during the process, though the roving eyes seemed to be doing double duty. The meal devoured, he produced a black clay pipe with a broken stem and uttered a single word, "Tabac'?" and when the want was supplied he crumbled himself a pipeful from the twist which Prime handed him.

Prime filled his own home-made pipe, and at its lighting the guest began a curt inquisition.

"W'ere you come from?"

Prime explained without going into any of the kidnapping details.

"You campin' out for fon, mebbe, yes?" was the next query.

"A little that way," said Prime.

"You shoot wiz ze gon? W'ere all dat game w'at you get?"

"It isn't the game season," Prime parried. "We haven't tried to shoot anything."

"But you 'ave ze gon. Lemme see 'um," holding out a hand for the rifle.

Prime passed over the gun nearest at hand and drew the other one up within reach. The inquisitive supper guest looked the weapon over carefully and seemed to be trying to read something in the scratches on the stock.

"*Vraiment!* she's one good gon," he commented, passing it back. "W'ere you get 'um?"

Prime did not answer the question. He thought it was high time to ask a few of his own.

"What river is this?" he wanted to know.

"You make canoe on him and you not know dat? She is Mishamen; comes bimeby to Rivière du Lièvres."

"How far?"

"One, two, t'ree day; mebbe more."

"You mean that we will reach a town in two or three days?"

"Mebbe so, if you don' get los'."

Prime exchanged a quick glance with his fellow castaway. Lucetta signalled "Yes," and he acted accordingly.

"What will you charge to show us the way to the nearest town?" he asked.

The small man did not seem especially eager for money. He was examining the gun again. "*Moi*, I can' go—too bizzee. W'ere you got dis gon?"

"It came with our outfit," said Prime shortly. "We got it when we got the canoe."

"And w'ere you got dat canoe?"

The inquisition was growing rather embarrassing, but Prime answered as best he could.

"We got the outfit up at the big lake where we started from. We have come all the way down the river."

With this the restless-eyed querist appeared to be satisfied. At all events he did not press the questioning any further, and was content to take another pipe-filling from Prime's tobacco twist and to tell a little more about himself. He was "one ver' great trapper," in his own phrase, and was also a "timber looker" for a lumber company. Lucetta had withdrawn to the privacy of her tent, and Prime could not divest himself of the idea that the small man whose tongue had been so suddenly loosened was merely sparring for time, time in which to accomplish some end of his own. In due course the battery was unmasked.

"You say you begin *voyageur* on ze big lake. W'ere you leave Jules Beaujeau an' Pierre Cambon, eh, w'at?"

"I don't know them," said Prime, telling the simple truth.

"Dis Pierre Cambon's gon," said the little man, suddenly tapping the weapon he had been inspecting. "She 'ave hees name on ze stock. An' ze birch-bark

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down yonder; she's belong' to Jules Beaujeau. You buy 'um?"

Prime scarcely knew what to say; whether to tell the truth, which would not be believed, or to make up a lie, which might be believed. As a compromise he chose a middle course, which is always the most dangerous.

"I don't know these two you speak of, by name; but the two men who owned the canoe and the guns are both dead."

The supper guest sprang up as if a bomb had been exploded under him and quickly put a safe distance between himself and the camp-fire.

"You—you kill 'um?" he demanded.

"No; come back here and sit down. They had a fight and killed each other."

The man returned hesitantly and squatted beside the fire to press another live coal into the bowl of his pipe. Prime switched the talk abruptly.

"You'd better change your mind about the offer I made you and pilot us to the nearest town. We will pay you well for it."

"You got money?" was the short question.

"Plenty of it."

At this the "ver' great trapper" assumed to take the proposal under consideration, smoking other pipes, chaffering and bargaining and prolonging his stay deep into the night. When he finally took his leave, saying that he must go on to his camp, which was a few miles up one of the smaller tributaries of the main stream, it was with a half promise to come back in the morning for the piloting.

Prime took counsel of prudence and did not settle himself for the night immediately after the sharp-eyed one had gone. Laying his pipe aside, he crept cautiously out to the river bank and assured himself that his late visitor was doing what he had said he would do, namely, heading off up the river with clean, quick strokes of the paddle, which soon sent his light craft out of sight. Prime climbed down the bank, satisfied himself that the patched canoe and its partial lading had not been disturbed, and then went back to the fire to roll himself in his blankets. The incident, with its inquisitorial pryings, had been rather disturbing, in a way, but it was apparently an incident closed.

Turning in so late after a laborious day on the river, Prime overslept the next morning, and when he awoke he found Lucetta already up and frying the bacon.

"Your man didn't stay all night?" she questioned, after Prime had scolded her for not making him get up and do his part.

"No; he sat here until between ten and eleven o'clock and gave me two or three bad minutes. He recognized our canoe and one of the guns, told me the names of the dead men, and wanted to know what had become of them."

"You didn't tell him?" she gasped.

"In the cold light of the morning after, I am afraid I told him too much or too little. I told him the men who owned the canoe and its outfit were dead; that they'd had a fight and killed each other. Candidly, I don't think he believed it. It scared him until I thought he was going to have a fit. I had to jolly him up a bit before he would come back to the fire and talk some more."

"What does he believe?" she inquired anxiously.

"He wouldn't tell me, and I couldn't decide by merely looking at him. I hope I've hired him to pilot us to the nearest town. When he went away he intimated that he might be back this morning."

"Shall we wait for him?"

"No; if he isn't here by the time we are ready to start, we'll go on and take our chance of 'gettin' los',' as he put it. I think that was a bluff, anyway."

They breakfasted leisurely, and Prime even took time to smoke a pipe before beginning to break camp. But his first trip to the river bank with a load of the dunnage brought him back on a run.

"Our canoe's gone!" he announced breathlessly. "That little wretch came back and stole it while we were asleep!"

Lucetta sat down and propped her chin in her hands.

"This is the beginning of the end, Donald," she said quite calmly and with a touch of resignation in her voice. "Do you know why he took the canoe?"

"Because he's an infernal thief!" Prime raged hotly.

"No," she contradicted. "It is because he thinks we have murdered the two owners of the canoe, and he wanted to make sure that we wouldn't run away while he went after help to arrest us."

(To be continued.)

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THE NATIONAL PARK ON MOUNT DESERT ISLAND

By Beatrix Farrand

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE R. KING

MORE than three centuries ago Champlain wrote: "The same day we passed also near to an island about four or five leagues long, in the neighborhood of which we just escaped being lost on a little rock on a level with the water, which made an opening in our barque near the keel. . . . It is very high, and notched in places, so that there is the appearance to one at sea, as of seven or eight mountains extending along near each other. The summit of most of them is destitute of trees. . . . I named it Isle des Monts Déserts."

This description of the bold and grandly outlined mountains of the new reservation was written after Champlain's voyage of exploration down our eastern coast in 1604, under the orders of his friend and patron the Sieur de Monts, whose charter and grant had been given him by that picturesque and gallant gentleman, King Henry of Navarre. He was told to sail down the coast of Acadia, since in those early days the name of "Acadie" was given to the whole eastern coast of Maine, a tract of land vast in comparison with the little Nova Scotia district of Evangeline's day.

Champlain first saw the island after the fog had lifted on a morning in early September, and he refers more than once to its high mountains, then, as now, landmarks to every coastwise traveller by sea or land. He headed his boat up the broad sheet of water now called Frenchman's Bay, landed in a little cove near where the town of Bar Harbor now stands, and after talking to the friendly Indians, whom he found cooking their dinner, he fared farther westward under their guidance through the islands into Penobscot Bay. After some years the Jesuits, those courageous frontiersmen of the Faith, followed Champlain and started a settlement at the mouth of Somes Sound, and to-day the deep, cool spring, which still bears their name, flows down the grassy southern slope near where the huts of their short-lived colony are said to have stood.

A chain of round-topped mountains crosses the island from east to west, and the new national park includes the whole eastern part of the range. These high granite hills are the ice-worn survivors of a giant mountain thrust through the sea-laid rocks of the beginning of the geologic era. They are among the oldest rocks of the world and they still survive in places here and there along the shore; the strata are either twisted or level and bear witness to a time so infinitely remote that our minds are bewildered, and we fail to realize how many millions of years have passed since this gray-fissured stone was soft, clayey mud. Glacial fiords, deep cut into the granite mountain ranges, are the finest we have outside Alaska, and, unlike as the two places really are in almost every particular, there are points of view on the island which flash an instantaneous picture to one's memory of certain deep-sea and forest-grown inlets of our northwestern territory. It may be a certain mystery of clear water, deep forests and remoteness, a virginal freshness of the northern landscape in the silvery sunlight of the brief summer.

The ten mountains in the park are the highest land on our Atlantic coast-line, and known to every one who sails our eastern waters as they were long ago to Champlain. Their ice-modelling has been on such noble lines that they seem larger than their actual height, and the cliffs and rock formations are also on a big scale. The lakes in the heart of the reservation are deep and clear, and in one

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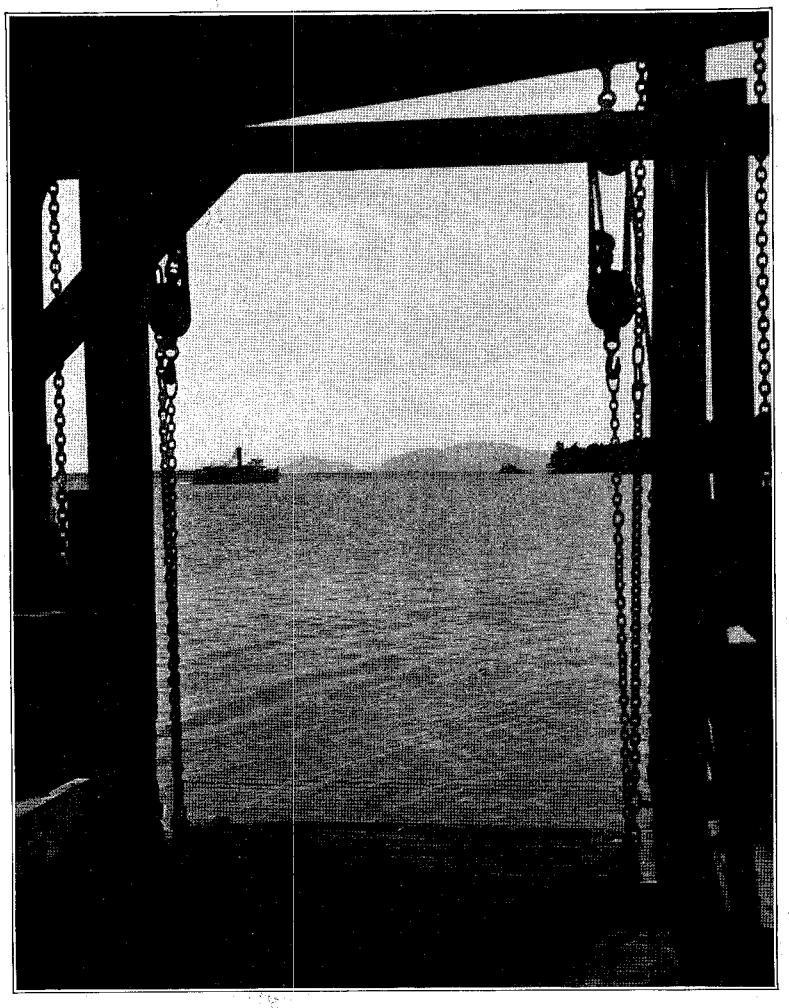
or two instances their beds have been gouged out lower than the present sea-level by the tearing and grinding of the ice. Those who have had the good fortune to be familiar with the hills year after year and who have clambered over their desert tops, know their charm. The endless ocean lies to the southward; and westward is an intricate glistening design of sea meeting shore, with shining lakes and far-away blue mountains fading into a pale golden haze on the horizon.



The high mountains are landmarks to every coastwise traveller by sea or land.—Page 484.

In this fortunate place of mountains, sea, and forest, plant lovers have unequalled chances for study. On the wind-swept heights, clefts of the bare granite rocks give just the scanty soil needed for some of the species of far-northern plants. These settlers from the arctic come to their most southerly colonies on the Mount Desert hills and on a few of the higher tops of the White Mountains. The pale flowers of the Greenland sandwort are found in the glacial scores and cracks of the granite summits, waving agitatedly on their thin, wiry stems, which bend and twist in a wind that makes one shiver even in midsummer. Mats of the black crowberry grow on the hillsides and along the shore within reach of the spray, and

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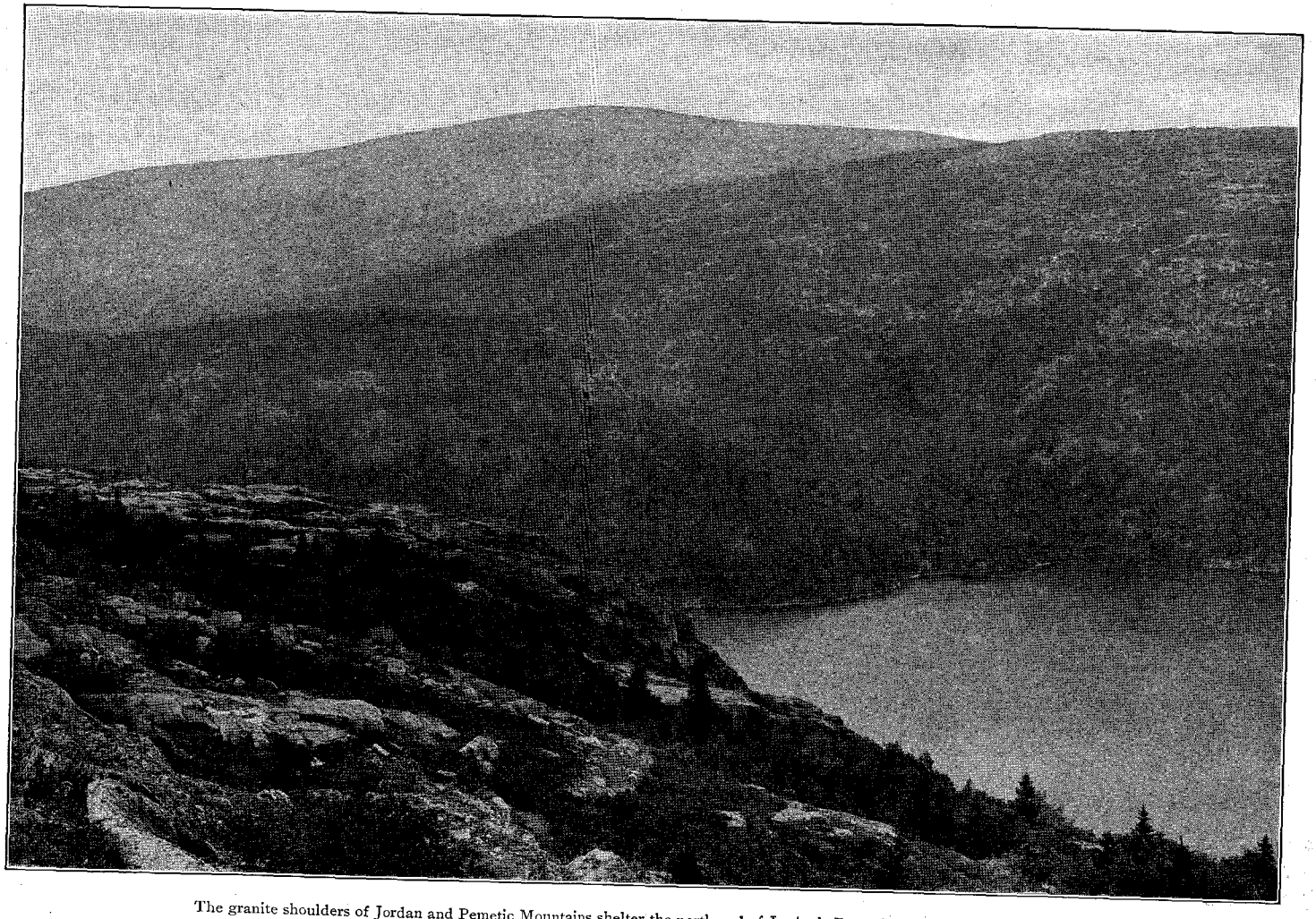

The granite shoulders of Jordan and Pemetic Mountains shelter the north end of Jordan's Pond, in the heart of the Reservation.

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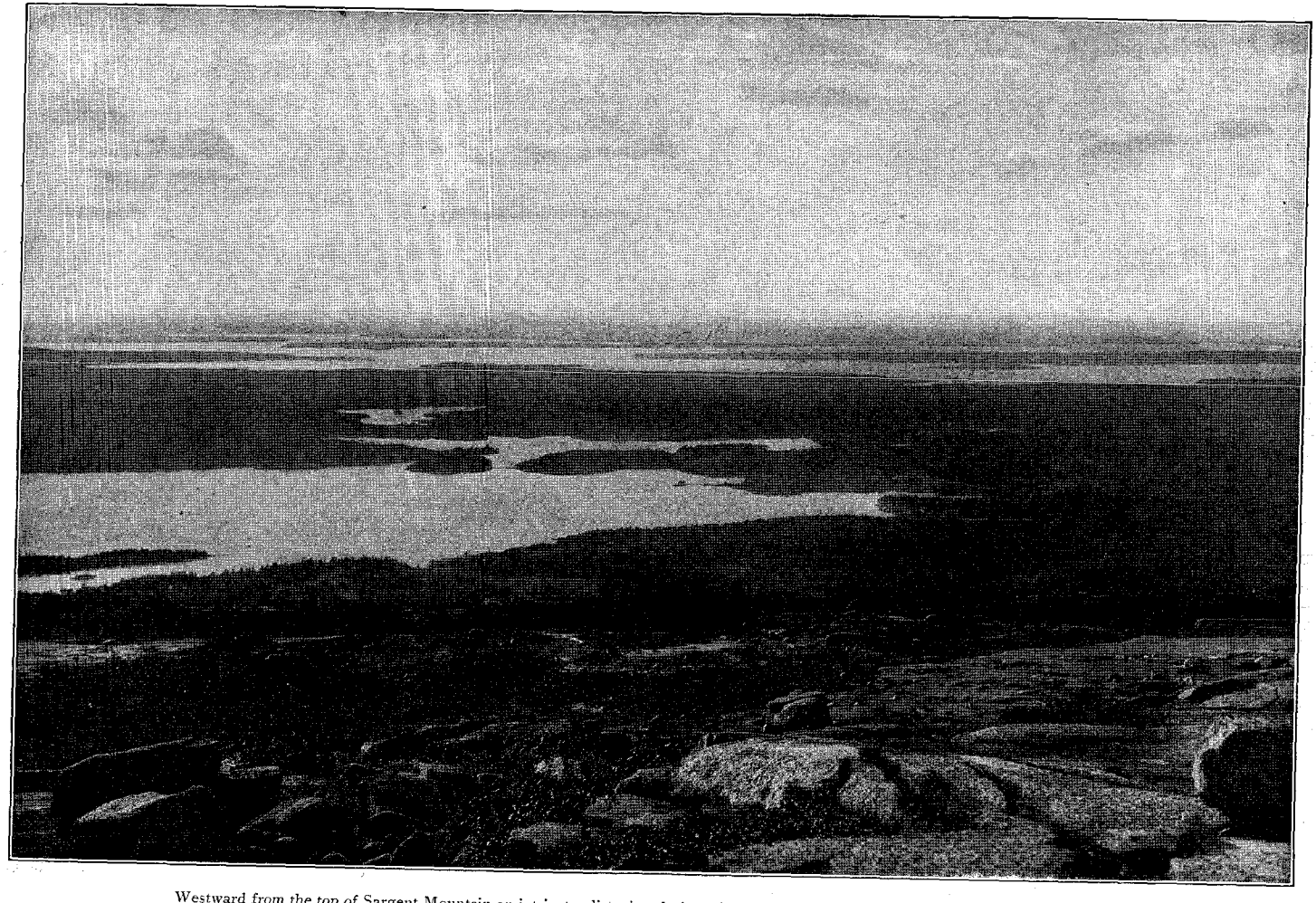

Westward from the top of Sargent Mountain an intricate glistening design of sea meeting shore fades into a golden haze.—Page 485.

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this small plant seems as much at home in Maine, under conditions that would blast most green things, as it does in Siberia, Alaska, or Hudson's Bay.

The mountain tarns are surrounded by thickets of leather-leaf, and here and there a plant of Labrador tea shows its soft, white flowers among woolly-backed leaves, and one cannot help wondering if the tea which the early colonists are supposed to have brewed from them was not somewhat outlandish in flavor. The island is a meeting-ground for the black spruces from the northern muskeg swamps and the pitch-pines from the sand barrens to the south, while the scrub-oaks reach their northern limit in the United States, mingled with a flora that the jargon of the botanists calls subarctic.

The forests on the island are unusually varied in their leafage; they are really only comparable to the forests of Japan in complexity of texture, but a certain radiance and beauty of coloring is all their own. They have neither the majesty of the great forests of the Pacific slope, where great columnar boles spring a hundred feet skyward before the first limb breaks the upsoaring lines, nor have they the quiet charm of the English groves of oak and beech; but these northern woods have flashes of birch gleaming against dark spruce and wind-driven pine, and are carpeted with a ground cover of unrivalled beauty. Patches of the lustrous and pervasively flavored wintergreen yield to tangled mats of Linnæus's favorite twinflower, and long, pale runners of partridgeberry, with symmetrically paired and accurately spaced leaves, make prim sylvan processions toward sheets of scarlet bunchberries. The harsh leathery leaves of Mayflower huddle in tight clusters under the shelter of rocks, and in the aromatic depths enchanter's nightshade and goldthread cover the ground at the roots of tropically robust clumps of cinnamon-fern. There

The forest ground cover—Shin leaf, twisted stalk and fern.

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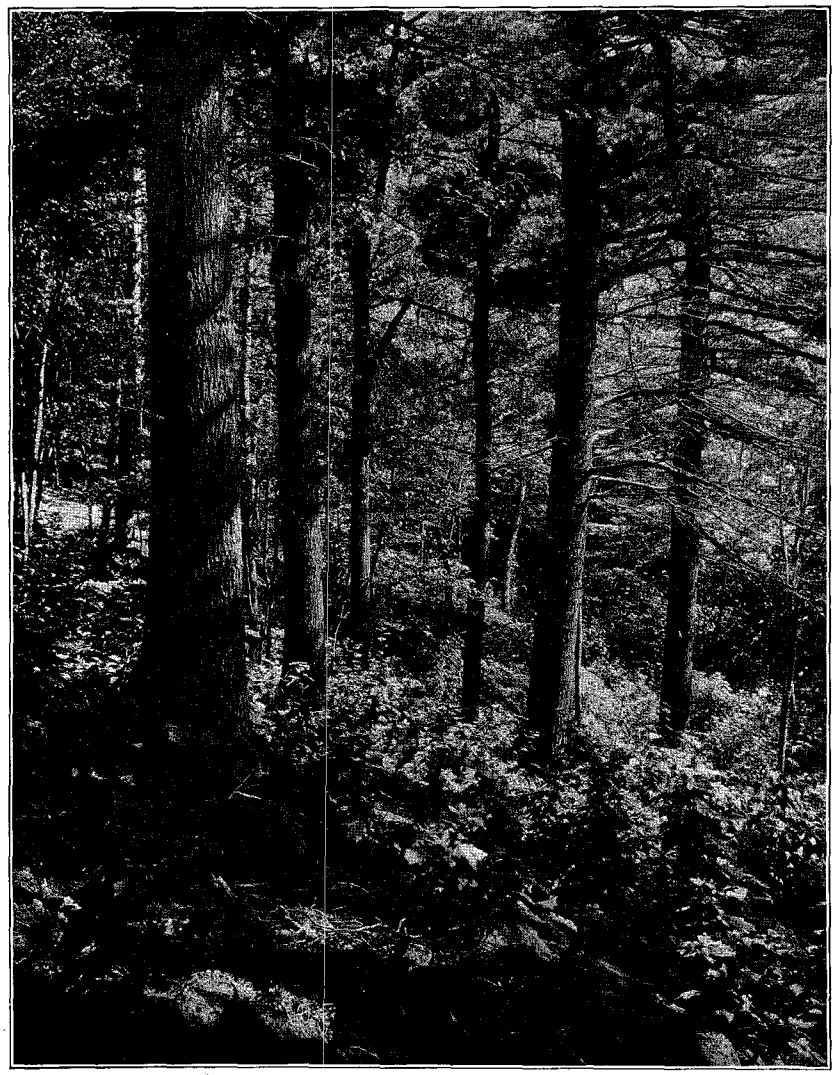

The aromatic depths of the pine and hemlock woods near Beachcroft path.

are acres of rhodora growing in the deep, peaty soil of the low-lying, moist meadows which now fill some of the preglacial lake basins. In earliest spring sheets of the pale reddish flowers, mingled with spray-like tufts of shadbush, are framed in rims of blackish evergreens, and although the much-praised flowers are dull in color compared with other azaleas, the very masses of them give the austere wintry landscape a flush of color as welcome as the song of the first robin.

The new government land will serve one of its most useful purposes as a refuge for birds. It is already known to be most favorably placed as a breeding-place for many of the arctic species which come to the island in their southernmost flights, and in the coming years the sanctuary of the reservation will shelter more and more birds safely within its limits. Sea and lake shores, high cliffs, deep forests, wide marshes and meadows give a variety of nesting-places which already draw more than a hundred and forty different species to the island. Ornithologists have long

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Newport, Dry and Green Mountains from a hill-top in Bar Harbor.

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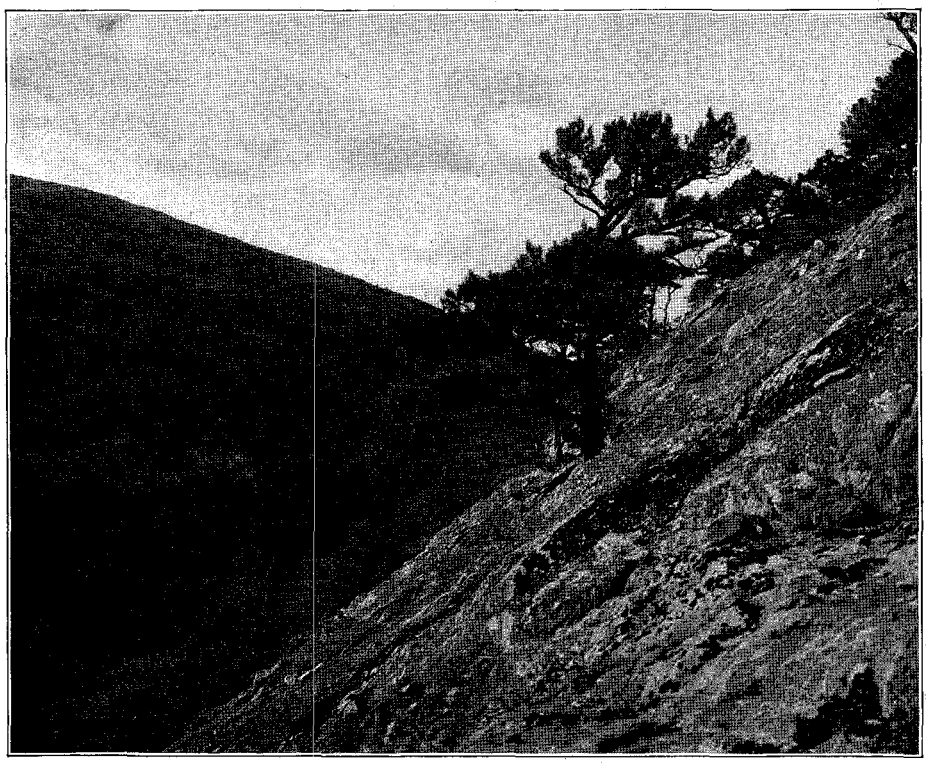
known it as one of the best places in the Eastern States in which to study both sea and land birds, and as a favorite resting-place on the migrations. Many shy and rare species are found frequently, often in the beaver ponds still remain, and it is hoped before long to start a colony of them in one of the wild-life and plant sanctuaries which are to be established.

It is not surprising that the island



View from the pines of Huguenot Head across the gorge to Newport Mountain.

the near neighborhood of houses, while in most gardens humming-birds dart and chatter and play all through the summer days. For a long time an eyrie has been perched high above a cliff overlooking the sea, and not infrequently the great birds are seen sweeping over the valley hundreds of feet below.

Game used to be plentiful on the island and is again increasing; deer are multiplying and becoming quite tame, and the startling whirr of the ruffed grouse as he rises is heard on many an autumn walk. Mink were found until recently, and now and again a fine fox pelt was brought in by a trapper. In Champlain's time the Indians came to the island to hunt beaver, and although they and the beaver have both disappeared, here and there some of should have been known and loved for many years by the thousands of people who have come to find refreshment in its quickening air, blended from sea and forest. After winters spent in cities, men and women go to Mount Desert to play and work and roam in its forests or sail its waters, and live in its beauty till it becomes a part of their lives. The opalescent light which often covers the bay and islands in the early summer mornings appealed to John La Farge, whose sketches show his appreciation of its tenderness and charm, and he also delighted in the dark pines, holding fast to the granite rocks, above the deep-blue foam-streaked sea. Marion Crawford laid the scene of one of his shorter novels on the island, and was always interested in comparing

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A forest pool at the foot of the Diedrich path.

its northern sea and shore with the Italian coast, which he knew so thoroughly. Mount Desert had another sympathetic admirer in Doctor Weir Mitchell, who loved it both wisely and well. He was often seen walking on the mountain trails, with springy step and eyes alert, keenly interested in all he saw and delighted to discover far-away recesses in the forests and hills. He eagerly spoke of possibilities for paths to give access either to the unknown canyon of a ferny brook or to a bluff headland from which a new point of view might be seen. His unfailing enthusiasm and wise counsel were of incalculable use in helping the development of the system of paths begun and carried on with unflagging energy by Waldron Bates. For many years Mr. Bates devoted a large part of his summers to indefatigable exploration of the hills and valleys. A tireless walker and fearless climber, he enjoyed nothing so much as working out a good path up an incredibly steep crag or finding a way between rock ledges to some quiet grove hidden in a fold of the mountain. His boyish excitement over a new trail swept his fellow workers along with him, and day after day he would go back to some particularly baffling cliff till he had found a way around or over or through it. He started the path system which has made the hills accessible to many a walker who would otherwise have found the dense forest growth a hopeless barrier. He gave much of his too-short life to studying the island and linking together mountains, shore, and hitherto unknown districts in a continuous series of trails which make it possible to tramp from one side of the island to the other on ways either level or steep, according to the walker's mood or choice.

In 1901, at the suggestion of President Eliot, whose son Charles Eliot, the distinguished landscape-architect, had conceived a like scheme for Massachusetts, Mr. George Bucknam Dorr assembled a group of people who saw clearly and acted wisely in organizing themselves into the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations. Two years later the legislature of Maine confirmed the incorporation of the organization. Its purposes were

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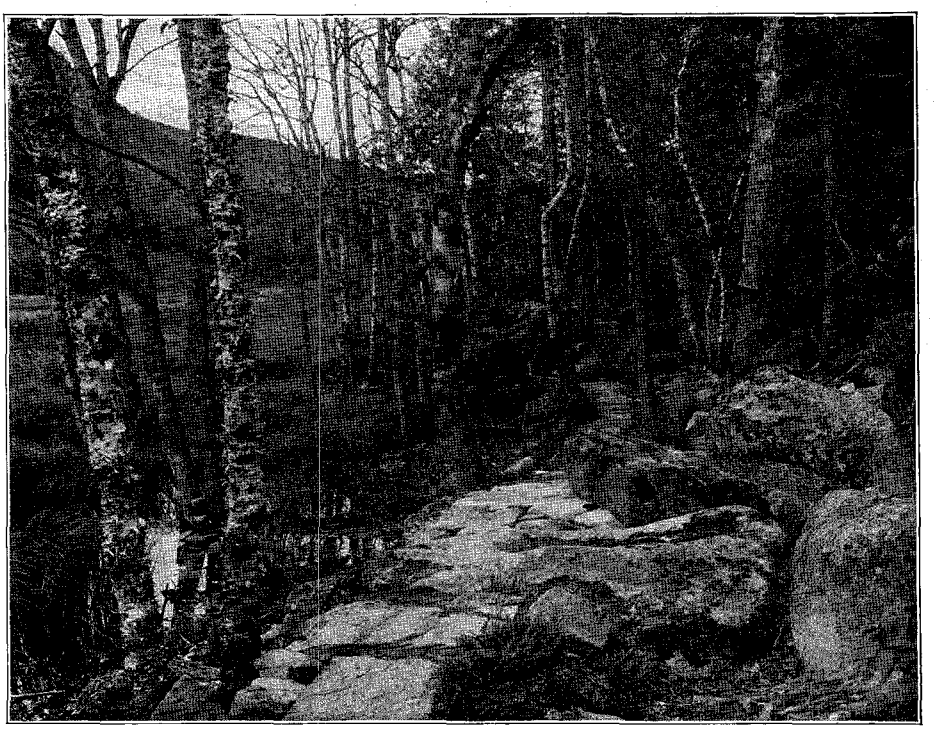
"to receive, hold, and improve for public use the lands in Hancock County, which by reason of historic interest, scenic beauty, or any other cause were suitable for such an object." Seven years later the trustees received their first gift of land, a tract on Newport Mountain, including the Bowl and the Beehive, from Mrs. Charles D. Homans of Boston, one of the earliest of the summer settlers on the island. Later in the same year Mr. John Stewart Kennedy of New York bought the top of Green Mountain, the highest summit on our Atlantic coast, and gave it to the trustees to hold for the use of the nation. As the years passed, Dry Mountain, the whole of Newport, Pemetic Mountain (the only one still bearing its Indian name), Sargent, Jordan, and the Bubbles were given to the trustees, and they held an undivided tract, including all the highest land and the high-lying lakes of the eastern part of the island. Mr. Dorr had given nearly twenty years of unswerving and far-sighted devotion to the ultimate usefulness of the island, and he therefore realized that in order to keep it for the use of the people at large it should become one of the national parks under federal control. He, accordingly, went to Washington to consult Mr. Franklin K. Lane, the Secretary of the Interior, with regard to the acceptance of the tract by the government, under the Monuments Act, which allows the administration to set aside by presidential proclamation lands of "historic, prehistoric, or scientific interest," as national parks, either when previously owned by the government or when freely given it from some private source. Two more years' work on Mr. Dorr's part were spent in enlarging the boundaries of the park still farther, and in searching and perfecting the land titles of the reservation according to the high standard which the government requires. Mr. Dorr then returned to Washington in June, 1916, with the deeds of the property prepared for acceptance by the government, and with Mr. Lane's effective help and co-operation he was successful in obtaining the Presi-



The Kane path skirting the glacial basin of the Sieur de Monts Tarn.

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dent's signature to the proclamation on the 8th of July.

The new federal land was named the Sieur de Monts National Monument in memory of Champlain's friend and companion whose courage and hope for the future made the voyage possible. The French expedition to Acadia failed after a gallant struggle, but the names of the Sieur de Monts and his associates will be kept in remembrance for all time in the name of the first national park on the Atlantic coast.

Although Mr. Dorr has given years of patient work to the creation of the new reservation, he feels that the future holds many chances for its further development. He looks forward confidently not only to the maintenance of the present system of paths, but to joining distant points by further communications. There are giant-rock slides and wide ocean views, bold cliffs and quiet meadows which can now be seen only after a painful struggle with matted underbrush. Roads should be built in the park which will be unequalled in their beauty of combined sea and mountain horizons, and while its wild charm should in no way be lessened, it is possible to make the different parts of the government land more accessible. The approaches to the Sieur de Monts Park and its surroundings are being studied under the wise guidance of Mr. Dorr, who is its first custodian. At his instance an offshoot corporation from the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations has recently been formed and named the "Wild Gardens of Acadia," and under its direction plans are being made to establish wild gardens and bird sanctuaries on lands adjacent to the reservation as well as elsewhere in the State and in Canada. The shady valley of a brook will be used to grow the great osmundas, trilliums, and other forest and moisture-loving plants; or a collection of rock-plants will be established on a slope where saxifrages and their tiny fellows will root deeply and bask in the sunshine, or a water garden at the edge of a pond will show water-lilies and arrowleaf and sheets of blue pickerel-weed, with arethusa and pitcher-plants growing alongside sundew in the bog near by.

Every one interested in any of the protean forms of gardening knows the extraordinary delight in the co-operation of the island climate. The cool nights followed by clear, sunny days give herbaceous plants a brilliance of color and vigor of growth which cannot be found except in the high Alpine meadows. As the wild-garden idea is developed everybody who wishes to see the northern plant and bird life at its best will come to study on the island. Already a fund for one wild garden has been given in memory of a member of a family who cared much for Mount Desert, and paths, now included in the reservation, have been made and named after others who spent many happy summers there.

The Sieur de Monts Park is the first to be set aside in the crowded Eastern States, and it should be the forerunner of a long series of reservations, to preserve for the public use their most interesting and varied types of scenery. Those who love Mount Desert call it affectionately "The Island," and they are happy in the knowledge that its hills are safe, that the forests will be protected from fire and mutilation, and that in the time to come generations will follow them in search of the peace and refreshment they have themselves found in the cool bracing air and sweet-scented woods. The great gray hills belong to the nation, and each year, as the winter snows yield and the brooks are released, the birds will come back to their sanctuaries, the flowers will begin another summer, and men and women will return to the reservation again and again to seek and to find rest and new strength in its beauty. And every one who comes, either now or in the future, should remember that he owes a large share of his enjoyment to the clear vision, the wise development, and the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the first custodian of the park.

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A WHIMSICAL TENDERNESS

By Thomas Edgelow

Illustration by Alonzo Kimball

ANY successful business man will tell you that the dreamer is no good, and, before all else, Peter Fane was a dreamer. He was, for example, perfectly capable of taking a subway down-town express at Grand Central, to journey musingly as far as Brooklyn Bridge before he discovered that he really wanted to go to Columbus Circle.

Not only was Peter a dreamer, but he was cursed also with a sensitiveness that it took the city of New York (a city which you will readily agree is a kind of lethal chamber to such feelings) five years to harden, if not altogether to destroy.

To begin with, Peter insisted, from this very sensitiveness, that he was a cripple. Not that the statement was correct in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but the fact remained that Peter limped, limped he ever so slightly. True that at times, when Peter was very tired, or even disheartened, the limp would become slightly accentuated, but even on his worst days it was only Peter himself who employed the harsher term.

The limp had been caused out West, where Peter had gone in search of a Bret Harte atmosphere and in obedience to a primeval wanderlust. Dreaming as usual, Peter had not heard, or had heard too late, the warning cry of the lumberjacks as a mighty fir crashed to mother earth, and though the doctors had saved his leg, Peter limped slightly through the years that lay before him.

That was when Peter wrote for pleasure, and before a rich and indulgent uncle fell captive to the fascinations of a young lady who danced in the front row . . . the third from the left. Even when the rich and indulgent uncle had directed most of his riches and all of his indulgence toward the charms that his marriage had won for him, Peter declined to awaken. Establishing himself in a cheap set of rooms off Washington Square, Peter continued to dream and refused steadfastly to boil for the pot.

Instead, therefore, of writing short stories with a happy ending, or novelettes with a doubtful flavor, Peter devoted himself to the making of books in which the dreamer was ever apparent above the mere narrator. His novels were completely lacking both in plot and in action, and yet an indescribable charm that clung about Peter's third effort won for him a certain niche in the world of letters, and secured for him a continuance of the modest sums that he required for his personal expenditure.

So Peter dreamed on, writing a little every day when he felt like it, and so might he have continued to dream had it not been for Dawn Delaine. Now Peter loved music, and it was at Carnegie Hall that he first saw and heard Dawn Delaine, which in itself was enough to awaken any man.

As for the daintiness of her, as for her quaint little ways, and as for the voice of the darling, why, I can tell you but little, but should you ever meet Peter Fane and win his confidence, he will be glad to talk by the hour upon this very subject.

I can, however, boldly put it down that the hair of Dawn Delaine was soft and silky and the color of sunlight playing on a gilded minaret; that her face was oval and as dewy fresh as the inside petals of a moss rose when the birds are calling to each other that another June day has just dawned for them. But I cannot explain to you how one expression chased another across her flower face, like fleecy clouds across a wind-swept sky, nor can I do more than hint at the whimsical tenderness for all suffering things that lay in the depths of her big violet eyes.

As regards Dawn's singing voice . . . well, it was low and sweet and tremulous, and the world at large was beginning to realize that she was possessed not only

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

A moment later Peter forgot all in her voice.—Page 501.

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of a contralto voice, but of singular power of expression; but, though a certain success was hers, she had not as yet come into her own. To Peter, of course, once he had looked upon her, Dawn's voice was the music in which he would steep his very soul, and so it came about that he awoke from his dreams and hustled.

For a week or more Peter sought for some one to introduce him, but for a moderately successful man of thirty-three Peter had singularly few friends, and so it was not until he had worked persistently and hard that at last he found one who could and would present him.

The introduction over—and during the first interview Peter was almost tongue-tied for wonder at such loveliness—there followed for Peter a probationary period in which he sought out Dawn as often as he dared. More, he worked as he had never worked before, as he needed money, and if he came to earth sufficiently to write for the magazines, he wove each story with such charm about his idol, and albeit with such success, that Fane's heroines, although they were really one and the same girl, attained no little popularity. It became in time a work of love for Peter, for he would send each story as it appeared to Dawn and let her read between the lines.

Not that Peter permitted himself to hope. How could she, he argued, look on a man who limped, be it ever so slightly? Instead, he was content to burn incense before her and in its fragrance to forget himself.

Now Dawn, in contradiction to her general appearance, was a bachelor girl, as her people lived in Paris and she occupied all by herself a tiny apartment off the Drive. Perhaps it was Peter's very lameness, perhaps it was a certain loneliness about him that made her do it, but gradually, and to Peter's inexpressible wonder, he found himself on sufficiently friendly terms to be allowed at times to take tea with Dawn.

It was soon after this that Peter's shyness dropped from him, and the two together would be as merry as "grigs." At least they were gay, those two, and there was added to Peter's life the joy of chaffing Dawn. Of course, the delight in his nonsense lay in watching Dawn's expression as she replied to him and to note in particular one absurd dimple that *would* dimple in spite of herself.

One April day, when spring had touched Fifth Avenue, Peter telephoned and was allowed to come to tea.

"I wish," remarked Dawn tentatively, "that *all* the knights had not disappeared with the Round Table."

"They all have," Peter asserted stoutly —"all except one."

"Yes?" queried Dawn sweetly.

"I said it," Peter maintained. "One, and only one, remains. Is it a dragon you wish me to slay?"

"Then it *is* you!" she sighed. "I was so afraid it might be somebody else. But isn't the world small, when in all the whole of it I am having tea with the only really truly knight that remains?"

"By the way," reminded Peter, "now I think of it, we knights—and we are terrible fellows when aroused—always had our lady's favor to carry with us into danger . . . a ribbon . . . or a glove."

"But not before you had earned it."

"Well, of course, if you think you know more about us than we ourselves . . ."

"Perhaps first I had better tell you of the dragon?"

"Oh, the dragon? He's as good as killed already."

"Wait," Dawn insisted. "Wait till you hear who it is. You know of Feraldi?"

Peter passed his cup. "I begin," he said, "to see light. You refer, of course, to Feraldi, the producer of grand opera, and not to Feraldi, the proprietor of many restaurants?"

"How bright of you," she smiled. "Yes, I mean Filippino Feraldi, the music-maker. Oh, Mr. Fane . . ."

"You promised last time I saw you," he interrupted, "that you knew me well enough to call me Peter."

"Only because you said that no one in New York did . . . and I thought it sounded lonely," replied Dawn, dimpling.

"I am . . . desperately lonely at times . . . and so?"

"I believe you're a fraud, but as you are going to kill dragons for me . . . well, then, *Peter*, if only I could talk to that man for five minutes! No, don't suggest the obvious and ordinary channels for an

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introduction. Feraldi is the most impossible person in the world. He ought not to exist, but he does. Can you . . . Oh, can't you think of some way to get me a few minutes? I'm going to ask him to let me sing *Michaela* in 'Carmen.' Oh, I *know* I could do it, and I'm told that he has not settled on any one yet. You are always writing stories! Can't you get some plan, some plot, that would get me to him? If we could play on his vanity . . ."

"Then he is vain?"

"Vain! A child in his vanity! You must have heard hundreds of Feraldi stories."

Peter's heart sank. How little he wanted her to sing in opera! The alternative, though, was too bold; he dared not suggest it . . . at least not now. Forgetting himself in the incense that he burned, Peter forced a smile. "Give me," he begged, "give me until to-morrow."

It was nearly midnight when Dawn's telephone rang insistently.

"Are you very cross at being disturbed at this time?" Peter's voice was asking.

"Horribly," Dawn told him. "I can never, never speak to you again."

"I'll have," he went on, "to tell two lies . . . no, one really, but I have a scheme. It's quite mad, but it's based on human nature. Please, will you come to tea with me to-morrow while I unfold the horrors that I have in view?"

"Oh, Peter, you don't mean you can do it? You angel from heaven! . . . I'll bless you forever if you can."

"This man is so utterly impossible that I have no compunction. Then you will come and have tea to-morrow?"

"Of course I will," Dawn promised. "Come and fetch me at four."

"I have always loathed the idea of journalism," remarked Peter, when the next day they sat in the tea-room of the Plaza.

Dawn, who was wearing a new hat, smiled sympathetically. "Go on," she urged, her eyes entreating him.

"My plan is foolishly simple, but it might work. Every one tells me the same thing . . . Feraldi will receive no one who comes after a job . . . no matter what their introduction is. I am going to him as an interviewer, as he adores being interviewed. I shall ask him the usual questions . . . you know the sort of thing. 'What is your favorite recreation?' 'Elephant riding.' 'And do you keep your own elephants or do you hire them from a livery-stable?' Then in a few days I shall go back to him and tell him that he has made my journalistic reputation by the interview, that his remarks on elephants, or cabbages, or whatever he talked about, were so brilliantly scintillating . . . and the fellow prides himself above all on his wit . . . that my career as an interviewer is established."

"But I don't see," Dawn began, and the puckering of her eyebrows was so distracting that Peter wandered. "Tell me," Dawn continued firmly, "did every knight of the Round Table keep his fayre ladye on tenter-hooks like this?"

"Always," Peter assured her solemnly, "always . . . until she gave him a favor."

"This," expostulated Dawn, "is nothing but blackmail!"

"I live by it," he told her.

"They are a clean pair, and it's a shame," Dawn sighed as she handed him one of her white gloves. "*Now* will you go on?"

"Feraldi," Peter continued, "will be so enchanted to hear that his wit has made my reputation that he will probably do anything I ask him. I shall say that you also have helped me in my career. For example, it was you who nerved me to seek out as great a man as he is."

"But I didn't," objected Dawn.

"You *have* helped me enormously in my career. You have, you know. Think of all the short stories you have inspired. My heroines are . . ."

"I know . . . I have read them," Dawn smiled demurely.

"The impatience of the creature!" Peter continued, furtively caressing the glove that she had given him. "You, I say, have helped me enormously in my career, and you have never asked me a favor before, and now you want me to present you to the great Feraldi. Will he, who has already done me such enormous good, will he help me once again and let me repay my debt to you by bringing you

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to see him? It sounds mad, I know, but I'll bet you any number of pairs of gloves that he falls for it."

"I think it *might* succeed," Dawn admitted a little doubtfully, "but won't it be horrid for you . . . I mean, going there and flattering him?"

"I wish," said Peter fervently, "that it would be a million times worse!"

"Won't you have another cup of tea?" Dawn asked sedately.

Later, Peter took pleasure in the unpleasantness of his task. As a rule, it is for a boy to yearn for some intense suffering, some pain, exquisite in its agony, by which to demonstrate his love. Crucifixion for the beloved's sake is only welcomed by extreme youth. But in this Peter was youthful.

So, recoiling intuitively from thrusting himself anywhere, but protected by the armor of his love, Peter forced himself to the stage door of the theatre where Feraldi was rehearsing opera, faced unshrinking the insolence of the stage doorkeeper, and eventually presented himself in the character of an interviewer in the private room of the master. Not that Feraldi could sing a note himself. His mastership consisted in his extraordinary power of calling forth music from others, in his unique knowledge of opera production in all its detail, and in his power over various world-famous artists.

Tall, grossly fat, and yet with his corpulent figure withheld by corsets, Feraldi appalled Peter by his grotesque ugliness. Blond almost to the whiteness of an Albino, his fat face was as well powdered as any chorus girl's, while an atmosphere of perfume clung about him. With short, white hands, loaded with jewels, he waved Peter to a chair, and the great man settled down to the enjoyment of quarter of an hour's chat about himself.

Amused at his naïve conceit, almost laughing aloud at the immense figure clothed in the same shade of pearl gray from head to foot, Peter pretended to take notes.

"The public . . . my public are always so kind," the thick voice with the marked foreign accent droned on, "but then, the public is always kind if one offers them the real gems of art. Once, when I was dining with the Grand Duke Xelendorph, who is a personal and very dear friend of mine, 'e said . . ."

Peter's pencil moved over the pages of his note-book. A secretary entered timidly.

"Go away . . . I, Feraldi, am now speaking to my people!" His beringed hands flew in swift gesticulation.

It was three days later and at night that Peter drove in a taxicab toward Dawn's apartment. She was, he knew, singing at a concert that evening, and he would just catch her on her return. His plan had succeeded better even than he had hoped, and the fall of Feraldi had been complete. The next morning the master would receive Miss Delaine, for as his interview had so greatly benefited the young journalist, who had possessed sufficient taste to come and tell him so, well, then, he, Feraldi, was in royal mood and would further extend his favors by receiving this lady.

Peter might have telephoned, he argued, both his news and the appointment for the next day. Still, telephones were risky things. Supposing the wires had broken down! It would be safer to see her for a moment, so that there could be no mistake. Yes, it were better to see her! The thought of the smile he would have earned thrilled him, so for Peter the drive up-town was rose-tinted in its ecstasy. But supposing he got there after Dawn's return? He could not go up to her apartment at that hour, nor could he ask her to come down to the hall to speak to him. There remained the telephone, and at least he would hear her voice, but like a child who wants his desire *now*, Peter felt that he could not exist until the next day without seeing her.

How delicious would be the curve of her lips when she heard that he had succeeded! Her hair would be gleaming under the electric lights of the hall. At Forty-second Street the traffic delayed Peter's progress. Supposing he was too late! He was not quite certain of the hour at which Dawn would leave the concert. Putting his head out of the window Peter promised an extravagant tip for speed.

At last the policeman released the throbbing traffic, and Peter's taxi sped up the

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avenue. The cab did arrive after æons of time, for time to a lover is not measured by clocks. Paying off the chauffeur, Peter limped up to the colored attendant in charge of the telephone-board.

"Has Miss Delaine come in yet?" he asked as he slipped the man an unnecessary quarter.

"I dunno, I'll jest inquire," the man answered.

To Peter's unspeakable delight there was no answer to the call. "I'll wait," Peter said, forcing himself to speak carelessly, and sought a beplushed seat that commanded a view of the entrance.

It was just eleven o'clock: Peter verified his own watch by the clock on the operator's desk. Dawn would not be long now. Peter sat on. Every time the doors opened to admit some theatre-goer Peter's heart seemed to miss a beat. At half-past eleven he got up and paced the hall.

At a quarter past twelve a taxicab discharged Dawn and a young man, the latter exuding prosperity and good looks. There was, Peter reflected, no trace of lameness about *him*.

A little dreamily Peter heard her introduce the prosperous young man. "Mr. Tramwell and I have been dissipating! We went to supper after the concert."

Peter found himself murmuring something to the effect that it was a perfectly natural and exhilarating thing to do, to take supper after a concert.

"I have news for you," Peter began, but Mr. Tramwell was already speaking.

"Then I will call and take you to-morrow morning," he was saying, and an unholy joy descended upon Peter.

"Please do not make any engagements for to-morrow morning, Miss Delaine," Peter said distinctly.

"Oh, Peter! You don't mean . . .?" she flashed at him.

"But I do," he replied, delighting selfishly in the fact that Tramwell was out of the conversation. "That's just what I do mean."

"Oh, you dear thing," she laughed, "how perfectly wonderful of you! Mr. Tramwell, I'm so sorry, but I can't possibly see you to-morrow. Mr. Fane has made a marvellous appointment for me, and one that I simply cannot miss."

Tramwell sulked openly. "Then I will say good night," he replied, and a moment later the waiting taxi bore him away.

Dawn caught Peter's expression and laughed in her friendly little way. But decidedly it was Peter's night! "Tell me all about it," she insisted, and sitting together on the beplushed bench, Peter told.

"At eleven o'clock, then," Dawn said later, and the dimple was prodigal in its appearances, "and I shall wear my prettiest hat!"

"Wear that one . . . that blue thing you had on when we had tea at the Plaza," Peter begged her.

Of course she would wear it. Had not Peter earned the right to advise her?

So it was an intoxicated Peter, a love-drunken Peter, who watched Dawn disappear upward in the elevator, and afterward limped, but only with a little bit of a limp, on his homeward way. How could he limp badly when all the wonderful night was shouting of her kindness?

Peter, to do him justice, was not late for his appointment. As a matter of solid fact, he was waiting in the hall twenty-seven minutes before the time, and at six minutes past eleven, only six minutes late, the elevator brought down Dawn at her very prettiest.

"Do I look all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Terrible . . . perfectly terrible," Peter told her. "Perhaps, though, no one will notice it," he added soothingly.

He helped her into the taxi, and forthwith an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself for Peter's observation. Obviously the distance that he had driven the night before from the theatre to the apartment was the same distance as that on the return journey the next morning, and yet the drive to the theatre was over in ten seconds, while on the previous evening eternities of time had elapsed on the same journey.

The morning was shining in the sun, but gusts of wind made sport of ill-guarded hats. It was when they had alighted at the stage door that a similar mischievous puff of wind ruthlessly snatched Dawn's hat from her head, and would have carried it away had not Peter caught it in passing. There she stood,

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while Peter's eyes hungered for her, with her hair tumbling down about her in one cascade of gold. Suddenly she began to laugh, and so infectious was the music of it that not only Peter but the chauffeur joined in.

"But how can I see *him* like this?" Dawn protested, as her hands flew to bind her wayward hair.

Peter looked on and smiled, for indeed it was a smiling sight. Her face, delicately flushed by the shock, was caressed first on one side and then on the other by the blowing silk of her hair.

"You look," said Peter boldly, "about fifteen."

With feminine skill she secured her hat on again by pins, but still a stray curl or two of that golden cobweb softness escaped from the bonds in which she would place it.

"What do I look like?" she entreated, as Peter held open the stage door for her to pass through.

"I cannot tell you," he answered. "If I were *him*, I'd probably refuse to speak to you. Now, if you had nice hair—soft, bright, silky sort of hair—then . . ."

"I *will* have a glass," she interrupted him.

In the end Peter arranged a makeshift by pushing against the wall the half-glass door of the attendant's box, before which Dawn busied herself deliciously.

Peter sent in his card, the while they waited whispering. The delight of the situation thrilled Peter. The feeling of conspiring with Dawn placed him on terms of friendliness that months of ordinary social intercourse could not have attained.

"You won't . . . you won't leave me, will you?"

It went to Peter's head like wine. Would he leave her? Would he leave paradise itself, once safely through the gates?

Her eyes then were pleading, like those of a naughty child that fears a scolding.

"Please don't be nervous," Peter comforted, "because there is nothing to be nervous about. I'm doing him a favor by bringing you to him. You know you can sing. You've had lots of success already, so there is nothing to worry about."

The timid secretary made his appearance. "Mr. Feraldi is very busy this morning, but as he promised he will see you if you wait."

From the theatre came the sound of an orchestra, and a moment later it ceased, when Feraldi's harsh voice was raised in a paroxysm of rage.

"I'm afraid he's in a bad temper," Dawn whispered as they followed the secretary to the master's room.

The grand piano stood open; there were a few chairs, a desk, a great many portraits of Feraldi, and that was all. They began their long wait. In half an hour Peter felt angry; in an hour he was raging inwardly. How dared this fellow keep Dawn waiting? The thing was intolerable.

"I'm so sorry," he said to her. "I feel that it is my fault, but he said a quarter to twelve."

"But how absurd of you! It's not your fault."

Shortly before one Feraldi came striding in. "Ah, I 'ad forgotten you," he began, his accent more foreign than ever.

"Let me introduce Mr. Feraldi, Miss Delaine," Peter said simply.

"As a r-rule, they present people to me . . . but no matter."

He plunged into technicalities with Dawn, and then asked what she had done, where she had appeared. To-day he was a symphony in dark brown, and the room was filled with the scent he used.

Peter sat down, his clinched fists in his pockets. Dawn, at first a little nervous, had found her tongue. Her sweet voice was answering the questions he rapped out at her.

"Ah! enough, enough! Sing, and sing as well as you say you do." His tones were almost discourteous.

"What shall I sing?" she asked.

"What you will . . . but sing."

He flung himself upon the music-stool and swung around on it to the piano. Dawn placed some music before him, and he played the opening chords of the accompaniment. A moment later Peter forgot all in her voice.

Suddenly Feraldi got up. "I cannot waste more time now," he said, lighting a cigarette, "but most likely I engage you. Come . . . come Wednesday, at three. Now I am 'oongry, and I lunch." He stormed out of the room.

Dawn's expression radiated happiness.

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Peter stayed his outburst of fury at Feraldi's rudeness, and waited.

"Isn't he . . . isn't he perfect?" Dawn asked.

"Perfect? That brute? The man's a cad! There is not one bit of good in him."

"But he's going to engage me!"

"Of course he is. He knows a voice when he hears one."

"How nice of you; but I think under that manner he is really kind." Dawn was putting on her gloves.

Peter, buttoning them for her, said: "You see good in everybody."

"But there is," she asserted stoutly. "Everybody has some good in them."

"Will you lunch with me?" Peter begged.

"I can't to-day," Dawn replied as they went out. "It's Jack's day, and he would break his heart if I missed, and I have an engagement at three o'clock."

"And who is Jack?" Peter's tones were helpless.

"A nine-year-old crippled boy," Dawn answered gently. "Would you like to come with me?"

At the word "cripple" Peter shrank inwardly, but her smile was healing in its balm.

They lunched together at a soda-fountain. On the crosstown car afterward Peter asked more about Jack. There was some hip trouble, Dawn told him, and the boy had been on his back for three years. It was only recently that Dawn had found him, and she was going that week to see if the great doctors could do anything.

"He's very much in love with me," she smiled, "and he looks forward to my visiting days."

Later, in the dirty room, cheerless as only such a room could be, Peter watched Dawn as she bent over the bed, but to-day Jack needed no pity. His eyes shone with excitement, and his words tripped over each other in his eagerness to tell his news. Some one, it seemed, had called in the doctors, and they were going to make him well. First, though, he must get strong, and this fairy godmother Somebody was going to send Jack to the country the next day. He, the Somebody with a capital S, had told Jack not to talk about it, but he had his picture.

Dawn's smile at Peter was mischievous as she handed him the photograph of the fat-jowled face, signed with the well-known flourish of Feraldi.

"Well," said Peter, when again they reached the street, "you may say 'I told you so.' If there is good in that fellow, there is in everybody."

Peter began to limp rather badly, and suddenly Dawn discovered, with her whimsical tenderness, that she was very tired. Should they be extravagant and taxi back?

It was nearly a month later, and Peter was again with Dawn in the sunny room that so reflected her personality. On the afternoon in question, Dawn was tired from rehearsing, as Feraldi had been as good as his word. There was something pathetic about Dawn when she was weary, and Peter's arms ached to comfort her.

As for Dawn, a new tenderness seemed to spring up in her eyes as she welcomed Peter. Perhaps the attainment of her ambition had not been all-satisfying; perhaps the whimsical tenderness that she had felt for Peter had undergone some subtle change. Perhaps—who knows—Dawn had found that she herself had need of just such tenderness. At least, her greeting was somehow different, and a new, shy light lay in the wonder of her eyes.

"I noticed," said Peter suddenly, when after tea the twilight was upon them, "that you kissed Jack good-by the day I went with you."

"But he loves me so, bless him," Dawn answered softly.

"Still, you do not make a habit of kissing everybody who loves you? What I meant was that . . . that you felt no repugnance to . . . to a cripple?" He forced the word in spite of himself.

"A knight was often crippled," Dawn reminded him.

"And you think that I have won my knighthood?"

"Haven't you proved it?" Dawn managed, and something in her voice gave Peter courage to tell her of how things were with him.

Peter was hardly limping at all when I met him by chance the next morning as he came out of a jeweller's store on the avenue.

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THE RAIN-MAKER

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT AMICK

WILLIAM CONVERSE refilled the last pan of chemicals and, rising from his knees, took cognizance of the night. Clouds marched sullenly across the face of a thin young moon, and, though no breeze reached the platform on which he stood, his sensitive nostrils became aware of a disquieting odor of sage and other arid growths, reminders of the desert lying yonder in the darkness.

Not that he needed such reminders. Since he first set up his platform in the remote canyon of Glen Lonely the desert had dominated his consciousness every waking moment, had even invaded his dreams by night; and he faced it now with a kind of tense expectation, as a man might face an antagonist with whom he is presently to engage.

"The chemicals are holding the storm-centre right overhead," he whispered, "and the evaporation is tremendous. The rain will come this time if only the wind holds off—if only it holds off!"

He repeated the words with the intensity of prayer, and it seemed as if the answer were to be favorable. From the southeast, where across a hundred miles of gulf lay the desert, breeder of winter storms, fresh battalions of cloud were arriving, gathering body as they came. The man on the tower saw with tremulous exultation how one pale star after another was drowned in the spreading blackness. He looked behind him. The dark outline of the hills above Glen Lonely had melted into the lowering sky. Not a feature of the landscape was visible, save in one spot where the diffused light from a tent picked out the rocks and shrubs within a narrow circle.

As Converse looked a woman's shadow was magnified to Titan proportions against the tent wall within. A dish was in her hand, and the sight of it reminded Converse that it must be supper time. He made haste down the ladder, lingering at the foot for a final glance at the sky before he climbed the path to the tent.

His wife took no notice of his murmured apology, but slapped the bacon and fried potatoes on the table with the air of one nourishing a grievance. She was a handsome woman of a coarse, blond type, her fair hair piled in untidy imitation of the prevailing fashion, and her complexion as smoothly pink and white as a doll's save for the scowl that seemed to have become habitual with her. When she was in a good humor one was likely to overlook the smallness of her light-blue eyes.

Now her humor was plainly of the worst, and her eyes were as hard as turquoises as she fixed them on her husband. He was filling the plates with absent courtesy, his face still grave with the brooding mystery of the night outside.

"I s'pose you can see the stove's still smokin'," she snapped after a little. Converse started and looked anxiously at the puff of smoke that filled the tent as a current of air sucked the sides gently in.

"I thought I'd fixed it so it wouldn't," he murmured.

"Fixed it! Much good your fixin' did! But it's all of a piece with your bringin' me to a hole like this." She leaned forward suddenly, her elbows on the table. "What I want to know is, how much longer you're goin' to stay here. And I mean to know, too," she added menacingly.

Converse flushed, aware for the first time of the hostility in the air. "We've only been here two weeks," he protested, "barely long enough for the chemicals to get started. And they're beginning to work now. They're going to bring rain, too. Think of what that means, Linda! For years and years I've been looking forward to this!"

"I'd like to know why!" she retorted. "You've gone and thrown up a perfectly

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good contract in Grass Valley, a thousand sure, and more if your luck held, and you've dragged me off to this God-forsaken spot, with not a soul in thirty miles to know whether it rains or not. I want to know what you mean by it."

"I've tried to tell you several times," said Converse gently, "but you never seemed interested. I'm—I'm doing it for father's sake."

"Your father's sake!" She stared at him as if doubting his sanity. "But he's been dead years!"

Her husband seemed not to hear her. All day his mind had been full of his father, and now, surcharged, it demanded the relief of speech.

"It was near here he died," he began, clasping his hands loosely between his knees. "I don't know as I ever told you just how it was. He'd taken me with him on a prospecting trip to Chimney Peak—I was a little shaver of ten or thereabouts—and coming back the pack-burro got away in the night, taking our big canteen with him. All the water we had left was the small canteen over father's shoulder.

"I expect being little I delayed father a good deal, but it would have been a bad stretch in any case. A terrible place it is, though it lies dimpling out there in the sun all day long like the fairest spot God ever made——

"I didn't suffer much at first," he went on, his eyes darkening with memories. "I know now it was because father was letting me have all the water. But my throat was aching with thirst before we reached the next water-hole. It was dry. It had been dry some time, I guess, for the bunches of grass around the edge were stiff and papery and the clay in the bottom had great heat cracks in it. I remember I cried a little. Father sat down on the edge and began talking to himself in a queer, hoarse whisper.

"There were clouds that night. They came up from the gulf just as they're doing to-night, and I pulled father's sleeve to make him look at them. I remember yet how he raised himself on his elbow with his face toward the sky. But just then a wind began to blow the grasses, and he fell back with a groan. 'No hope of rain,' I heard him mutter; 'the wind'll see to that.'

"All night he kept talking to himself in that half-whisper, and I could hear the same words over and over again: 'Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds to cause it to rain upon earth—in the wilderness wherein is no man?'

"And it didn't rain," said Converse with a sharp intake of his breath. "It had rained down by the gulf where the clouds came from, and it would rain by the sea where they were going, but here where father was dying for lack of water not a drop fell. He was dead by sunrise. An hour later some Indians found us.

"Then it was," he concluded with a deepening note, "I determined that some day I'd find out how to bring rain in the wilderness. To-night will show if I've succeeded."

Linda's voice cut harshly in on the silence that followed. "Rain in the wilderness!" she sneered. "Why, you might be talkin' to a tenderfoot!"

Her tone roused Converse. "What do you mean?" he asked, so sharply that it was his wife's turn to look startled.

"What I say," she responded sullenly. "Do you think I swallow all that patter? What have you been takin' me for, anyway?" she went on, flaring into coarse anger before the strangeness of her husband's face. "I wasn't born yesterday!"

"You mean you don't believe in me?" The woman twisted uneasily under his look.

"What's the use of this when there ain't anybody here?" she whined. "I'm not saying anything against your business, am I?" Converse seemed not to hear her question.

"Since when have you ceased to believe in me?" he insisted, his voice terrible in its quiet intensity.

"Well, I never did take any stock in that fine talk of yours, if that's what you mean." She was going on, but he interrupted her.

"Then you married me believing me to be an impostor, robbing people of their money by lies?"

"Not so bad as that!" She made a heavy attempt at jocularity. "They fairly asked to be fooled, the great dubs! What I'm kickin' about now is your stayin' on here. With your way you c'd have been makin' money enough to keep

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"I'd like to know what you're thinkin' of . . . buryin' me in one hole after another."

us at some swell hotel in Frisco. I'd like to know what you're thinkin' of"—she harked back to self-pity again—"buryin' me in one hole after another, me with my good looks, too."

Converse struck his hands together with a gesture of anguish.

"And I thought you had been sent to help me in a time of discouragement," he groaned. "I thought our dreams were one!"

"You've been foolin' yourself, too, then!" exclaimed Linda with half-incredulous scorn. "What'd you think

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you were, God A'mighty? I s'pose you thought you really brought that cloud-burst in Grass Valley, and those June rains on Gold Creek. Forget it! There

Her shrill laugh followed him into the darkness.

Driven by an animal's blind desire to escape its tormentor, Converse stumbled

Converse had seen her eyes grow starry with some inner excitement as he talked.

were just such rains in Gold Creek when I was a kid, and no rain-maker around, either! You've luck in guessing, that's all. But I liked your nerve in making people believe it was you. Lord, how they shelled out the day of that first shower! You c'd have had two thousand as easy as one if you'd asked for it. Where you goin'?" she broke off as Converse sprang from the table.

"Outside," he gasped wildly.

"Don't be a fool. Stay and eat your supper." She put out her hand with one of those easy changes to good nature to which she was given, but her husband's involuntary recoil roused her to fury again.

"Go, then," she snarled, "go to your silly tower! Bring rain, you! Why, you can't even keep a stove from smokin'!"

down the rocky path toward the tower. Bit by bit his throbbing brain pieced out the significance of the woman's angry outburst.

Through two years of painful disillusion he had clung to the vision of his wife as he first met her. A crowd of miners and their families had gathered in his tent on Gold Creek to hear him explain his rain-bringing chemicals, and among them was Linda Hendricks, looking almost flower-like in her pink-and-white beauty. Converse had seen her eyes grow starry with some inner excitement as he talked, and the sight had filled him with a new, aching happiness. It had seemed to him that at last he had found a spirit who could share his own high dreams.

It had been hard to keep his belief in her as companionship stripped her of her

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little pretenses; but he had shut his eyes desperately to her vulgarities, her vanity and petty greed, reminding himself that once, at least, she had been stirred by nobler emotions. Now he knew the truth: her interest had not been for the man struggling toward the fulfilment of high dreams, but for the clever swindler she imagined him to be. A wave of physical sickness swept over him at the thought.

The tower loomed up before him in the darkness, and his brain reverted mechanically to his work. Some of the chemicals might want strengthening by now—his hand felt for the ladder. Then he remembered, and with a low cry plunged on past the tower into the desert.

Linda had done her work well. Not content with shattering his faith in her, she had accomplished the far sweeter revenge of shattering his faith in himself. With tortured precision he began reviewing his life step by step, the long years of preparation and experiment, his confidence in the face of discouragement and ridicule that he would find a way of holding the clouds and making them give forth their moisture where it was most needed. And it seemed as if he had found a way. From Alaska to Mexico he had set up his towers in drouth-stricken regions, and rain had followed so invariably that even the scoffers had been convinced. Could it be that his success had been merely luck, as Linda had said, and that he who had thought himself led by God to a great discovery had been deceiving himself and the people whose money he had taken with the most presumptuous of dreams?

There came to his mind a dozen trivial differences in their daily life where Linda the coarsely practical had been right and he the dreamer wrong. Her common sense had triumphed over him again and again. If it had led her to the truth now, then all he had pinned his faith upon was a lie!

The moon had set and the night was of an impenetrable blackness, but Converse went on. He kept his face from the sky. Even the pungent smell of sage was hateful to him. He had read in it promises of rain, and these promises were doubtless also false, false as his belief in Linda had been, as his delusion about controlling the clouds.

He tried to pray, but could not collect his thoughts, for the remembrance of his father's cracked, weary voice repeating: "Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds to cause it to rain upon the earth . . . in the wilderness wherein is no man?" Or, more terrible still, Linda's: "What did you think you were, God A'mighty?"

He tripped over something in the sand, and a hot pain darted through his ankle. A cactus thorn, he thought vaguely, but did not stop to pull it out, finding relief in the distraction of physical suffering. He remembered a day, forgotten all these years, when he had clasped a cactus pad and had run to his mother for healing. He could almost revive the comfort of her cool, firm touch as she pulled the thorns out one by one.

As he went on the pain in his ankle increased, and the keen edge of mental suffering dulled still more. His recollection of the scene in the tent began to grow dim, and his mind occupied itself instead with physical sensations, with the faintness and nausea that came in ever-increasing waves. He wondered if it was because he had eaten nothing since morning. And then a great thirst seized him, parching his throat as on the night years ago when he had lain out beside his father watching the clouds for rain. The water-hole where his father died could not be very far away now, for he must have come several miles in the darkness; it seemed as if he had been walking half the night.

He plodded on, vaguely intent on finding the water-hole, till he was seized by a convulsion of pain that felled him. It passed, leaving a hot fire in his veins and a numbed throbbing in his wounded ankle. He began to wonder that a cactus thorn should hurt so, and felt for it with nerveless fingers. The whole leg was swollen to shapelessness.

"It must have been a snake," he murmured. The discovery roused no fear, but it seemed more necessary than ever that he should find the water-hole, where, in the growing confusion of his mind, he now fancied his father would be waiting for him. There remained mercifully little memory of the evening's anguish, though at times he was troubled with the feeling that he must set himself right with some one he loved.

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Drawn by Robert Amick.

"Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds to cause it to rain upon the earth . . . in the wilderness wherein is no man?"—Page 507.

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"I'd like father to know how it was," he whispered once, and tried to quicken his steps.

From a second spasm of pain he emerged to consciousness with his face toward the sky. It looked very black and brooding overhead, and through the night that is rarely pure darkness in the desert country he could discern great masses of cumulus smoothing out and sinking, sinking——

The sight brought him sharply to himself for a moment and his heart leaped. Then he remembered that it was not going to rain, and that he must never deceive himself with that hope again. He struggled to his feet and stumbled on.

After a while the ground began to fall away underfoot as if he were going down into a basin. There were mesquite bushes around him, and dried grasses rattled against his knees with a ghostly sound. There had been mesquite bushes by the water-hole, he remembered, and dried grasses, too. He must be near his journey's end.

Then followed a period of pain and thirst and tortured dreams, during which he lost all sense of time. Consciousness returned to him at last with a feeling of coolness on his forehead. The scent of sage was stronger than ever. Through the stillness came a long breath; one dry grass stalk whispered to another above his head, the mesquites sighed wonderingly, and were still.

Converse's failing senses quickened to the sound. As he turned his dim eyes upward for one last reading of the sky there was a soft hiss on the sand beside him, another, and another; and then a wet drop struck his face. The air became filled with a gentle patter and with the crackling of dry growth drinking in the welcome moisture.

"Rain!" he muttered, yet half-fearing that it was another delusion of his weary brain. But the patter increased. The darkness seemed suddenly luminous about him.

"Rain in the wilderness," he whispered with wondering delight. "I've not failed, after all. . . . I must find father and tell him——"

He struggled to raise himself, but his paralyzed body would no longer respond. The triumphant spirit went on its search alone.

THERE was a time in our youth when we used to travel on ferry-boats instead of through tubes, and in those days we invented for ourselves a certain creepy game, which consisted of studying intently the faces belonging to the human beings lined up opposite you and deciding which you would choose as housemate if fate thrust one of them suddenly upon you. Occasionally your eyes met a smile in other eyes, but the main result of the game was to make you grateful it was not a reality, for almost without exception any face which had looked at the world for more than five and thirty years showed drooping lines, a dull outlook, weak initiative. Probably most of the people were fairly well off and had known no great tragedy. Why had they all accepted the hall-mark of middle age?

The Middle-Age Set

If one stops to think of it, just when does the gallantness of youth change into the heaviness of middle age? Why do all the engaging, entrancing boys and girls become dull, uninspired men and women? Why do we submit to the change? We bring joy with us when we come into the world and we expect to find joy waiting for us again when we go back to heaven, but in the meantime we walk with down-cast eyes and hanging arms, crushed by the heaviness of mortal existence, when, if we stopped to think, we would know that the spiritual things make life; that without love and joy

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and unselfishness and courage we could not long endure the daily mortal round of dressing and eating and sleeping. If there is any such thing as eternal life, this present life is part of it, and why not go lightly through the hours—even when we stop being twenty—instead of wearily plodding through them? We may, if we refuse to allow the laws and demands of mortal existence to superimpose themselves on the laws of eternal life and crush out all spiritual eagerness.

It is a matter, not of the events of life, but of our acceptance of life. Could the terrible events of the French Revolution crush the spirit of the French *noblesse?* There were no middle-aged among them in those prison days when they danced and sang with gay insouciance while each waited for his turn at the guillotine. They lost their heads but they never drooped them, for they knew the secret of spiritual youth.

The society women of to-day maintain that same gallantness of youth. Perhaps not every one of them feels the pulse of spiritual life, but they refuse middle age and are willing to pay the price of their refusal. To hold their prestige they must be slim and charming and gay, and gay and charming and slim they are, even though in extreme cases they gain their slimness by rolling on the floor and the charm from the hands of their maids, and their gayety lies no deeper than the tips of their tongues. Still, in their courage and confidence they never strike their colors to middle age. However they feel inwardly, outwardly they never flaunt a drooping mouth or a sagging figure.

We of the country, lacking the outward and visible sign of maids and repartee, can still resist the middle-age set by means of inward and spiritual grace. Have we not, in fluttering dawns and glowing sunsets, blue days and moonlit nights, towering trees and flower-fringed roadsides, the proof that beauty and youth and joy are impersonal things, always in the world, always waiting for human appreciation and apprehension? Once we apprehend them we begin to manifest them, and straightway bid defiance to middle age. This inward and spiritual method has its advantage over the other in that it works from the inside out and therefore has more permanent and satisfying results. If we have already yielded to the "set," it will mean active work at first to displace it, for it is easier for weak muscles to sag than to lift. But muscles strengthen with daily exercise, and what begins as effort ends as habit.

What a good thing it would be for human beings if we could be dogs for one hour each morning; if we could wake up keen and alert for a dash out-of-doors; if we could leap stone walls and bark a squirrel up a tree and scramble into the brook and out again before we came home for breakfast. With that to wake to, we shouldn't open our eyes each morning with a sigh to face a dull, middle-age day.

Why, I wonder, when we wake in the morning, do our thoughts go at once to the heaviest thing in the waiting day instead of to the lightest? There is no one so miserable that he has not one light spot ahead, if it be only a pin-point shining through the gloom. Why not guide by the pin-point—magnify it, hold to it—knowing that impersonal joy never dies, and that she may be with us if we start the day up with the spiritual realities of life instead of down in the sloughs of mortal despondency. If Carlyle could write a poem beginning:

"Now here has been dawning another blue day,"

is there any one of us who would not be ashamed to confess to less spirit than the grim old Scotchman? to confess that our heavy eyes cannot wake to the dawn of blue skies and bright sun?

Eternal youth is out under the blue sky and the glowing sun, and we may find it if we go out to seek hand in hand with joy. Instead, we settle within dull walls, sometimes of wood or brick, more often of dull, material heaviness, where we droop and sag with middle age, when by toning up our muscles and doing our steps daily we could learn to dance in the open, or by unfolding our wings we could learn to fly into the heavens. Who ever heard of a nymph or a bird with a middle-age set?

Eternal youth demands activity—spiritual activity—for we may be on our feet all day and still be ridden with heavy thoughts that bend our necks and thicken our hips and take the spring from our steps. We must not let our minds grow fat if we wish to keep our bodies slim. Apathy is the precursor of the middle-age set, and yield-

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ing to apathy is self-indulgence. We scorn the grosser forms of self-indulgence, but without concern we yield to mental lethargy of the heavy step and the drooping lips. If apathy comes in at the door, joy flies out of the window.

We can't afford to let joy go. If we come from it into this old world, and expect to find it waiting for us when we leave the world, let us refuse to go heavily over the path between. Let us laugh, laugh, and again laugh, skipping hand in hand with joy instead of plodding on with discouragement on our backs. The world wants joy; it can never have enough of that open-eyed joy which understands and is not afraid, knowing that good is stronger than evil and love more powerful than hate; the joy that finds all outdoors filled with beauty and sunshine and bird songs, and life filled with poetry and activity and gladness.

Let us be eager and keen-eyed, then, and alert for joy and youth and beauty. Let us refuse to carry the load of world-apathy that stamps on us the middle-age set of body and mind and spirit. Let us choose to pick up our heavy, dragging thoughts out of the dusty road whose goal is soddenness, and give them wings to fly up and up into the blue, dropping the lark's song as we go. On the wing, we may blaze the trail to heaven.

THERE is one kind of literature which I have never seen praised as I think it should be. In fact, it is all too probable that the majority of book lovers would put my cherished volumes where Charles Lamb put "Court Calendars, Directories, Almanacs," and so forth—in the class of "books which are no books." Yet am I bold in my grateful admiration; for, as every heart knows its own bitterness, so does it likewise know its refreshment, and the literature which I praise has been of inestimable spiritual value to me.

The Spiritual Value of Catalogues

I refer to the modern catalogue.

The reason for the benign influence is not easy to analyze. I suspect that it lies deep in the human heart. It bears no heroic aspect; and I remember that it cost me some courage and resolution to recognize it for what it is, when I first became aware of its working in my life.

The thing happened this way: I had had a depressing, discouraging day. Everything had gone wrong. My work had failed; my cook had gone to bed with a headache, and a water-pipe had burst; the weather had been atrocious; the roof had leaked on the new parlor curtains; the minister had dropped in to tea at precisely the wrong time. Oh, hateful, hideous day! I had had to set my teeth in sheer dogged endurance of it all. But, as I won through it, hour by hour, I was frequently aware of a sudden darting, soothing ray of comfort which cheered me immeasurably. What was it? The thought of a certain letter from a dear friend? of my Bible up-stairs? of Shakespeare or Wordsworth or the latest favorite magazine waiting for me beside the evening lamp? No, it was none of these things. As I stopped, with a dish-cloth in one hand and a cake of soap in the other, to interrogate my haunting felicity and bring it at last into the open, I knew, with a pang of chagrin and amusement, that it was nothing more nor less than the memory of the arrival of Baltman's Spring Catalogue.

What a confession! The heavens may fall (on the new parlor curtains), the cook may develop appendicitis, the water system may utterly fail; but at least there is Baltman's Spring Catalogue. That way lies healing and peace. The blessed, ignoble truth is that, as soon as the last task of that weary day was performed, I sank into an armchair with Baltman; and forgot all my troubles in the serene contemplation of street suits, house gowns, blouses, and imported underwear. No other book in the world could have soothed me so potently.

Now nobody likes to admit the ascendancy of any purely materialistic interest in his life; and, since my discovery, I have spent many minutes pondering it and watching my friends and neighbors to see if they share it. The result is that I have come to the relieved conclusion that the love of catalogues is a well-nigh universal trait of humanity.

Take Christopher, my husband. Clothes have all too little allurement for him, and he never even knows (except from my rapturous comments) that Baltman has entered the house. But give him a Mears and Hoebuck catalogue, and he is lost to the world. I have known him to start for bed at ten o'clock of a hard-working day (having

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first fallen asleep three times over a good novel), and at half past eleven to be coaxing the lamp to burn a little longer that he may finish the hardware section of the new catalogue.

City dwellers do not know Mears and Hoebuck; it is we country people who are heirs to that amazing treasury. It appears in our midst once a year—a huge, encyclopædic volume—and it speaks to us with an intimate knowledge of our needs, of our mental processes, of our ambitions and aspirations, which makes it what one of our neighbors has wittily called it, "the farmer's Bible." As the Deuteronomic counsels to the Hebrew mind, so is Mears and Hoebuck advice to a twentieth-century rural intelligence.

It offers us everything that we can dream of wanting, and in just the quality which we prefer, and at our own frugal prices. Furniture, clothes, farm implements, tools of all kinds, dishes, carpets, linen, graphophones, baby carriages, house ornaments: everything—everything. It does not make the mistake of assuming an "educated taste" on our part; and, with rare tact, it preserves some ancient and honorable fashions in plush sofas and chairs. We are grateful to it for this. Other catalogues lead us, humbly bewildered, among barren wastes of "art designs"—straight and hard and uncompromising. But Mears and Hoebuck knows what we like. To browse in its pages is to feel ourselves happily at home in a very wonderland of familiarity.

That is why the perusal of a good, skilful, kind catalogue is not the tantalizing process which it might seem to be. It does not set us longing after more than we can possibly buy. On the contrary, it often cheers us with comparison, assuring us that the parlor rug which we purchased last year is better than any of this year's output; persuading us, with singular disinterestedness, that the worth of an electric lantern to us is more theoretic than actual. It meets us so perfectly on our own ground that our sense of values remains undisturbed, and we know what we want among all the things which might conceivably belong to us.

Seed catalogues are not always so discreet. I do not know why it is, but there is something restless about their effect; one does not sit down to be soothed by them at the end of a distracting day. Perhaps it is the very principle of life and growth on which they depend, the leaping pulse of the awakening year which beats through their pages; perhaps it is the anticipation of all the pains one will have to take with those seeds to make them amount to anything. At any rate, Christopher and I never sit down to Hurpee or Benderson without a distinct summoning of resolution; and we never get up without having ordered twice as many seeds as our garden will accommodate. Seed catalogues are dangerous; they go to one's head.

Book catalogues are equally perilous. I tremble when I see one enter the house, and often leave it unopened for days out of sheer lack of courage to face its alluring opportunities.

The truth of the matter seems to be, then, that a catalogue, to fulfil its quieting, steadying mission in life, must concern itself frankly with mere things, with the unstressful, unexacting material environment of our arduous destinies. We do not always realize how much we owe to things. In our ideal preoccupations, we are wont to scorn them. But they understand that, though we like to think of ourselves as pure, flaming spirit, we are in reality no such exalted sublimation as yet, and that, unless we keep close to our mother earth, exhaustion threatens us. Therefore, the whole monotonous round of mundane interest keeps on its beneficent way, and claims us in spite of ourselves.

If the characteristic of good literature is the perfect adaptation of form to substance, and if its mission be to cheer and restore the hearts of its readers, then I do not see how even Charles Lamb could deny literary rank to a successful catalogue.

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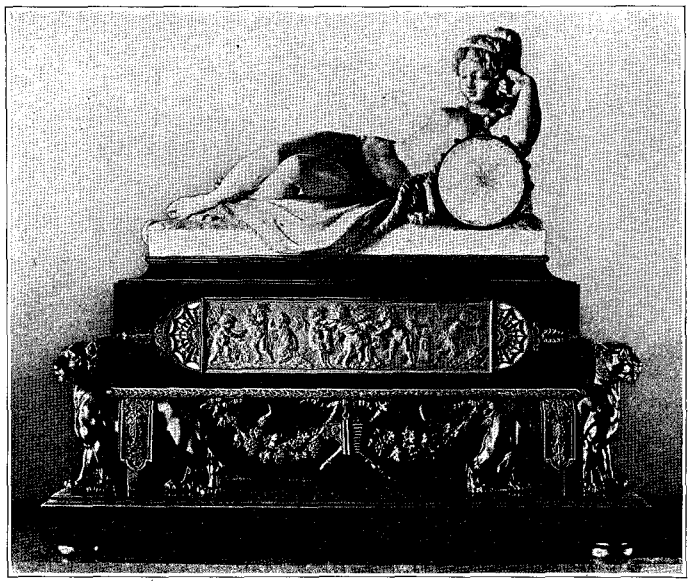
THE FIELD OF ART



Music box, alabaster statuette by Clodion.

The base is of mahogany ornamented with gilt-bronze decorations by Boizot and Thomire. Made toward the end of the reign of Louis XVI.

FRENCH DECORATIVE ART II—THE RETURN TO THE CLASSIC SPIRIT

WITH the beginning of the eighteenth century man had begun to grow somewhat weary of magnificence on so large a scale. Saint-Simon had almost finished recording the last stately vanities and heavy frivolities of a stupendous age; its crimes as well as its pleasures had gradually become those of an antiquated time and a new philosophy of life was called into existence. The doors of palaces were closed and the public excluded from their gates, and the new desire of man was no longer to impress but instead to escape the onlookers without his windows. This tendency naturally led to the individualizing of society as distinct from the court. Versailles was deprived of a little of its former splendor, but Paris gained far more than its royal neighbor lost. The immediate outcome of this desire for intimacy in every-day life led to the remodelling of châteaux and town houses. Huge salons and state apartments were changed into three or even four smaller rooms and with this change came the necessity for furniture of a less magnificent and serious character. The day of the imposing *lit de parade* was at an end; the huge armchairs and grand consoles were replaced by "bergères" and an infinite variety of "petits-meubles."

The extravagance of line which marked many of the productions of late Louis XIV style found the normal continuation of its principles in this further development. Though the gradual change in society called into being the need of a slightly different class of furniture, yet it must be said that, as far as general design went, it would still, during the last period of the "Roi-Soleil," have been easy to predict the evolution of design irrespective of those changes wrought by an unforeseen social upheaval. It can be plainly seen that the exuberance of composition which characterized many of the pro-

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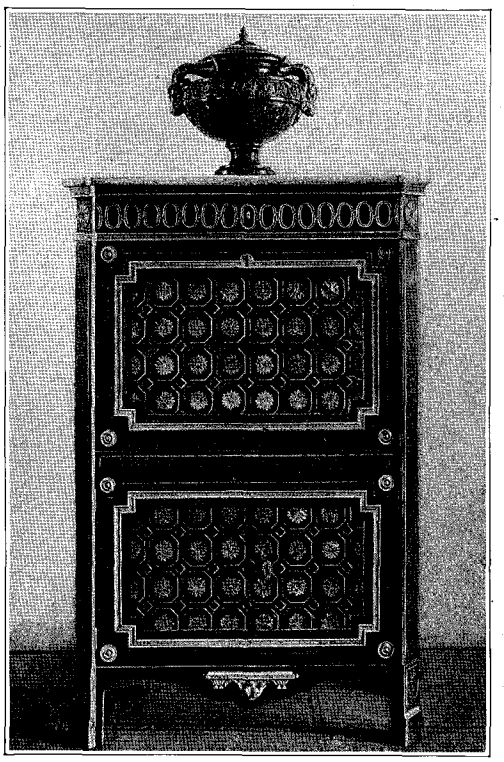
ductions belonging to the time of the Regency were but the normal continuation of principles that had gained ground during the latter half of the previous epoch. To hold that as the court grew more free in its daily life furniture also touched the limits of coherence would be impossible in view of the fact that at the moment when the question of morals was the least-thought-of thing at Versailles the Château of Louveciennes, classic in every detail of its exterior and interior, was completed for Madame du Barry. The classic tradition had never been forgotten in France since the last great Gothic days.



Secretary in marquetry style of Œben, about 1760. Reign of Louis XV.

This is in the style which was encouraged by Madame de Pompadour and which obtained generally during the time of Madame du Barry.

At the same time, one cannot by any means dismiss the rococo style as a mere freak of fashion, for it resulted in the creation of perhaps the most magnificent pieces of "ébénisterie" that have ever been produced by any school, and there is no denying that its supporters were men who in their category were possessed of supreme genius. Meissonier and Delafosse belong primarily to the reign of Louis Quinze but among those whose work extends as well into the two preceding epochs we may mention Cressent, the brothers Caffieri, Jean Berain the younger, Oppenordt, and the brothers Slodtz, to name but a very few of the more celebrated cabinet-makers and designers of the time.

Before this school came to an end the classicists had begun to reassert themselves. The brilliant and witty Madame de Pompadour, gifted with perfect taste as well as with tact and beauty, encouraged a return to Greek and Roman forms, and under her patronage the strain that had been continuing quietly, overshadowed by the gold and glory of the rococo, once more appeared to the fore in the world of art and of fashion.

We need indeed but to consult the pictures by Lavreince, those delightful "gouaches" so exquisitely engraved by the best masters of the epoch, to realize to what degree restraint and soberness characterized the last half of the reign of Louis XV. In the majority of the

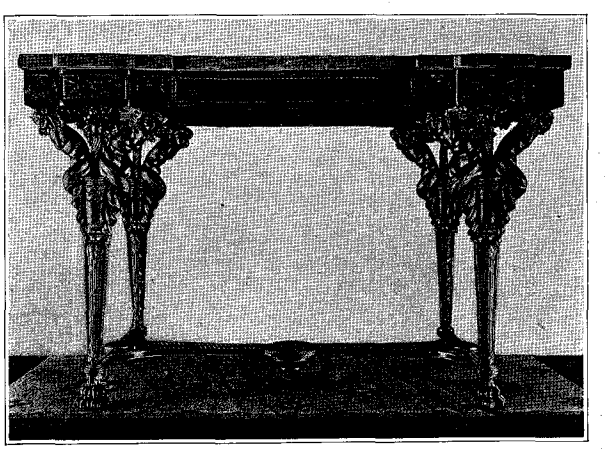


Table in carved and gilded wood.

Made during the reign of Louis XVI.

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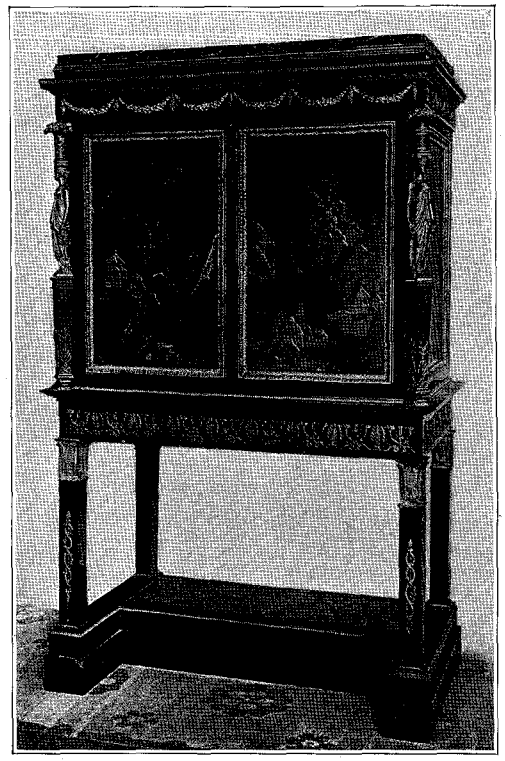
prints after Lavreince, as well as those engraved after Baudoin's designs, we find interiors of remarkable refinement and as a rule free from the exaggerations which marked a certain phase of the decoration of the time. These pictures are bound to reproduce faithfully the aspects of the society of their day. The drawings of Moreau le Jeune and of Saint Aubin, both of whom were contemporaries of the du Barry, are equally illuminating as to the taste of their period.

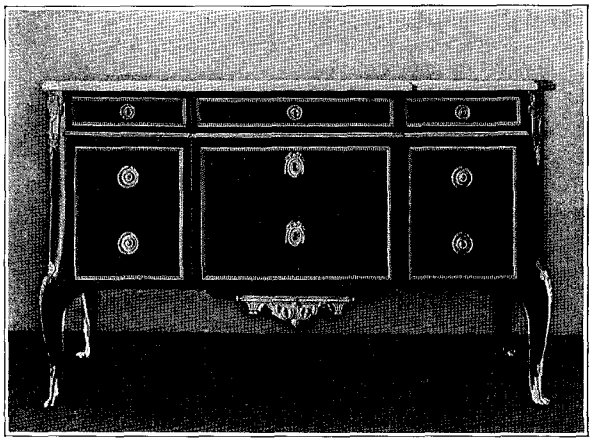
There has never been a period when the combination of classical elements with modern requirements was so thoroughly understood as in the first part of the last half of the eighteenth century.

To feel this, one has but to look at the furniture of the time. It is more than evident in the accomplishments of those artists whose work extended into the reign of the martyr King and who, in the general consensus of opinion, represent the art of the reign of Louis XVI. The sculptors Bouchardon, Falconnet, and Clodion breathe that same spirit of life and of grace which animated their predecessors of ancient Greece, and certainly in the case of the two first-named men the greatest of their works were finished before the death of the great-grandson of "le Grand Monarque." In the realm with which this article is more directly concerned it is sufficient—to prove to what extent classicism prevailed during the latter half of Louis XV's reign—to mention Riesener, whose style was fully developed by 1770 but whose vogue continued unabated until 1790. Œben, one of the "maîtres-ébénistes" under Louis XV, showed in most of his work a fusion between the classic tradition and the rocaille tendency which might justify one, regardless of dates, in considering his style as belonging to the transition period, as the years 1770–80 are commonly called, irrespective of the fact that the transition was an insensible one which began toward 1748. This cabinet-maker, who collaborated in the making of the fa-



Cabinet with lacquer panels made toward the end of the reign of Louis XVI.

This piece was made about five years before the French Revolution and completely exemplifies the fully developed "Empire" manner, although in the latter epoch Oriental lacquer insets were never used. The bronzes are by Molitor and Thomire.



This illustration serves to show the stability of Riesener's style during two reigns and the popularity of this type of furniture, which is descriptive of that of the latter half of the epoch of Louis XV.

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mous "bureau du Roi," now in the Louvre, varied but little in his style, which represented the taste that was particularly encouraged by Madame de Pompadour.

Shortly before the death of Louis XV a change became visible in the spirit of French design, a change which after Louis XVI had ascended the throne grew very marked. This was the growing tendency toward the extreme conventionalization of decorative elements. The free treatment of subjects applied to classical structure disappeared and was replaced by a more formal and stiff arrangement, by elaborations which became more and more frigid and expressionless. Nevertheless, it is evident that, at least during the first half of the epoch works of exquisite beauty continued to be produced. Among architects Neufforge continued to design interiors as well as exteriors which exhibited that thoroughly French fusion of the antique and modern allied with perfect taste and entirely free from any pedantic suggestion. Gouthière decorated numberless pieces of furniture as well as "bibelots" and other decorative accessories, such as "appliques" and chandeliers, with marvels of bronze which in fineness of composition and execution remain unrivalled. But he also, toward the middle period of the reign, fell into the rapidly spreading frigid manner, until in the end his work became practically "Empire" in character, although he never reached that stiffness of style which at a later period stamped the decorations of Thomire. The last-named designer, during the time of Louis XVI, helped greatly the spread of that characterless imitation of the antique which finally almost petrified the progress of French decorative art. This unfortunate manner, however, did not become fixed until after the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it must be admitted that in the so-called "Directoire" and "Empire" furniture made while Marie-Antoinette was Queen of France there is still to be found a great charm and distinction, for these pieces continue to display those essentially French qualities of grace and originality.

The Napoleonic era added a heaviness of touch and brought into fashion the use of symbolical decorations of a too obvious nature, which, up to that time, although the forms adopted had already become little more than modern "pastiches" of the antique, had happily been avoided. Under Louis XVI, Jacob, one of the most popular cabinet-makers of the time, had caused the adoption of mahogany furniture heavily incrusted with gilt-bronze. During the same epoch, four years before the murder of the King, Bellanger, the architect whom the famous Count d'Artois had commissioned to build the miniature château of Bagatelle, had completed the building and decoration in Paris of the house of the notorious Mademoiselle Dervieux, which was entirely furnished and decorated in what we now call the Empire style. This date is to be remembered, as it marks the acceptation in France of the fully developed "Empire" manner.

The "Empire" style was developed during the years when the daughter of Maria Theresa still shared the throne of France, just as the manner which is known by the name of her consort in reality came into being while "Louis the Well-Beloved" was busy making havoc with the national treasury. The "Style Regence" appeared while the stiff magnificence of the "Grand-Siècle" still pervaded the court of France, and from these facts it will be seen how erroneous are the commonly accepted notions concerning the development of French decorative art during the eighteenth century. Of its continuation in the following century there is unfortunately little to be said, and in our own day, although so far we do not seem to have been capable of evolving a style worthy of the name, we have nevertheless excelled in the reproduction and appreciation of the industrial arts of a period more refined and cultured than the one in which we are at present living. Let us hope, which seems a foregone conclusion, that after the close of the present war French decoration, freed from those Germanic suggestions which slowly but surely were vulgarizing Paris, may once more take up the national spirit of its art and continue in a manner at least not unworthy of its traditions, and that at length "Berliner Kunst" and "Münchener Secession" may for all time be relegated to the oblivion they so richly deserve.

HENRY COLEMAN MAY.

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

AMERICA FINANCIALLY PREPARED

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

THE dramatic incidents which marked the adjournment of Congress on March 4, with the bill to arm and defend our merchant ships deliberately blockaded, was only one more illustration of the bewildering rapidity with which the phases of our relations with Germany have succeeded one another. Up to the end of January, the prospect of peace negotiations and the question of what economic conditions would come with ending of the war absorbed all attention in financial circles and elsewhere. Since January 31, the question of what conditions would prevail if the United States were forced into war with Germany has dislodged every other consideration.

A Sudden Change in Opinion

When this question intruded itself before the German declaration of January 31—on the sinking of the *Lusitania*, for instance, and at the time of our government's ultimatum last April, regarding Germany's submarine exploits—there was a sense of unreality about it. This was reflected even in financial markets. But the announcement by Germany of her purpose to resume the sinking of ships, passengers, and crews in an arbitrarily selected war zone, the inclusion of neutral merchant and passenger vessels in her threat to the civilized world, the prompt breaking off of our diplomatic relations with Germany on February 3, the reckless destruction of unwarned neutral ships which followed, the virtual tying up of American vessels in our harbors, and the resultant proposals of President and Congress to protect our citizens on the sea—every one understood at once that this was another matter.

AT the beginning of February, public opinion very generally took the attitude that armed collision with Germany was now unavoidable. It was the Franco-American clash of 1798, the Anglo-American dispute of 1812. By the end of February the equally prevalent view of the situation was that in fact, though not in form, the United States and Germany were virtually at war already. On such occasions and as a result of long experience, the action of the stock-market is watched with deep interest as reflecting sober financial judgment of the outcome. If the movement on the Stock Exchange is to be taken to embody the whole financial community's opinion, the period beginning with last autumn had witnessed most unusual fluctuation.

Reflection of Possible War in the Stock-Market

During October and November, prices had rushed upward in a mood of violent enthusiasm, based on presumption that the war would be long continued and that the prosperity of neutral America would continue with it. The totally unexpected German "peace proposal" of December 12 introduced a violent decline, recognized by Wall Street as reflecting apprehension over the great economic readjustment which would come with an early ending of the war. The reply of Germany's antagonists, stating their own terms of peace while refusing any preliminary conference, and Germany's consequent sullen withdrawal of her overtures, left the markets puzzled, expectant of a further sequel but unable to guess its character, and therefore uncertain in their movement. On the last day of January came Germany's withdrawal of her pledges to observe law and humanity in ocean warfare.

On the Stock Exchange and elsewhere, little divergence of opinion existed as to what the immediate result of this would be. What the German Government itself expected was subsequently proved,

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not by its pretense of surprise at our government's response but by its secret attempt, nearly two weeks before the new war-zone declaration, to incite the Mexican Government into hostilities, through an offer to cede it part of this country's Southern territory. To the Reichstag, in announcing the new German programme of ocean warfare, the German Chancellor cynically declared that last autumn "the time was not yet ripe" for "the most ruthless methods," but that with "the increased number of German submarines" and "the bad cereal harvest of the world," the moment "has now arrived." This was unusually frank and shameless confession that neither regard for the law of nations, nor regard for common humanity, nor regard for good relations with the United States had inspired the German Government's note of the 4th of last May. That note had somewhat unctuously informed our State Department that "the responsibility could not be borne . . . if the submarine question under discussion between the German Government and the United States were to take a turn seriously threatening maintenance of peace between the nations." It had expressed the Berlin government's determination "to do its utmost to confine operations of the war, for the rest of its duration, to the fighting forces of the belligerents," and had enclosed a copy of the government's instructions to submarine commanders, to the effect that merchant vessels "shall not be sunk without warning and without saving lives."

A Belief in Imminent War

THE memorandum sent to our government after the German Chancellor's speech of the 31st of last January announced, regarding the seas immediately around Great Britain, France, Italy, and the eastern Mediterranean, that "all ships met within that zone will be sunk." In its peculiarly brutal frankness, this declaration far excelled the German Admiralty's original announcement of February 6, 1915 (considered monstrous at that time), that "all enemy merchant vessels encountered in the war zone will be destroyed, even if it may not be possible always to save their crews and passengers." When it was followed swiftly by President Wilson's reply of February 3 that "all diplomatic relations between the United States and the German Empire are severed," by the recall of Ambassador Gerard from Berlin and the handing of his passports to Count Bernstorff, very few intelligent men expressed the least surprise.

Neither the American people nor the American markets expected any other action; the warning, in our State Department's note of last April, that unless the German Government should "abandon its present methods of submarine warfare," the United States "can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Government altogether" had been unmistakable. But even with diplomatic rupture recognized as inevitable, recourse to that action left public attention fixed, as at no previous time since Germany broke the peace of Europe, on this country's relations to the war hereafter. Such a rupture was not war, but it has seldom occurred, along with so complete recall or dismissal of ambassadors and consuls of both powers, without leading to war. Ministers from European states have been dismissed by our government, as with Genet in 1794 and Sackville-West in 1888, because they had personally become unacceptable; but our own envoys were not on those occasions recalled from France or England, and there was no breach of governmental relations. The only parallel at all exact was the break with France in 1798 because of the interference with our commerce by her privateers, and even that episode actually confirmed the view of the general probability of war as a sequel to complete diplomatic rupture; for our ships fought the ships of France, and formal war would almost certainly have been declared had not the Directory, a feeble relic of the Revolution, been overthrown just at that moment by Napoleon's *coup d'état*.

WHEN Germany announced her purposes on January 31 the American stock-markets grew exceedingly weak, declines of 5 to 15 points within two days being general, under enormous liquidation. The governing influence was apparently fear at the imminence of war with Germany and misgiving as to its financial

(Continued on page 76, *following*)

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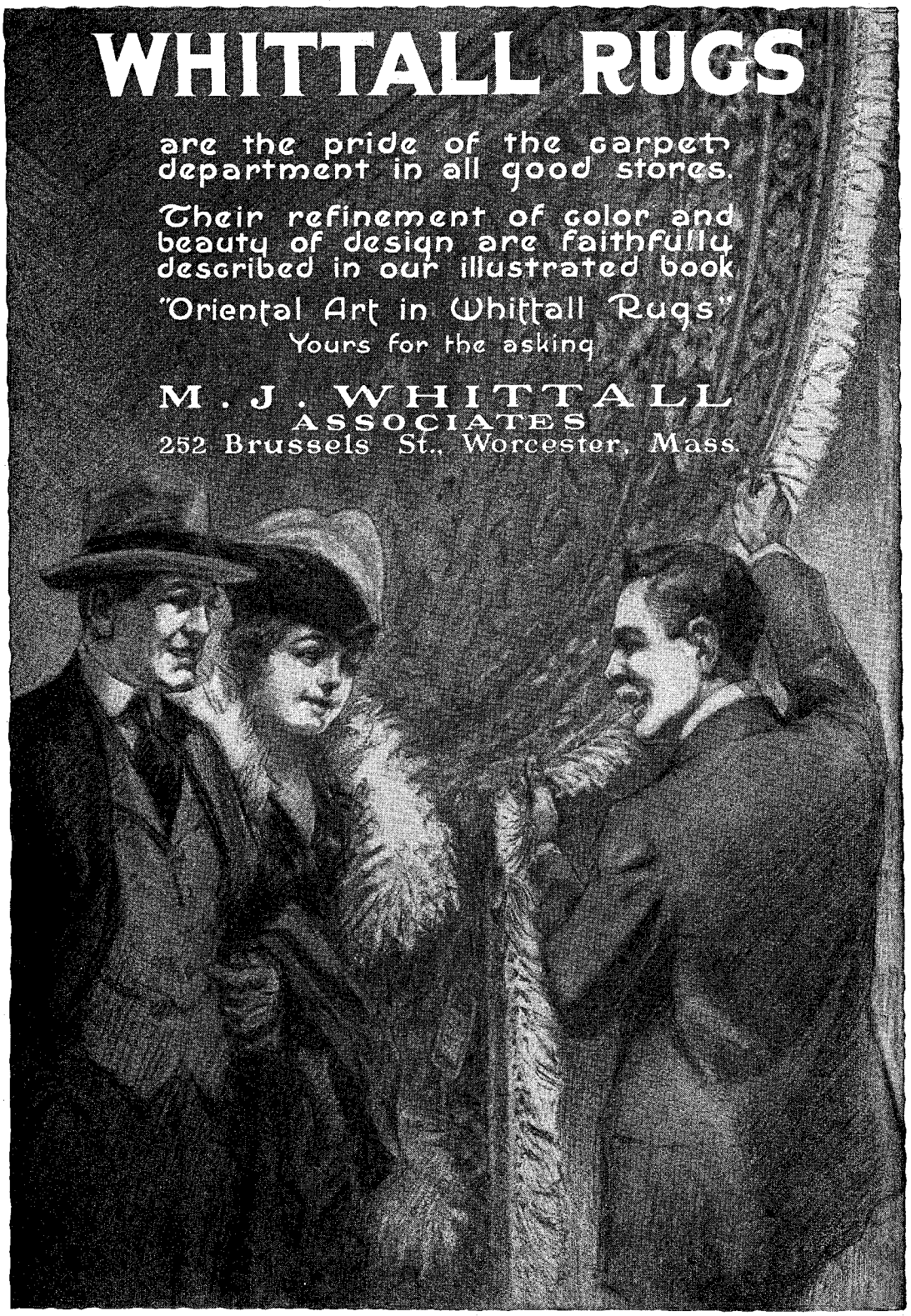

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(Continued from page 518)

effects. But the sequel was interesting. When the President broke off relations with Germany, an action immediately approved by the Senate in a vote of 78 to 5, prices on the Stock Exchange rose at once. Within a few days they had regained most of the ground lost as a consequence of the German Government's announcement. Then, while the outside community watched with unusual interest for the market's verdict on the probable next step and its financial significance, the stock-market almost ceased to move. The daily change in prices became negligible. They advanced when the Armed Ship bill seemed about to pass the Senate, and advanced again the day after the bill had failed. The most that could be said of the judgment reflected on the Stock Exchange, in this period when most people were coming to consider war inevitable, was that the

A Rise of Prices on the Break

(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 76)

financial community showed no symptom of acute alarm. If the financial and economic interests of the country were on the verge of an abyss, the markets were at any rate acting strangely.

Neither the American people nor the American markets are likely to imitate Ollivier's famous and unlucky attitude of 1870, accepting war against Germany "with a light heart." The prolonged discussion of this possible contingency, during the two years since May, 1915, has directed close attention to all the disquieting aspects of so momentous a step. The possibility of grave political complications in our home affairs was always in the public mind. This was not only because of the element in our citizenship professing open sympathy with Germany, but because of the changed conditions as to censorship, compulsory army service, and that partial military control which most wars bring in their train, and which this war has very largely fastened on belligerent Europe.

These were mainly political considerations. From the point of view of the financial markets, actual war suggested other uncertainties. Even if our government's necessary borrowings for war could be handled easily (as was universally admitted), could it be equally assumed that such borrowings would have no adverse influence on the investment market? How would our people's capacity or willingness to lend to Europe, or to finance the needs of countries which had relied on the United States since Europe's capital was tied up in war expenditure, be affected by our enforced departure from neutrality? Would our markets have to face withdrawal of capital for German or German-American account, or by foreign markets whose balances had been recently carried at New York because of our neutrality?

Financial Questions Paramount

SUCH questions were at least debatable. The uncertainty which surrounded some of them, combined with the much greater uncertainty as to the scope and character which later circumstances may impart to any important war, are sufficient explanation for our government's great forbearance and deliberate procedure in the face of

(Continued on page 80)

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Gross from Operation	$3,228,666.40
Operating Expenses	1,704,934.83
Net from Operation	$1,523,731.57
Interest Charges	*679,019.58
Balance	$ 844,711.99
Amount required to pay 6% dividends on $1,500,000 of Preferred Stock	90,000.00

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(Continued from page 78)

Germany's reiterated outrages and affronts.

The political problems involved in these uncertainties have their bearing on the judgment of financial markets, and will make the future action of those markets peculiarly interesting. But the world learned in 1914, as at the outbreak of many earlier wars, that for a time, at any rate, financial and economic considerations are paramount. It may be said, indeed, not only that the markets reflect on such occasions the financial situation caused or likely to be caused by outbreak of war, but that the character of the financial situation is largely shaped by the foresight and expectations of experienced men as to what the war itself will turn out to be.

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THE most emphatic statement which has been made, regarding our financial outlook in the event of actual war, came very promptly after the breach of diplomatic relations, and from a highly responsible quarter. Three days after Bernstorff's dismissal the governor of the Federal Reserve Board, whose official position in the world of American finance is closely akin to that of the governor of the Bank of England in Great Britain, declared to a commercial convention: "Our preparedness from a military and naval standpoint is now engrossing the attention of Congress and of the nation. But I wish you would inform the audience which I expected to address that, from a financial standpoint, the country is already fully prepared and is ready to meet any contingency that is likely to arise; so that there need be no uneasiness whatsoever on that score."

Coming from such a source, this was a very striking declaration. Mr. Harding did not set forth in detail the grounds for his confident opinion. Let us see what they must have been. It is natural that, in the minds of many people, misgiving as to financial conditions in the United States which would come with war should be based on Europe's own experience of 1914. What happened then, in every belligerent state and in nearly every neutral state, was the most formidable financial panic in their history. As we nowa-

(Continued on page 82)

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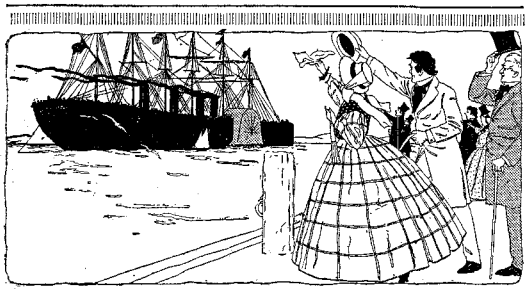

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(Continued from page 80)

days analyze the events in retrospect, we can distinguish the four or five paramount economic causes for that season's critical situation. The whole world was taken by surprise, with international credit obligations almost at their maximum of complexity. Each nation, desperately anxious to turn paper credits into cash, was selling on the markets of other nations, and at any price procurable, its holdings (often immensely large) of the securities of such other nations. This was why all the world's stock exchanges had to shut down in self-defense.

THE maturing debt of merchants and bankers in one nation to the merchants and bankers of an enemy community became instantly non-collectible, which left the creditors suddenly deprived of means of meeting their own home indebtedness. This necessitated the "moratorium on debts," to avert immediate insolvency. Houses conducting foreign trade with countries which had become their enemies in the war suddenly found their business annihilated. Along with these ominous phenomena came fright among the people at large; hoarding of specie; consequent collapse of bank reserves and shortage of circulating medium. The sequel was the recourse of belligerent Europe to all sorts of novel paper money expedients; suspension of gold payments on the Continent, and, as a consequence of these and other causes, depreciation in the neutral rates of exchange on the continental markets, on such a scale as to mean depreciation of their currencies and derangement of their trade relations.

All of these things would almost certainly have happened on our own markets if the United States had engaged in the war as an active belligerent during 1914 and had been in close contact with the enemy. We, too, were unprepared and taken by surprise. Some of them very nearly happened as it was; there were two or three weeks in which it was hard to say whether the New York market had not resorted, temporarily and unofficially, to something much like a "moratorium" and a suspension of gold payments. It is possible that we might in 1898 have anticipated Europe's financial experience of 1914, if the German

(Continued on page 84)

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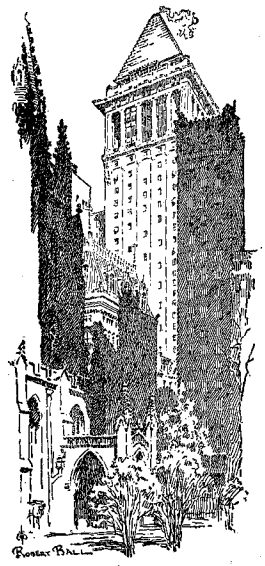

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(Continued from page 82)

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Adjusted to a "War Footing" in Finance

PRIMARILY, the fact that the American markets had not been taken by surprise. We have had abundant time to adjust ourselves to a "war footing" in finance, and the opportunity has not been neglected. It has, in fact, been immensely facilitated by circumstances. The extremely careful "Loree estimate" of American securities held abroad at various dates since 1914, applied to the whole period of the war to date, would indicate that whereas something like $3,500,000,000 of our stocks and bonds were thus available for sale on the New York market under foreign orders when the war broke out, all but about $1,000,000,000 have been repurchased since that time by American investors; and that of this amount still left under foreign ownership, upward of $300,000,000 are now pledged with New York banks as collateral security for English public loans placed in this country, the remainder having been mostly "mobilized" in the hands of the English and French Governments for use, through sale or pledge, in occasional regulation of exchange rates. There is not the slightest probability of their sudden liquidation by friendly European markets. As for German holdings of American securities there is good reason to believe that they have been practically all resold to us already, directly or through Amsterdam. That particular source of financial shock in July and August, 1914, could not occur with us at the present juncture.

Nor are our bankers and merchants exposed to trouble through a mass of credit balances due from Germany, non-collectible in war. The present sum total of such credits is negligible, and for the best of reasons—that our merchandise trade with Germany, which in the full year 1913 amounted to $351,900,000 exports and $184,200,000 imports, had fallen in 1916 to only $2,200,000 of the one and $5,800,000 of the other. If, in-

(Continued on page 86)

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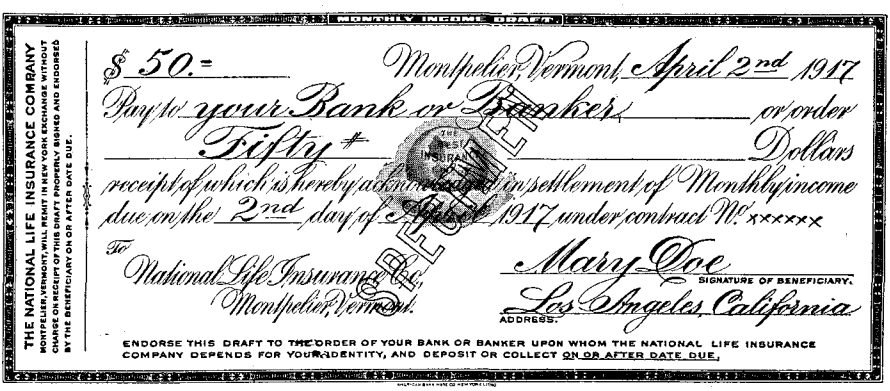
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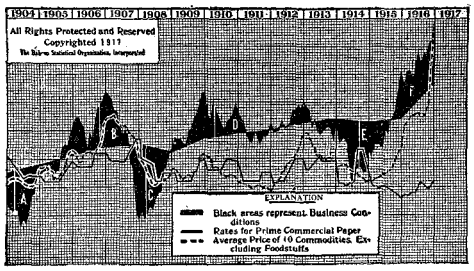
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Federal Farm Loan Act

Congress recently passed a law establishing a new system of banks in this country. The law is of particular interest to all investors. We have had it published with our comments thereon. We are glad to send copies of the following on request.

"Text of the Federal Farm Loan Act and a General Review Thereof."
"How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made."

George M. Forman & Company
Farm Mortgage Bankers
11 South La Salle Street, Chicago

Founded 1885

(Continued from page 84)

deed, we had been lending money as heavily to Germany during the war as we have loaned it to the Entente powers (the Federal Reserve Board last November estimated such loans at $1,627,000,000), the shock of war to our investment markets would be exceedingly violent. Payment of interest and principal on such loans would be cut off at once. But Germany has not been able to borrow in New York since 1914. Her imperial war loans, payable interest and principal in German currency at Berlin, with a discount of 25 per cent on the New York valuation of that currency, attracted few American investors, and she has no loans outstanding in our market payable, like the French and English borrowings, in gold coin at New York.

A Huge Gold Reserve

HOARDING of gold and panic in the money market, such as occurred throughout Europe in July and August, 1914, are the most familiar of all phenomena when war begins in any country. Against this historic peril the United States has now protected itself in two remarkable ways, and it is very probably this aspect of the situation which the governor of the Federal Reserve Board had immediately in mind in the statement that I have quoted. The usual protective recourse of a money market, in the face of war, is to bid for imports of gold from foreign countries. If this expedient is impracticable (as it was in Europe during 1914) urgent efforts are made by governments to get gold from the hands of their citizens into the central banks. In a last resort, gold redemption of paper currency is suspended, as it was by the United States in 1861 and by the European Continent when this present war began, and paper subject to deferred redemption is put out in large amounts; often with demoralizing effect on trade and industry.

In our own present case the drawing on foreign gold to meet such a possible emergency has been so far anticipated that gold imports into the United States in excess of exports, during the period from August 1, 1914, to the end of 1916, reached the total of $868,000,000. As a result of these importations and of the output of our own mines, gold holdings

(Continued on page 88)

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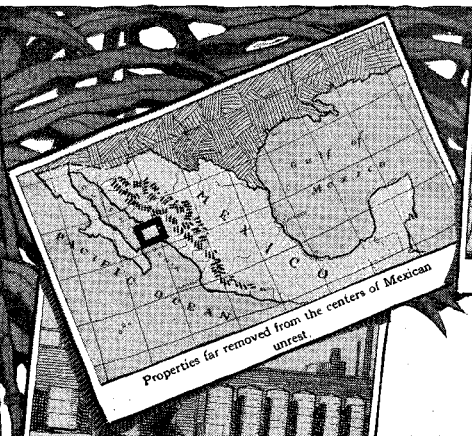
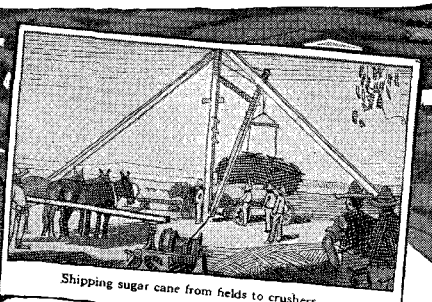
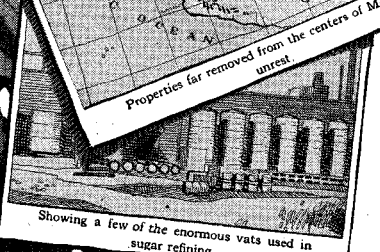
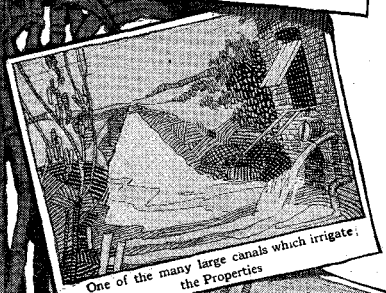
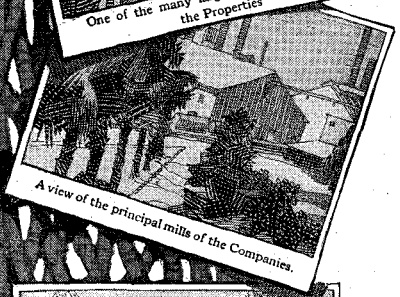


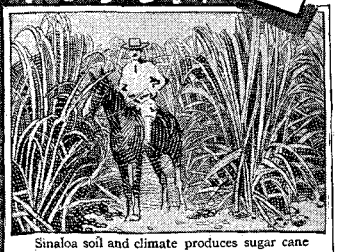
Properties far removed from the centers of Mexican unrest


Shipping sugar cane from fields to crushers


Showing a few of the enormous vats used in sugar refining


One of the many large canals which irrigate the Properties


A view of the principal mills of the Companies.


Sinaloa soil and climate produces sugar cane of unusual height.

Where the World *must* get its Sugar!

BEFORE the war Europe's beet-sugar fields were supplying 40% of the world's demand for sugar. But now *and for years to come* this supply is stopped—the fields must be used for life-sustaining wheat, potatoes, etc.

The world turned to the other sources for sugar—but even these have not *and cannot* supply the demand—hence the increase in price. In Cuba—the largest single producer—no larger crop can be marketed with profit because of labor conditions. The world must therefore seek other fields, such as MEXICO, where climatic conditions are the same as in Cuba and where facilities for growing and marketing are much superior; labor costs but 50c per day as compared with at least $2 a day in Cuba.

In Sinaloa, Mexico (opposite Lower California) the United Sugar Companies have been operating 25 years. Sinaloa is removed from the Mexican Revolution by 300 miles of arid desert and untracked mountains. Ideal climatic and soil conditions, irrigation facilities and marketing advantages combine to permit in Sinaloa the production of *more sugar at less cost than anywhere else in the world.*

In the last five years the Companies have had an average yearly production of 15,000,000 lbs. of sugar and 1,000 tons of alcohol, annually yielding $501,166 profit. These results being accomplished at the height of the Mexican disturbance, it is clear that the Companies have already passed through the most severe test possible and that during the reconstruction period its opportunities are enormous.

To increase the output by greater development of the 140,000 acres the Companies own—and to increase its profits in proportion—we are offering a small amount of its common stock, sufficiently under par to yield an attractive return.

We believe this stock a very good security, representing actual assets, not prospective profits, and possessing unlimited future possibilities for large dividends. Partial payments if desired. *Write for Special Letter.*

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GERMANY'S COMMERCIAL GRIP ON THE WORLD

HER BUSINESS METHODS EXPLAINED

BY

HENRI HAUSER

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

(Continued from page 86)

of the country, estimated by the Treasury, rose from $1,887,000,000 at the beginning of the war to $2,864,000,000 on the 31st of last December. Assuming the estimate of 1914 to have been reasonably correct, this was an increase of no less than 50 per cent in the country's total gold reserve—a phenomenon wholly unprecedented under such conditions.

The Supply of the Reserve Banks

OF these new gold supplies, very large sums are held in the vaults of individual banks. Another great part is passing from hand to hand in the form of gold certificates for $10 or more, secured by equal amounts of gold in the national Treasury. But $521,000,000 had at the end of last February passed into the hands of the Federal Reserve banks, where it represented more than 76 per cent of the entire outstanding liabilities of those institutions. There was $314,000,000 in Federal Reserve note currency outstanding; yet even of this only the trifling amount of $26,000,000 was secured by commercial paper, therefore requiring a gold reserve of 40 per cent to be set apart by the reserve banks. The $288,000,000 balance was covered dollar for dollar by a gold fund, entirely separate from the $521,000,000 in the vaults of the reserve banks.

Supposing the American people to begin hoarding gold on the outbreak of war, maintenance of gold payments in the United States could not possibly be threatened. The reserve banks could support individual bank reserves by the simple process of "rediscounting" commercial loans. Any increased requirement for circulating medium—the problem which sorely harassed Europe in 1914—could be met automatically, instantly, and without the slightest difficulty through the reserve banks. The facilities of that system, as yet scarcely invoked, would admit of the immediate issue of more than double the notes already outstanding and without the least disturbance. But there would be no necessity for its use on such a scale; the fact that sound machinery for relief is in plain sight will usually render recourse to it superfluous.

All of these highly important facts,

(Continued on page 90)

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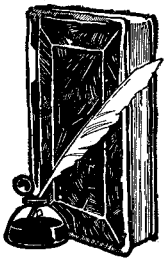
A long clean unbroken record



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(Continued from page 88)

which were well known on the financial market, undoubtedly had a hand in the composure of the Stock Exchange during the weeks when actual war with Germany seemed to be impending. Recognition of them still left open for consideration the question whether even supposing immunity from financial panic and industrial collapse on the outbreak of such a conflict the country might not nevertheless be confronted with such reaction from its recent prosperity as should change the whole aspect of things. No doubt the action of the financial markets had not foreshadowed such a change; yet the possibility that financial affairs might move differently, simply because a nation had ceased to be neutral and had become a belligerent, was uppermost in many minds. Such considerations undoubtedly bring the question into the domain of uncertainty and conjecture, whether our government's departure from neutrality will not plunge the country into financial reaction and adversity. But we are not without some precedent, even of the past three years, to which we may look for light.

Japan's Experience

OUTBREAK of war in 1914, and Japan's announcement of her participation in it, hit the Japanese markets hard. In the two weeks after July 31, such Japanese export staples as hemp and straw goods fell 40 per cent in price. That country's silk producers, like our cotton producers, appealed hysterically for a government loan to support prices against the panicky decline. Acute apprehension existed as to the fate of merchants whose goods were on the way to Germany when war began, but were not yet paid for. Import of iron and other metals ceased; the country's total foreign trade in August decreased fully one-fourth. Since Japanese bankers refused to export gold when Europe was calling on its Eastern credits the foreign exchange market became unworkable, nominal rates running violently against Tokio. The government had to issue its own obligations in London to take up maturing Japanese railway notes. At home, extremely tight money prevailed, with the bank rate 8½ per cent and the stock exchange closed.

Here was the case of an actual belligerent

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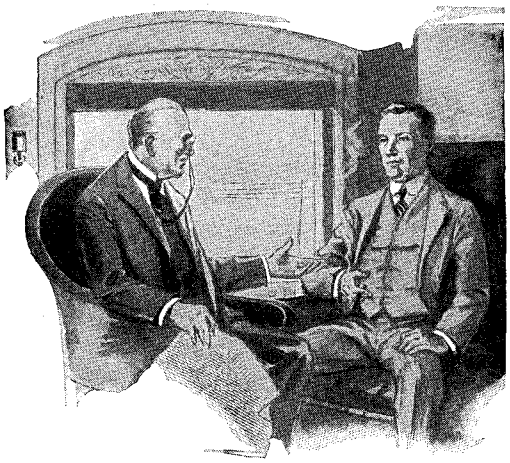

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Timely Talk on a Vital Subject

(Scene: Pullman smoking compartment. Judge Kirkland and Lawyer Roberts continuing a conversation begun at dinner)

Judge: "Well, this business of selling direct-by-mail throughout the country is surely very popular with the public."

Lawyer: "Yes, but some of my clients say that in the interests of local merchants, the States ought to find some way to check it."

Judge: "I don't see why they should check it or how they can do it. Selling merchandise is an interstate business. I can sell and you can buy in the best market wherever it is. What can a State do about it?"

Lawyer: "You're probably right, I'll admit. The States can't very well put the 'kibosh' on legitimate interstate business."

Judge: "Certainly not. The States cannot hold up arbitrarily any direct-by-mail transaction, nor can they tax life-insurance premiums thus sent by mail."

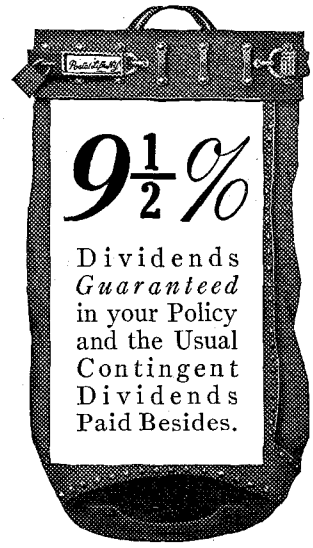
Lawyer: "How's that?"

Judge: "Policies are written for people, 'direct,' all over the country, and have been for years. The United States Supreme Court has decided unanimously that life-insurance premiums on such policies are exempt from State taxes. The usual license-fees and charges also do not apply. All this helps policyholders."

Lawyer: "Oh, you refer to the Postal Life?"

Judge: "Yes, that Company hasn't any agents and never has had. The applicant deals direct, personally or by letter. The method is good common sense as well as sanctioned by law."

Lawyer: (*laughing*) "Guess you're right. I wrote the Postal once myself just to find out how the Company did business, but never followed it up."



Judge: (*laughing*) "I go you one better; I not only wrote them, but took a policy nine or ten years ago and have carried it ever since."

Lawyer: "How's the cost?"

Judge: "Lower than in other companies for the same kind of insurance—legal reserve—and besides that they give me a free medical examination each year just so I can keep in trim."

Lawyer: "That's pretty good. You live in Idaho and deal with a New York company by mail. Did you ever look the Company up?"

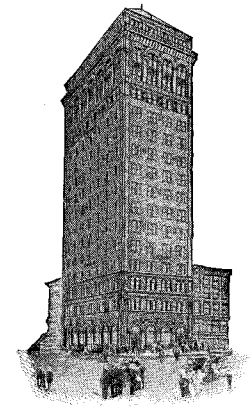
Judge: "Only to know that it is chartered and licensed by New York State, whose laws are very strict, but I called on them when I was East last June. They've now gone into their new building on Fifth Avenue."

Lawyer: "Have they? Believe I'll write them to figure on a policy for me."

Judge: "Don't think you could do better. Life insurance without agents is a distinct public service. The point is made, and I think it is a good one, that the Company is subject to the United States Postal Authorities. The Postal simplifies the business, saves you money, safeguards your health and will treat you right in every way. I'd take another policy myself if I hadn't passed the age limit."

That tells the story. Thoughtful insurers like Judge Kirkland take policies with the Postal and not only hold on to them but are disposed to take new insurance, while those like the lawyer Roberts, who at first write out of curiosity, at last find they can save money by taking a Postal Policy and they do it.

New Postal Life Building



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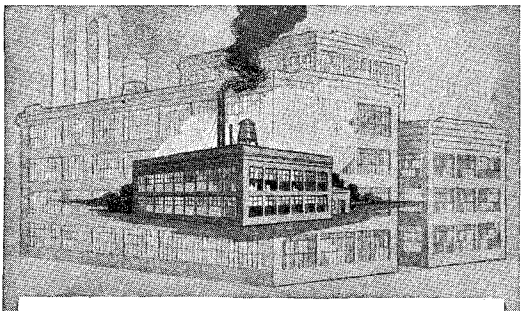

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BARSTOW-BUILT

MEANS BUILT WITH BRAINS

(Continued from page 90)

erent, exposed to attack by German ships and saddled with the cost of a military campaign. Up to that point, Japan's experience was what might have been expected. But the interesting fact is that the later experience duplicated our own revival of prosperity. As early as September, 1914, Japanese newspapers reported "business adjusting itself to the new conditions"; "panic evaporated"; even the "war risk" on the India route reduced from 10 per cent to ½ of 1 per cent. As for 1915, we are told by the *Economic Annual* of the Japanese Government's Finance Department that active business had then returned. This publication spoke of the prosperity of the foreign export trade; "large sale of munitions to Russia and the other Allies; increase in exportation to India, the South Seas, and Australia; the flourishing condition of our shipping business"; an "international trade balance very favorable to this country," and a "marked increase in our specie holdings."

Deposits in the banks of the Japanese cities rose during 1915 from $391,500,000 to $518,000,000; outstanding notes of the national bank were actually decreased $4,097,000. Money grew easy; export trade for the year increased 16 per cent over 1914, and the excess of exports over imports reached the highest figure in the country's history. Prices on the reopened stock exchange advanced; a speculation for the rise almost as violent as our own prevailed during 1915 and 1916.

In this case of an actual belligerent, individually engaged in military operations against Germany, an ally by treaty with the most powerful of the European fighting states, the course of financial and economic events, from July, 1914, to the present hour, was almost identically what it has been in the United States—even to the extent of a great break on the Japanese stock exchanges when Germany's "peace proposals" suggested early termination of the war. The most obvious explanation of this result is that, after Japan's short Asiatic campaign had been successfully concluded, she enjoyed all the advantages of prosperous neutrals.

It might possibly be answered, if we should attempt to draw inferences as to our own country's probable economic experience in case of war with Germany, that Japan's security arose from her extreme remoteness from the European area of war; that she is not within reaching distance of a German submarine; that by far the greater part of her ocean commerce consists of trade with Asia, barely 16 per cent of it being direct exchange of goods with Europe and even the large munitions shipments of Japan to her European allies being sent to them through Manchuria. The United States, on the other hand, is nearer by thousands of miles to Germany by the available ocean pathway. The German Admiralty has taken particular pains to prove that a German submarine can reach our ports. Of our export trade in 1916, 70 per cent went direct to Europe, thus traversing the possible field of submarine activities. Have we, then, any right to draw conclusions from the experience of Japan?

SUCH force as this argument may possess lends interest to the war-time experience of Canada—herself a belligerent, contributing men and money to the European conflict, geographically situated like the United States and eco-

(Continued on page 94)

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The Prudential

Issues

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A Profitable Investment For Employers

This modern form of life insurance protection covers an entire group of persons instead of treating with the individual. It is the crystallization of a definite and concise plan evolved from the experience of earlier ventures. Group insurance has as its basic principles an appeal to the employer and an appeal to the employee. The employer bears the cost of a blanket policy on all his employees.

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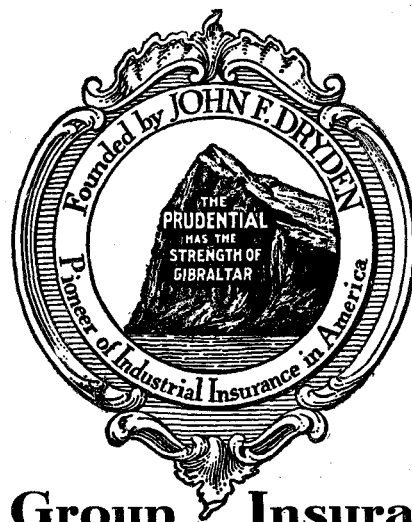
The promotion of mutual friendliness is an important feature. The fundamental interests of employer and employee are one. Such practical evidence of the employer's interest in his workmen as the protection of their families by insurance without cost to them tends to establish a firm bond of good will. Group insurance cultivates loyalty and permanency of working staff, and therefore increased efficiency.



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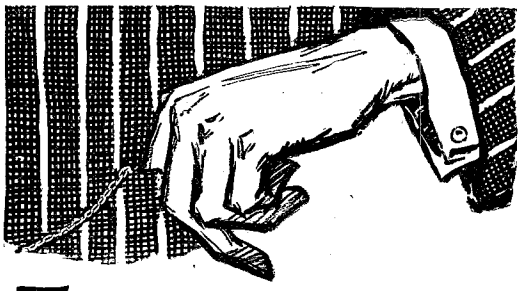


Take a Look at Your Watch—

—compare it with your present standards of living.

You dress better—drive better—live better than a dozen years ago. You can afford to.

You can't afford *not* to. This very day you are being judged by your clothes, your car, your watch.

* *

No man would wear his grandfather's hat.

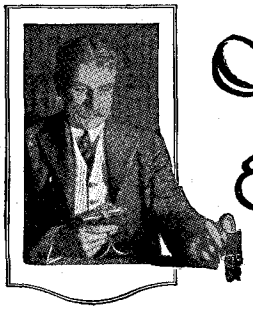
Why wear a grandfather's watch? This is '17—not '71.

* *

By all means buy a watch this year. Buy a *better* watch—a *modern* watch that measures up to your business and social standing.

Your jeweler has an Elgin Watch for every man, every woman—at a price to fit any purse.

Elgin National Watch Company
Elgin, U. S. A.



Own an Elgin!

(Continued from page 92)

nomically far more vulnerable when the war began. It was under the worst financial auspices that Canada entered the European struggle. Not only did her stock exchanges shut down and her banks suspend specie payment, but at that very moment, in the words of a Canadian writer, she was "emerging from an exploded boom, with land values tumbling and business of all kinds more or less demoralized." The grain crops, Canada's economic mainstay, had run very short in 1914.

Canada's Prosperity in War

Six months after war had begun, the annual report of a large Canadian bank spoke of "many of our greatest industries working on short time or practically closed down." Yet business revival followed, and it was not unlike Japan's. The country's export trade of 1915 reached the highest mark of its history, both in value of merchandise and in number of vessels cleared. European orders for war munitions, estimated at $303,000,000 even in 1915, were filled by Canadian factories and delivered. In the twelve months ending with November, 1916, the total outward trade increased $464,000,000 over the same period of the year before, or nearly 75 per cent. At his shareholders' annual meeting, last January, the president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce reported for the year a "prosperity beyond anything we have ever known, in almost every part of Canada."

NO doubt, one may draw too large inference from the case either of Japan or Canada, in regard to our own probable situation in war with Germany. Other influences than the mere fact of neutrality had a hand in shaping American prosperity during 1915 and 1916—our unprecedentedly abundant harvests, for instance. These may not be repeated; they were not repeated last season. But since we are considering the influence of a state of war itself, the experience of these other countries are the only tests and precedent which we have, and it is reasonable to consider them along with the vastly more powerful financial strength and economic preparedness with which the United States would

Our Financial Security

(Continued on page 96)

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Her Husband Didn't Ætna-ize Against Accident!

HE thought himself so well and strong that he would always be able to take care of her, but like a flash of lightning came the fall on the sidewalk. The little money that was in the bank was eaten up by doctors' and nurses' bills in a few weeks, and then he had to go to the public ward of a hospital.

She is as well loved as your wife. Yet while he lies there in the free ward, she stands here and works all day. Save your wife from having to do this.

Remember that one in seven is killed or injured by accident each year, and that you may be the one. Save yourself worry—

ÆTNA-IZE

Protect your wife, and protect yourself now, while you can. Remember that Fate does not wait till you are ready. Remember it is the little accidents that cause most of the trouble.

If you have an Ætna Accumulative Accident Policy you can go freely about your business knowing that there will be no money worry for your wife or yourself if you are killed or disabled by accident.

All it costs is $25 a year if you are in a "Preferred" occupation. For that you get $50 a week as long as you live if you're disabled by a railway, steamship, or burning building accident. $25 a week for any other accident.

In addition, $5,000 to $10,000 for accidental death or loss of two limbs, two eyes, or one limb and one eye. Add $500 to $1,000 to this for every year you renew the insurance up to five years. Half the above for loss of one limb or one eye.

When the accident comes it will be too late. Now, while you are thinking about it—now, while you are looking at this coupon, cut it out and send it.

It brings you information that may not only save you worry but may even some day save your life.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Drawer 1341 **HARTFORD, CONN.**

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

An Ætna Agent has a national advertising campaign working for *him* all the time

Scrib. 4-17

Name .....

Occupation .....

Bus. Address .....

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.

I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident ☐. Health ☐. Disability ☐. $25 Life Certificate ☐. My age is.....; years. I am in good health.

23

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(Continued from page 94)

confront a similar emergency. The military and political uncertainties would remain; they are the necessary appanage of war.

Increased taxation, increased public debt, diversion of national energies from their usual pursuits, would play a very considerable part in anything like a protracted war. But even so, and especially if war had been forced upon us, it should be a sufficiently offsetting fact that the United States would have cast its fortunes, after unexampled patience and self-restraint, into the balance against violation of treaties, oppression of conquered peoples, and murder on the high seas—a chapter of infamy which has made this generation understand the legends of the Thirty Years' War and the language of the 137th Psalm.

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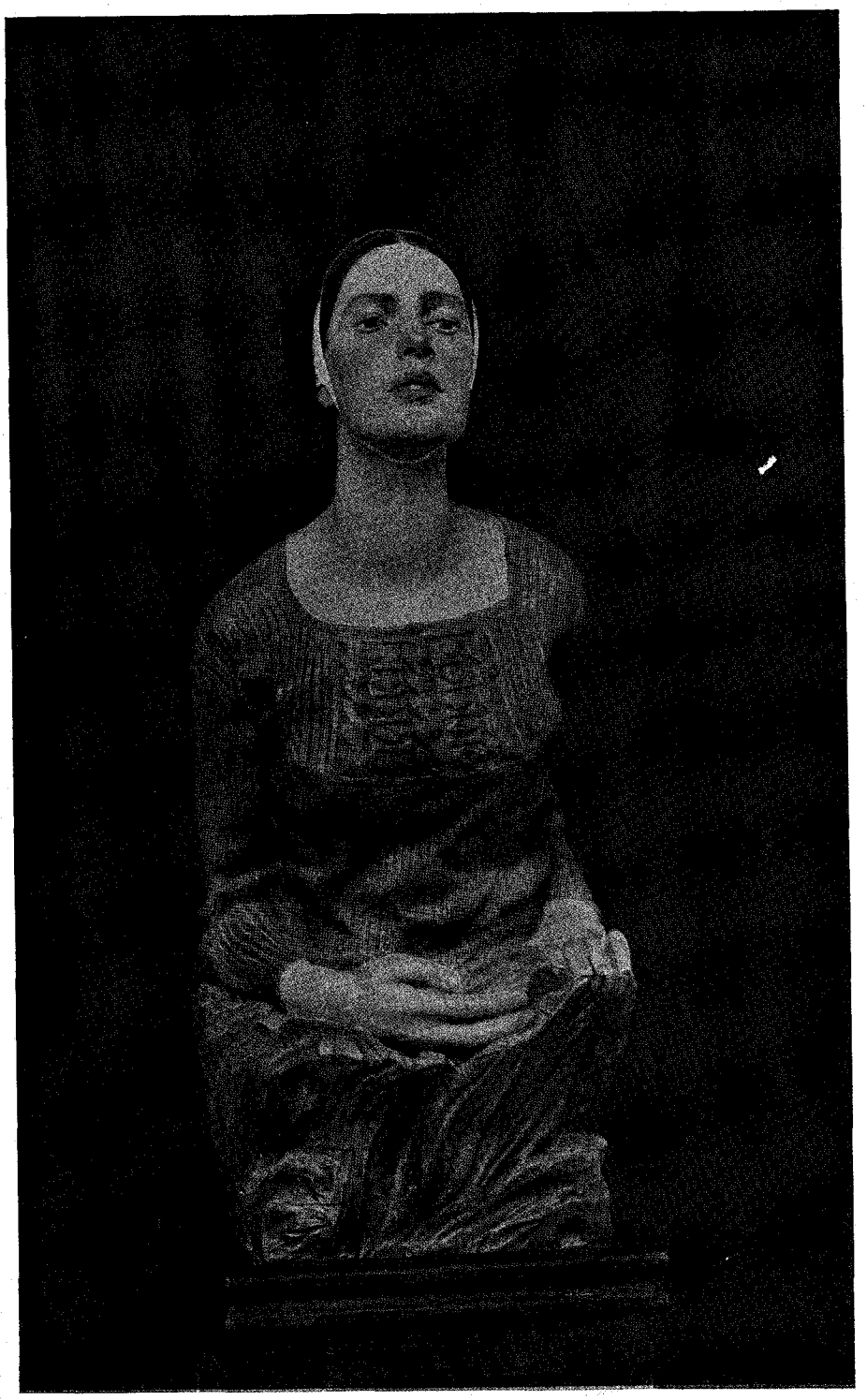

"THE QUEST."

By W. Sergeant Kendall.

A modern example of the old art of polychrome wood-carving.

—See "The Field of Art," page 643.

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